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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 8, 1919

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An actual photogra... Illinois, ...

How *One*

A well-known county engine... story, and *it's the best goo... we ever heard.*

He says the county was in... better roads. The mud al... trict was so deep that ... use wagons, all trave... on foot or horseba...

In spite of the ...

Isaac F. Marcosson—George Randolph Chester—Peter Clark Macfarlane
F. Britten Austin—Harold MacGrath—Elizabeth Frazer—Alice Duer Miller

"AH' RECKON AS HOW HE'S DE BES' KNOWN MAN IN DE WORL' "

Painted by Rowland M. Smith for Cream of Wheat Co.

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An actual photograph of a part of the Dixie Highway, Illinois, before Tarvia was used.

The same road showing what the use of "Tarvia-X" has done. Note smooth, dustless surface.

How *One* Man Carried the Bond Issue—

A well-known county engineer tells this story, and *it's the best good-roads story we ever heard.*

He says the county was in terrible need of better roads. The mud all through the district was so deep that it was impossible to use wagons, all traveling being done either on foot or horseback.

In spite of the need there was little enthusiasm for good roads when the Board of County Commissioners met. Everyone was afraid of the presumed *high cost and increased taxes.*

A farmer in the back of the room arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I ain't fit to address a dignified meeting like this, but that's because I've had to travel for ten miles over the kind of roads you give us.

"I couldn't drive, I had to ride horseback.

"My boots are covered with mud; my trousers are covered with mud; my coat is covered with mud; my hat is covered with mud; and if I hadn't stopped to wash it my face would be covered with mud, too.

"I look as if I had crawled here on my hands and knees, and I'm only half through because I've still got to go back, with five dollars' worth of groceries that I bought from brother Fletcher.

"If there had been a good, hard road that my old horse could climb up and draw in a load of lumber that I've got ready, I would have bought twenty-five dollars' worth of groceries instead of five dollars' worth, and there would have been that much more money in town tonight."

And the mud-covered farmer sat down!

Other speakers took up his case. They pointed out that good roads were an *asset* instead of a *liability;* an *economy* instead of an *expense;* that they brought money into a town and greatly increased the markets.

The result was that the Commissioners enthusiastically passed a resolution to issue bonds enough to give them several miles of good roads.

Today the county is more prosperous than ever, school conditions are better and the amount of traffic going in and out of the town has increased several hundred per cent.

The old-time hostility to good roads by taxpayers is fast passing away. Mud holes may look cheap, but they are the costliest thing any community can have around.

If you will build and maintain your roads with Tarvia you will have dustless, mudless, frost-proof highways that cost little to construct and maintain.

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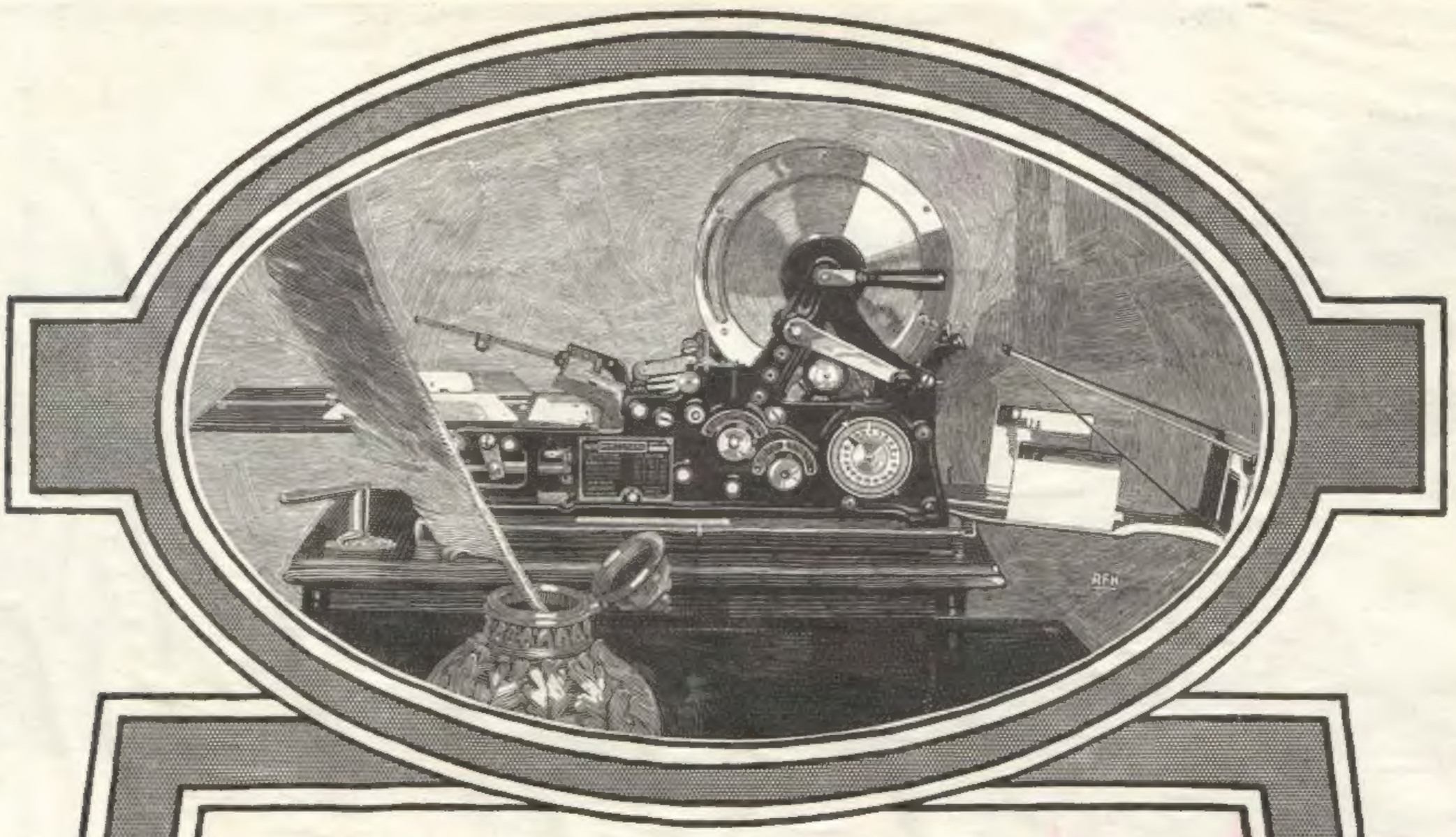

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REPRISAL

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN THE dusk of a winter afternoon a battalion of the French Contingent of the Army of Occupation dispersed to its billets in the little German village. The *chef-de-bataillon* and the *médecin-major*, having installed their staffs in their respective bureaus, walked up the street in search of the quarters which had been chosen for them in the meanwhile. The scared faces of slatternly women, obsequiously gesturing the mud-stained French soldiers into occupation of their cottages, turned to look anxiously at them as they passed, in evident apprehension of the order which should let loose a vengeful destruction only too probable to their uneasy consciences. Here and there a haggard-looking man, an ex-soldier probably, slunk into his house out of sight, but the native population of the village was preponderatingly feminine. The two officers—the *commandant*, good-humored and inclined to rotundity, his eyes twinkling under brows a shade less gray than his mustache; the doctor, a middle-aged man, quiet, restrained to curtness in speech and expression, with eyes that swept somberly and without interest over his environment—ignored alike the false smiles and the genuinely alarmed glances of these wives and mothers of their once arrogant enemies.

A captain came down the street toward them and saluted on near approach. It was the adjutant of the battalion. He was young, and his natural cheerfulness was enhanced to perpetual high spirits in the enjoyment of the experiences following upon overwhelming victory.

"We are well housed, *mon commandant*," he said joyously, with a flash of white teeth under his little brown mustache. "*Confort moderne—presque!* Not a château, it is true, but large enough. The best in the village, in any case. Bedrooms for the three of us, and a room for our *popote*. Our baggage is already in, and dinner will be ready in half an hour. *Tout ce qu'il y a de mieux, n'est-ce-pas?*" He finished with his young laugh.

The gray eyes of the battalion commander twinkled at him.

"And the *patronne*, Jordan? Old and ugly?"

The young man's face lit up. He put one finger to his lips and blew an airy kiss.

"Ah, *mon commandant!*" he replied in a tone of assumed ecstasy. "You shall see her! A pearl, a jewel, *une femme exquise!* That is to say," he added with a change of note, "she would be if she were not a *femme* boche. One almost forgets it, to look at her. But, boche or not, she is young, she is beautiful, and, *mon commandant*, rarest of all, she is intelligent!"

The battalion commander laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and drew him along with them as they resumed their momentarily interrupted progress.

"I see I have to congratulate you upon another conquest," he said with amused tolerance. "He is incredible, *notre cher Jordan*, Delassus!" he added with a smile to the doctor.

"*Je ne dis pas*," protested the young captain with an affectation of modesty. "But we understand each other, and that is already much, although, unfortunately she speaks no French and my German lacks vocabulary. But she made me understand that her husband was an officer killed in the war. '*Mann—Offizier—tot—Krieg.*' That's right, doctor, *n'est-ce-pas?* You are the linguist." The doctor nodded assent.

"Continue to Look at It! If You Take Your Eyes Off It for One Fraction of a Second I Shall Shoot You Dead!"

"Quite correct. You should make rapid progress under an instructor so willing to impart interesting information," he said dryly.

The young man protested warmly against the implication.

"Your cynicism is out of place, doctor, I assure you. She is *timide—timide* like a frightened bird. I extorted it from her. But you shall see for yourselves. Here we are!"

They were at the end of the village. The young captain led them through a carriage gateway, sadly in need of a coat of paint, up a weed-grown drive to a fairly large house that had once been white but was now stained with the overflow of gutters long left out of repair. A belt of trees hid it from the road. The main door, in the center of the house with windows on both sides of it, was open as if in expectation of them. Wisps of smoke from several of the chimneys hinted at hospitality in preparation.

As the three of them entered the hall, a young woman appeared on the threshold of one of the rooms communicating with it. Her natural slimness was emphasized by a gown of black, and this somber garb threw into relief the fair hair which was massed heavily above her delicate features. It needed, perhaps, the youthful enthusiasm of the captain to call her beautiful; but her appearance had something of fragile charm which conferred a distinction rare among German women. She stood there, a little drawn back from her first emergence, contemplating them with eyes that evidently sought to measure the potentiality for mischief in these forced guests. Her attitude appealed dumbly for protection, so forlorn and frail and timid was it as she shrank back in the doorway.

"Introduce us, Jordan!" whispered the battalion commander to his subordinate. *"On est civilisé, quoi donc!"*

The young captain had lost a considerable amount of his assurance. Rather flustered, he saluted and pointed to his superior.

"Commandant!" Then, turning to the other, "Doctor!" he blurted clumsily.

Their hostess bowed slightly with a pathetic little smile as the two officers saluted. The doctor advanced a step.

"Have no fear, *gnädige Frau*," he said politely in German. "The war is over and France does not avenge itself upon women. No harm will come to you."

Her face lit up.

"Ach, you speak German!"

"I studied in Germany in my youth, *gnädige Frau*, and I have not quite forgotten the language."

She smiled at him.

"Gewiss nicht!" Then with a swift change of expression she clutched imploringly at his arm. "You will protect me? I am so alone and frightened!" She hesitated as though seeking a cognate circumstance in him that would compel his sympathy. "You are married?"

The polite smile went out of his face. His expression hardened.

"I was, *gnädige Frau*," he replied curtly.

She stared at him, divining that she had blundered upon some painful mystery. With feminine tact she steered quickly away from it into the region of safe commonplace. She threw open one of the doors leading into the hall.

"Here, *meine Herren*, is the *Speisezimmer*," she said in a tone of colorless courtesy that contrasted with her emotion-charged voice of a moment before. "It is at your service for your meals. There," she pointed to a door at the other side of the hall, "is the salon, also at your service. I have had a fire lit in it. Your orderlies are now in the kitchen. I will send them to you to show you your rooms." She inclined her head slightly in sign of farewell and passed out through a door at the end of the hall.

The young captain looked at his commanding officer.

"Eh bien, mon commandant! What did I tell you? Is she not ——"

His superior interrupted him, a twinkle in his eye:

"She is, *mon cher Jordan*, but you have not a chance against the doctor here!" He laughed, clapping the doctor on the back.

The *médecin-major* frowned. His ascetic features hardened again.

"Mon cher commandant, you do me too much honor," he said coldly. "I assure you that there is no living woman who can interest me."

"Bah!" said the battalion commander a trifle fatuously, *"moi, je suis connaisseur dans ces affaires-là!* I am sure that something is going to happen between you and that woman. I can always feel that sort of thing in the air like"—he hesitated for an illustration—"just as some people can see ghosts."

The doctor looked him in the eyes.

"Mon commandant," he said curtly, "if you could see ghosts you would not feel so sure."

There was a moment of unpleasant silence. The captain broke it by shouting for the orderlies. The three officers were introduced to their rooms and parted to perform their toilets before dinner.

The meal which followed in the rather overfurnished *Speisezimmer* was overshadowed by the gloomy taciturnity of the doctor, who appeared still to resent the battalion commander's suggestions of gallantry. Not all the sprightly sallies of the adjutant, not the persistent *bonhomie* of the battalion commander, resolutely ignoring any hostility between himself and the doctor, could bring a smile into that hard-set face with the somber eyes. Their hostess did not appear again and was not mentioned between them. When they had finished, the captain suggested that they should smoke their cigars in the salon.

"I feel I want to put my feet on the piano," he said, with a vague remembrance of a popular picture, "like the boches at Versailles in seventy! To infect our hostess' curtains with cigar smoke is a poor compromise, but it is something! *Allons, messieurs*, let us indulge in hideous reprisals! The boche has devastated our homes; let us avenge ourselves by spoiling his curtains!"

The battalion commander looked smilingly across to the doctor.

"Mon cher Delasnus, are you for this policy of reprisals?"

The doctor looked up as though startled out of a train of thought.

"Mon commandant, it is a subject on which I dare not let myself think."

There was something so harsh in his tone that neither of his companions could continue their banter. Both looked at the doctor. They knew little or nothing of his private life, for he had joined the battalion only just prior to the armistice, but evidently it contained a tragedy the memory of which they had unwittingly revived. Both maintained a respectful silence for a few moments. Then the adjutant rose and went out of the room. He called out to them from the salon that a splendid fire awaited them, and the others rose from the table also.

The battalion commander laid his hand affectionately upon the doctor's shoulder.

"Mon cher," he said, "forgive me if I have unconsciously wounded sacred sentiments."

The doctor pressed the hand that was extended to him. They went together across the hall into the salon.

A blazing wood fire fitfully lit up a large room still without other means of illumination. Jordan explained that he had sent an orderly for some candles, as madame had no petroleum for the lamps. The battalion commander and the doctor threw themselves luxuriously into deep armchairs on either side of the fireplace and lit their cigars. In a few minutes the orderly arrived with the candles. Jordan fitted them into two large candelabra on the mantelpiece and lit them.

The eyes of all three officers roved round the apartment. It was, like the dining room, rather overfurnished and was particularly rich in bric-a-brac of all kinds. It was, in fact, overcrowded with porcelain figures, small mirrors, pictures of moderate size, all sorts of valuable objects that in almost every case were of easily portable dimensions. This last attribute leaped simultaneously to the minds of two of them.

"Mon commandant," began Jordan in a humorously affected judicial tone. "I am penetrated by an unworthy suspicion ——"

"French! *Nom d'un nom!"* cried the battalion commander. "Everything here! The collection of the burglar boche officer! Doctor, you speak German; ask that woman!"

Both were suddenly arrested by the attitude of the doctor. He was staring in a fixed fascination at a small buhl clock upon the mantelpiece. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, snatched down the clock and gazed eagerly at the back of it.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "This is mine! It comes from my house! Look!"

(Continued on Page 59)

Women Turned to Look Anxiously at Them as They Passed, in Evident Apprehension of the Order Which Should Let Loose a Vengeful Destruction Only Too Probable to Their Uneasy Consciences

THE SACRED WOLLOH

By George Randolph Chester

The Intensity of Mr. Pike Had its Effect, Even on This Skeptic; and When a Skeptic Begins to Doubt His Skepticism He is Lost

WHEN round and jolly Hubbard laughed his way into the elevator, amid his admiring fellow members, he filled the car like a football in a pocket, though an extremely thin and beady-eyed young man, who seemed mostly white collar and shoe polish, did manage to squeeze in right after Hubbard and mold himself into a knobby corner, where, with a hard elbow in his ribs and another in the pit of his stomach, he breathed all the way up with one lung, never removing his beady eyes meantime from the most popular member of the Ancient Himalayan Order of Brotherly Security.

Well deserved, indeed, was that popularity of spherical Hubbard, for just to meet him, with his little round hat on the back of his round head, was a cure for the blues; to look at his rotund face was a dispeller of gloom; to hear his cheery laugh a surcease of sorrow. The crippled blind ran half a block to intercept the jolly man, widows with tearful tales picked him first out of any gathering, and bewildered strangers let streams of pedestrians hurry by in order to tell their woes into his round blue eyes.

Small wonder, then, that he was the leading candidate at to-night's election for the highest office within the power of the A. H. O. B. S. to bestow; small wonder that in his simple soul he should be so elated with the hearty esteem in which he was held that he was a glowing globe of glee as he expelled himself from the elevator at the fourteenth floor, followed by his adherent "Hims." Good citizens and true, each one of them; worthy householders, payers of taxes, salary earners and virtuous men, all, as befitted those acceptable to the rigid ethical code of the moral, helpful and august A. H. O. B. S.

As the wide doors of the lodge room opened the compressed little chap in the corner of the elevator peered eagerly forward, and his beady eyes took in every detail of the stronghold of the Hims—the imposing altar; the long ibex horns, without which no Himalayan meeting could be lawfully held; the red lights and the blue lights; the black velvet wall screen, on which was inscribed the awe-inspiring mystic Tibetan talisman, and the hundred per cent Liberty Bond banner, which hung from the draping of the big American flag.

Just before the door slammed shut, one majestic Him crossed the field of vision, already robed for his high office in purple vestments and white horsehair whiskers which reached to his knees!

The thin young chap in the elevator, who had stooped as he ascended to see the utmost possible of the mysterious stronghold, straightened and smoothed the lapels of his coat, picked a thread from his sleeve, and paused most mournfully to examine the shiny spots on the elbows of his coat. He was an extremely natty and cat-clean young man, with lean closely shaved cheeks, and from a short distance would seem most prosperous; but when he emerged at the top floor and, approaching the lighted door of the Aëro-Wave Power Company, thrust his hand into his pocket, there was no jingle; only a little flat key came out.

Evidently the officials of the Aëro-Wave Power Company—four of them round a medium-size directors' table—were waiting for him; and with important business afoot, for the fellow at the head of the table, a nervous spare man with a stubby mustache and eternal creases in his brow, pounded sharply on the table with his knuckles and said: "Set in, Jack. We'll get these formalities through in a hurry and then have your report. Now, Mr. Burdock, we'll hear your proposition."

Mr. Burdock cleared his throat. He was a large lumpish person, one of the sort on whom no coat would ever hang smoothly, on whom no vest would ever cling without rising in rolls, on whose head no two tawny yellow hairs would ever lie in the same direction. He cleared his throat a second time, and made his proposition in a heavily determined voice:

"I'll give twenty thousand dollars for the Illinois state rights of this company."

The oversize and brightly decorated fellow on the right of the chairman grinned superciliously on Mr. Burdock and suggested:

"Cash?"

"Y-yes; cash," corrected Burdock.

"Will you put that offer in writing, Mr. Burdock?" demanded the brisk one.

"Here it is," replied the heavily determined voice of Burdock; and, reaching into his lower left-hand vest pocket, he tossed forth a folded paper.

The chairman picked it up and, adjusting his black-rimmed eyeglasses, pursed his mustache while he examined the written proposal.

"The secretary will inscribe this offer in the minutes," he directed, and passed it to the official at his left hand, a stoop-shouldered fellow with sparse gray hair at his temples, thick spectacles and a general attitude of voiceless dejection—a lifelong bookkeeper, by all the marks.

He glanced at the paper indifferently.

"It's already written in."

The brisk chairman frowned at the bookkeeper for a silent instant; then there was a spasmodic twitch at the corner of his mustache, which twitch was accompanied by a click of the lips. He tapped the table with his knuckles.

"Gentlemen, what shall we do with Mr. Burdock's proposition?"

"Move we accept," grinned the oversized young man.

"Second the motion," said the beady-eyed Jack.

"Any remarks? All in favor will vote Aye, contrary No, on roll-call vote."

"Mr. H. H. Pike," remarked the secretary listlessly, without consulting the book or moving a muscle other than his vocal cords.

"Aye!" voted the chairman.

"Mr. T. Thomas."

"Aye!" The oversized fellow.

"Mr. Ray Jackson."

"Aye!" The beady-eyed thin young man.

"Amos Burdock."

"Aye!" The limpish big fellow who had made the proposition; and, running his thick-knuckled fingers through his hair, he looked slowly round the board, from one face to the other, then round the walls with their maze of mechanical blue prints.

"Augustus Parlington. Aye!" The bookkeeper himself.

"Carried," announced the chair; and again there was that spasmodic twitch at the corner of his mustache. "The secretary will so inscribe in the minutes."

"It's in," responded Augustus Parlington indifferently.

"Well, it oughtn't to be until now!" rasped chairman Pike.

"I know my business," retorted the bookkeeper, a spark of assertiveness in him; "which is why I don't write a word unless I'm by myself. I ain't gonna have it balled up."

The chairman glared ferociously at the secretary.

"Here's my twenty-thousand-dollar check," stated Mr. Burdock determinedly, producing the document in question from his lower right-hand vest pocket and tossing it forth. "I'm ready to sign that there contract."

"Wait a minute!" rasped Pike. "You're going too fast. There's no way we can kite a twenty-thousand-dollar check on a bank balance of six hundred and fifty."

"Why not?" demanded T. Thomas, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his plaid vest and sitting back in supercilious superiority. "If we put in his check at our bank at the same time we put in our check at your bank, Pike, and at the same time he puts in your check at his bank ——"

"Somebody'll holler for the bulls," finished experienced Secretary Parlington.

"You could do that in the merry days before the war, Tommy," added Pike, creasing himself deeply, "but now they have to see the money, no matter how little. Here's the only way to do it: Tommy, you move that prior to reorganization, and increase of capitalization for purposes of expansion, we apportion all the profits, pro rata to the stock, and declare the amount received from Mr. Burdock as a twenty per cent dividend under the head of undivided surplus."

"Aw, why don't we cut all this bunk and let you and Parly fix it?" objected T. Thomas, to the great relief of Beans Burdock, who had long since given up trying to think.

"Because this is a legitimate business, and I want it conducted as such!" insisted Mr. Pike, slamming his fist on the edge of the table and holding it there. "Everything we do is legal, and has got to be so; and ——"

"Suppose you save that chunk o' cheese for the boobs," scorned Thomas. "When they buy in we get the coin and they get nix, don't they?"

"Well, isn't that regular?" demanded Pike. "Maybe you'd rather call yourself a grifter; but I'm a business man! Are you going to put that motion, or are you not?"

"Be clam, Harry; be clam!" returned Tommy easily; and, grinning once more with supercilious superiority, he smoothed his bright-green necktie. "I make the motion. Got it, Gus?"

"It's in," reported Secretary Parlington.

"Second the motion," quietly spoke Ray Jackson, more commonly known as "X-Ray Jack"; and they passed it.

"Now, as the holder of four thousand eight hundred and fifty out of the five thousand shares of stock of this company, I request the privilege of having my dividends paid directly to me by Mr. Burdock," resumed Pike, clamping a cigar butt in the corner of his mustache. "That requires a vote of permission. Will you propose it, Tommy?"

"All right, Harry! Anything you say. I make the motion. Got it, Gus?"

"Got it," responded Gus.

"Second the motion," said X-Ray Jack, examining mournfully a tiny snagged place in his coat.

Motion put and carried by that keen business man, President Pike.

"Now how does it figure out, Parlington?"

The bookkeeper was ready on the instant:

"The twenty per cent dividend gives you his check for nineteen thousand four hundred dollars, Pike. It gives us four directors forty dollars apiece; that's a hundred and sixty. It gives the stockholder, Bishop—that's you, Jack—an even hundred; then three hundred and forty goes to the unsold treasury stock. Six hundred cash; total, twenty thousand."

"Correct," said Pike. "Draw our check for six hundred dollars payable to me, Parlington. I'll turn it over to Burdock, who'll deposit it in his bank before we deposit his check in our bank; then you four will cash your forty-dollar checks and give the cash to Parlington, who'll put it back in our bank."

"Say, governor"—X-Ray Jack spoke, and he was very much in earnest—"I'll have to keep my forty."

"Not on your life!" denied the majority stockholder. "If I let you shillabers dig in on our working capital there'll be nothing to split when the big divvy comes, because we won't be able to go through."

"All right, governor; but you might slip me a five-spot," implored Jack. "If I don't have a front I can't work, and I haven't had my laundry for two weeks."

"Huh!" Pike studied him sidewise for a long time. Then he reluctantly produced a small and very flat pocketbook; whereat the eyes of Beans Burdock suddenly gleamed.

"And I got to eat, chief!" he blurted enthusiastically. "Java and a stack of wheats three times a day ain't nothin' for a husky like me. If Jack can get a five-spot——"

"Well, he don't!" declared Mr. Pike, much relieved; and he jammed away the emaciated pocketbook. "As I told you in the first place, it's a good enterprise and I'll float it; but you'll have to find your own flop money till the clean-up; and that sticks!"

"I'm there with the glue," T. Thomas heartily assured him. "This airplane stuff is the baby. There'll be more airplane graft floating round in the next two years than the board of aëronautics ever dreamed of."

"What's the dope on the squash, Jack?" interrupted Pike.

"Well, Hubbard's the king boob of his crowd, all right; and from all I can see he's an easy mark. He's got a place on Long Island that didn't cost him a meg less than twelve thousand, his wife and two kids are dressed to the nines, and he's down on the list for ten thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. I've tailed him a week now, and I can't figure how that fat little prospect ever got his coin in the first place. He don't seem to have any regular job, and all I've seen him do is nibble round at sucker investments."

"Say!" observed Augustus Parlington, looking up from his work with a sudden thought. "Suppose he cashes this hundred-dollar check?"

For a moment the four other officials looked at the secretary, startled and sobered; then the color came back to the oversized young man, and his plaid matched.

"Cheer up!" he advised, grinning with the wisdom of the superwise. "Any guy who would fix his ambitions on being the grand bell cow of a death-benefit secret society is too big a simp to cop a hundred dollars if it was blind, deaf, dumb and paralyzed."

The astute Mr. Thomas was right. Nothing was farther from the thoughts of William B. Hubbard, as he parted from his admiring brethren that night, than to take a hundred dollars which did not belong to him or to do any dishonorable act in this world; for the summit of his private and personal ambition had been reached. He was the Sacred Wolloh!

Those who have never been Sacred Wolloh cannot, of course, conceive of the exaltation that fills the soul of one newly made! Sacred Wolloh! With that high office went black velvet robes trimmed in red and gold, and set speeches full of the most exalted sentiments rolling words could express; with it went the serious and solemn duty of impressing high moral tenets on sheepish candidates, tenet after tenet, until the sheepishness disappeared; until the shoulders squared and those candidates took it seriously, resolving to be better men and worthy of membership in the noble ——

"Hello, Bishop, old top!" hailed a breezy voice; and there was a slap on the shoulder of the fat Sacred Wolloh. "Was just mailing your check, but this saves the company three cents. Ha-ha!"

With this a grinning young man in a plaid vest thrust a check into the hand of the squash, thrust into his own pocket the envelope from which the check had just been extracted, noisily dumped some letters in the corner mail box, and disappeared due east, plunging into the Subway.

A ponderous man came up the street, a man whose footfalls hit the pavement with alternate double slaps; a bronze-faced man in plain clothes, on whom one somehow

Bounce Went Right Over to Headquarters and Said: "Jay, John; Get Me All the Dope You Can on the Aëro-Wave Power Company; and Put Your Special Drag on This Guy H. H. Pike"

missed the brass buttons and blue helmet. And out of the extreme corner of his mouth he rumbled: "Hello, Bounce. What's on your mind?"

"I'm laughing at myself," responded the Sacred Wolloh. "I'm sore. When I'm not on duty, Pat, I like to be a private citizen and take home candy to the kids and see how the potatoes are growing in my war garden; but the grifters won't let me have a night off. What do you think of this!"

The ponderous man looked at the check and listened to the explanation with great pleasure. Then said he dryly, while he extracted a cigar from the pocket of the fat little Federal detective:

"Well, what are you kickin' about, Bounce? Ain't they treatin' you like a private citizen? They picked you for a boob!"

II

NO MAIL. The squash had not returned the Bishop check. Time hung heavy in the inside office of the Aëro-Wave Power Company, Incorporated; $50,000 capitalization. Secretary Parlington, his sparse hair in his two hands, was bent over an intricate solitaire layout; X-Ray Jack was anxiously and painstakingly retouching with ink the outside seams of his tightly pressed trousers; Beans Burdock was reading with moist mouth a spotted bill of fare from his favorite hash house; T. Thomas was at the window, gazing moodily at a blonde across the court; and President Pike was figuring from a Wall Street Journal how much he'd have made yesterday if he'd sold copper, bought rails, closed both at one o'clock and pyramided on steel.

The outer door clicked and a galvanic shock went through the inner office. Into the drawer of the table swept the solitaire cards, up on the desk went the Wall Street Journal, under a paper slid the bill of fare, into the ink bottle popped the cork, and T. Thomas hurried to the crack in the partition.

The squash! He had brought it himself! Hurray! There he stood, fat and soft and juicy, his round blue eyes fixed in boyish curiosity on the pictures in the little outer office—airplane covers from all the magazines. Never was there a more perfect specimen of sucker! They all took a gloat through the crack. Then President Pike hissed:

"Get to work! Parly, pick that red nine-spot off the floor. Beans—for the love of Mike—don't let him see your eyes when you're counting those circulars or he won't believe you can count. Good stuff, Jack!" He paused and looked at T. Thomas critically. "If I didn't know you were such a simp I'd think you were a regular business man. Go to it!"

As the squash heard the doorknob turn an intense eagerness to be friendly with any and all fairly radiated from him; but Bounce Hubbard sized in a jiffy the glad-hand member who appeared. Here came the good old con—the breezy manner, the ingratiating smile. But that flat eye which so invited confidence was the sort that would remain flat and fail to deliver the goods.

"Say, you got any more little green checks for Bishop?" inquired the squash in loud and hearty tones, and waved the check.

"Well, I'll be ——"

The dumfounded look on the face of the glad-hand member was well-nigh perfect as he gazed from check to boob and from boob to check. Then the squash laughed loudly, his periphery shaking in convulsive ripples; and the glad-hand member joined the laugh and came forward, outstretching a warm palm. With the hearty grip he laid another warm palm on the fat shoulder of his victim.

"A dead ringer for Bishop, and honest besides!" Another laugh went with this. "It was mighty good of you to bring this back and save us the trouble of locating it."

"I think so myself," returned the friendly little fat man; "but I'm free to say that if it had been cash you slipped me in the dark it would have taken me a couple of hours longer to get here with it."

He glanced again at the check before he handed it over. It must have cost them twenty-two dollars to have this engraved—name and address of the company; name of the bank; voucher form on the back, filled in with the purpose of the check—forty per cent dividends on twenty-five shares of stock—undivided surplus.

"Forty per cent! Do this two times and a half and a fellow'd have his money back and could just let the old thing ride. Some stock, that!" He looked up with such naïve admiration that it was a wonder Thomas didn't kiss him. Why, the squash was doing all the work himself, noticing all the little fine points!

"You certainly do know a good thing when you see it!"

And that boisterous praise of the stock had the professional ring to the experienced Bounce.

"That's the way your friend Hubbard gets his food," he exulted. "Say, if you've got any of this stock for sale I'd like to investigate it some."

Snap! Why, the gills were opening and closing right before Tommy's gaze! They'd have to bat this sucker over the nose to keep him from eating the hook and running away with the pole!

"I don't blame you, friend Hubbard."

As if by accident T. Thomas bumped a chair against the partition, and immediately H. H. Pike bustled out, deep creases in his brow and his face full of business, and dumped his handful of letters on a vacant desk.

"Good morning, Bishop," called President Pike briskly; and, without waiting for an answer, he bustled back into the inner office.

Both the squash and the glad-hand member laughed hilariously.

"Get that, Hubbard? Come on in. I'll have to hand Pike the laugh. Say, that fellow's a genius! He's our president. Busiest man in New York."

Oh, yes! Now he was to see the president! On the threshold of the abattoir the fleecy lamb paused, with appreciation. Well framed! President Pike was immersed to his neck in reports, forms, blue prints—everything—chewing his cigar butt savagely and working with the speed of a bomb plane going back for more.

Something was hauntingly familiar about the man, but Bounce couldn't place him. A well-cast, stoop-shouldered bookkeeper was cautiously and methodically posting a ledger as if he knew how; at a standing desk in the darkest corner a big yellow-headed husky was counting circulars into piles; a flawlessly dressed and quietly convincing young man, with a notebook and a red lead pencil, was locating supply stations on an antiquated map of the United States.

"Better put your other eye on Bishop, Mr. Pike," said Thomas jovially.

The busy president looked up with a frown; then his eyes widened in perplexity; then he smiled and rose—though as he did so he cast a reluctant glance at his work.

"Well, I'll declare! What a remarkable resemblance!"

"Good enough to get money on!" proclaimed the prospect, his periphery shaking as he proceeded to explain the joke on the office and T. Thomas, while T. Thomas adjusted his flame-colored cravat and winked at Gus Parlington.

The squash was started; he was rolling downhill!

"Meet Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Pike," introduced Tommy. "Do you know the happy little idea he just sprung on me? He'd like to buy some of our stock!"

The smile of President Pike was ready. It was, moreover, triumphant, complacent, lofty.

"A lot of people would like to do that," he observed. "I'm happy to say, however, that this company hasn't a share for sale."

He glanced down at his desk with a passing trace of his frown, but Bounce Hubbard was not deceived.

"Not even a little bit?" he suggested. "A hundred shares or so?"

"Not a single share." The president sat down and his mustache twitched. He put his cigar stub into it. "Out of five thousand shares of stock, Mr. Hubbard, there are only eighty-five unsold in the treasury, and the directors propose to absorb those at the next meeting for reasons which anybody can understand." Again that triumphant smile, the smile of a man who has fought and won, and is proud of it. "And if you can buy a single share from one of our stockholders I'll pay you a premium on it."

The squash was obviously disappointed, and so was Bounce Hubbard. The man was telling the truth. Absolutely! There was no stock for sale! Not a single share! What was this thing? Could it be possible that there was a stockholder by the name of Bishop, for whom the Sacred Wolloh had been mistaken? Could it be possible that this business was on the level? The intensity of Mr. Pike had its effect, even on this skeptic; and when a skeptic begins to doubt his skepticism he is lost.

"I cave," he admitted. "I was a poor feeble worm to suppose that anybody would sell a stock which yields forty per cent."

"Well, that forty per cent is deceptive," smiled the frank business man. "That isn't from operation. We just sold the state rights to Illinois for twenty thousand dollars; and we fellows who have borne the brunt of organization just split that twenty thousand as undivided surplus."

He looked at his visitor with an easy enjoyment that seemed to require an answer; so Hubbard said:

"Pretty soft! And there's over forty states in the Union!" He studied the room and the mass of urgency on the desk. As a private citizen, William B. Hubbard had a normal and healthy human interest in profitable investments. "I suppose there'll be a gob of money made in airplanes."

"Oh, yes!" Pike rotated his cigar stub as T. Thomas went into the outer office and closed the door. "We expect to supply wireless power to future airplanes, and are organized early enough to be in on the ultimate monopoly. Meantime we have our inventions—our individual parachute; our aërial gasoline delivery; our locatophone, by which a flyer can determine his exact location, night or day; and we're working like nailers to get our supply depots in operation all over the United States."

There was something thrilling in the savage vigor of the man, and something fascinating in the tremendous new field the mere phrase "supply depots all over the United States" opened to an active intelligence. Why not an Aëro-Wave Power Company? Anything was possible in the airplane game. It was the coming fortune producer!

"Beg pardon, Mr. Pike"—Thomas, and most respectful. "That insurance chap wants to know whether you'll see him at four o'clock."

"Not to-day," returned Pike briskly; and his mustache twitched spasmodically, while the activity in the office suddenly intensified. This was that psychological thing. "You might as well tell him, Tommy, that I have all the high-priced insurance I can carry while I'm building up this company. I'd like to have a little more protection for my wife and babies, but I want it at rock-bottom-cost," he added smilingly to the squash.

The Sacred Wolloh of the Ancient Himalayan Order of Brotherly Security snapped at that bait like a hungry codfish. He was an ardent member of his beloved order, and he always carried in his pocket the tables of rates, the prospectuses and the application blanks. And, moreover, his entire self was a solid sphere of enthusiasm for the uplifting nobility and the high ethical principles of the Hims.

"Have you ever investigated fraternal insurance?" he inquired; and, drawing up a chair, he sat close and waxed eloquent: "The Ancient Himalayan Order of Brotherly Security will protect you in sickness, will stand like a brother shoulder to shoulder with you in all the trials and afflictions of life, if you are a worthy man, and comfort and shield your widow and orphans at your death, for the lowest possible price."

Such was his start. In thirty minutes he had the application of H. H. Pike for membership in the A. H. O. B. S. He could have had it in thirty seconds if the delicate intuitions and perceptions of Bounce Hubbard hadn't been drowned in the oratory of the Sacred Wolloh!

"And I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Hubbard," said Mr. Pike as he shoved over the signed blank; he hesitated a moment, and smiled musingly. "The initiation, advance dues and first premiums for the coming year amount to seventy dollars. I'll give five shares of our treasury stock to the lodge, in lieu of my application fee, if they care to take it; and any time they don't want it I'll pay them the present value—fourteen dollars a share. You see, I'm an enthusiastic member in advance."

At the offer of that precious stock something inside Bounce Hubbard set up a distinct quiver, which trilled even in the bosom of the Sacred Wolloh.

"Well, what do you think of that!" he managed to exult. "Shoot it right along, Pike, and I'll take it in with the application—and I'll tell the committee what a pipe it is!"

But when Bounce Hubbard got outside, leaving the officials of the Aëro-Wave Power Company to such high jubilation that Pike split a ten-spot among the other four for laundry and eats, Bounce went right over to headquarters and said:

"Say, John; get me all the dope you can on the Aëro-Wave Power Company; and put your special drag on this guy H. H. Pike."

III

GREEN and ghastly glowed the lights in Snowy Peak Number Eighty-five of the sacred Himalayan range. Majestic and impressive was the Sacred Wolloh as, spherical within his velvet robes, he prepared to intone in sepulchral voice the solemn words of life over the bier whereon lay the dead pilgrim from the outer world, named Pike in that careless life, but now about to be born anew into the nobler spiritual atmosphere of fraternity with the Ancient Himalayan Order of Brotherly Security.

Mournful and grisly rose the dirge of the brown-robed and white-whiskered Tibetan monks as they stood barefooted round the stark form of the pilgrim in the white graveclothes, a lily in his hands and candle grease dripping dangerously near one ear.

Ah! A withering hush, and then a hesitation on the part of the Sacred Wolloh, while his round blue eyes stared searchingly down at the patiently waiting corpse. Confound the pilgrim, Pike! Who was he, anyhow?

Headquarters had promptly supplied the information that Augustus Parlington—alias, alias, alias, alias—was a crooked bookkeeper entitled to three service stripes on his prison record; that X-Ray Jack was a more or less harmless tout and capper for all the green-goods and wire-tapping and other stock-company comedies which infest the giddy sheep pasture between Union Square and Columbus Circle; that T. Thomas was a tinhorn hand-shaker, who'd never gone much past entertaining a hick with the glad words during a satchel snatching; and that Beans Burdock was a fifth-rate amateur strong arm and gunman from an Indiana farm, who was a flat fizzle in the city because he looked like a hick but couldn't play farmer.

These histories headquarters had furnished with nonchalant pride in its efficiency; but about H. H. Pike there was nothing! His record was clean because he hadn't any record. He was a blank, and as blameless as the Aëro-Wave Power Company, which was also blank, according to police nomenclature, which includes but two classes—the black, who have been pinched and proved guilty, and the colorless, who have so far escaped arrest.

So here was Pike, a pilgrim from the past, lying in his winding sheet of death and ready to be waked, while in the mind of Bounce Hubbard there persisted an impression that he ought to help the pilgrim stay dead. He couldn't rid himself of a vague, haunting, evil memory connected with the face of the cadaver. So he hesitated.

The silence became oppressive, and the monks shifted uneasily with a dawning fear that perhaps the Sacred Wolloh had forgotten his lines; while the deceased, despite all the earnest instructions given him when he was stripped and wound in his sheet and laid on an icy slab to give him the proper atmosphere, found the nervous itch at the corner of his nose unbearable—and he stealthily raised his hand to scratch.

Fatal motion! A blob of hot candle grease dropped into his ear; and, as if animated by the jerk of a string, that whole side of Pike's face screwed up in an agony of painful surprise. Bingo! Thousand Percent Ketcham!

(Continued on Page 109)

"Hubbard's Got a Place on Long Island That Didn't Cost Him a Mag Less Than Twelve Thousand, and His Wife and Two Kids are Dressed to the Nines"

THE LAST FIGHT

By Elizabeth Frazer

I HAVE seen hell, and I cannot forget it. I have only seen it. I have not experienced, suffered, endured it. And even then I did not see hell in full blast. It was a restrained, half-cleaned-up, half-cold hell I saw. Only certain grotesque and sanguinary objects proclaimed the red and roaring inferno that had reigned in this spot a few short hours ago. Let me sketch the stage setting:

Conceive a shining, smiling little river full of leaping trout, gliding with many serpentine twists and turns along a flat and sedgy bottom land. That is the Meuse. About it are the encircling heights of Sedan. On one side of the river—that which we shall call the American side, since a famous leatherneck outfit was holding it—the land rises by numerous cuts and arroyos to a slightly higher level. Sometimes these ravines are wooded; but at the particular point I am describing they are almost as bare as the palm of the hand. The river here lies absolutely uncovered and exposed to point-blank fire.

Across, on the other side—the German side—stretches an open slope of about two hundred yards, ending in dense woods. This little slope is also completely exposed—not a tree; not a shrub; not a rock; only a soft spongy marsh, into which one sinks ankle-deep in oozing mire that halts the rushing feet. This is No Man's Land. Along the fringe of woods giving upon this slope and commanding both sides of the river at point-blank range, conceive a string of German machine guns—not a dozen, but score on score—guarding all approaches to the river, and dotted thickly throughout the woods that stretch backward and up to what are known as the Heights of the Meuse, strongly held by hostile heavy artillery.

These, then, are the essential physical points of the landscape of that scene in hell—a gay, dimpling little river, exposed on both sides to the direct fire of German machine guns and heavy artillery. All the advantage of position lay with the foe. They had protection. They had the heights. All they had to do when the Americans attacked was to turn loose and mow them down, which they more or less did. That was the lay of the land on the night of November 10, 1918.

MARINE CORPS PUB. BUREAU PHOTO.

Semper Fidelis! Changed Into the Vernacular Means: The First to Fight and the Last to Quit!

Facing the boches was a certain famous American division of leathernecks, which had the record of being five months on the line with less than five consecutive days' rest. It was the unit that, at Château-Thierry, held Belleau Wood for thirty-six days without a break, where its dead lay unburied for more than a month because the living could not be spared or exposed for any such secondary tasks. Composed of infantry, engineers, artillery and a brigade of marines, it is one of the best fighting outfits in France. Again and again it has been battered and mauled and shot to pieces, until scarce any of the original crowd are left. Its surviving underofficers could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The Bloody Heights of the Meuse

IT IS always open season with this unit. It never refuses a job. It always takes its objective. Its particular specialty has been punching a hole in the boche lines for the other troops to pass through. Its motto, drenched in the sacrificial blood of the flower of its troops for the past five months, is: "The first to fight and the last to quit!" Hell and glory! That is its portion. Only, as one of its captains dryly remarked, the men get the hell and the world gets the glory.

These were the particular troops that were holding the line on the Meuse the night of November 10, 1918—the eve of the armistice. Their objective, the Meuse Heights, could not be captured without bitter resistance. The exposed nature of the ground, the bridges that must be constructed and thrown across the river under fire, made it inevitable that there should be losses—possibly heavy losses. But they had their orders, and their watchword was the traditional one: "Let's go!" So they went. And at eleven o'clock on November eleventh the Heights were in their hands.

These are the bare, arid outlines of that engagement. And now, perhaps, you know what I am talking about. The hell I saw, restrained, half cleaned up, half cold, but wholly horrible, was the final battlefield in this war of that redoubtable unit of the American Expeditionary Forces.

It was on a brilliant morning, not many hours after the signing of the armistice, when, accompanied by General N—— I scrambled down the ravine so lately filled with thousands of armed men waiting for the attack in fox holes, for all the world like shallow graves, and then made my way over the narrow, slippery footbridge where, under a vicious patter of machine-gun bullets and the deadly sniping of the Austrian eighty-eights, with rockets and star shells bringing out the landscape in livid brilliance and silhouetting their movements with fatal clearness, a host of silent figures, in single file, had rushed across, gained the sedgy shore, crouched beneath the shallow bank, and waited for their barrage.

It was in the marshy upland slope beyond the river that the first signs of slaughter began to appear. Here the soft wet ground was ripped and scraped open for yards at a time by machine-gun fire, a dozen bullets entering the earth at the same place. Here all the fields about were pitted and shot as full of holes as a cheese. Scattered about, or flung in hasty piles, lay all kinds of equipment—bayonets, rifles, helmets, blankets, caps, dismantled Hun machine guns with tapes full of unused ammunition. Here, too, were ghastly pressed-down circles in the marsh where they had heaped the immortal dead and collected the mortally wounded to die.

These were veritable circles of blood, the coarse sedge plastered together and painted a thick dark crimson. Once in the neighborhood of such a circle my foot sank ankle-deep into the marsh. But it was not heaven's dew or the bright water of the Meuse that closed bubbling over my foot. Here, just where I was standing, some American had quietly bled his life away. Here, also, wrenched bayonets, helmets with their tops blown in or perforated with a dozen ragged holes, and all manner of torn and sanguinary garments, told the grim but eloquent tale of how upon this final battlefield American soldiers had struggled and conquered and died.

Down close to the whispering river lay a clustered group of fresh graves, comrade pressed close to comrade, so that they should not be lonely in this strange land during the long vigils to come. One row was headed by Major H——, son of a prominent statesman. Upon that field he fell leading his men, and there they laid him, still commander of that mute host. On the American side of the river was a cemetery of eighty-eight souls who had perished in the fight. And scattered all about that sunny, tranquil slope were lonely little crosses, by fives and twos and ones.

This was only one portion of the American battle front as it stood on the morning of the armistice, November 11, 1918. But to see this particular little corner of bitterly fought-over hell, and to realize that hell was finished, not only here but along the whole stretch of battle line; to realize that the long massacre was over; that no longer the guns would bellow and destroy the people and the land; that these lonely, scattered graves on the banks of the Meuse marked the close, the very final minute of an atrocious four-years night—it was worth while traveling a few hundred kilometers to realize that fact.

The Inner Record

AND if in the following sketch of that last fight I write of one unit more than another, it is only because in this particular case I know the concrete facts of the situation, and that I wish this unit to stand forth, not as above the others, but sheerly as an epitome, an exemplar, of what the whole mighty solid phalanx of battling Americans accomplished, suffered and endured. For it was their grit, their aggressiveness in the face of well-nigh insuperable physical obstacles, that swept the American soldier up to the high pinnacle on which he now stands before the world.

Concerning the trials and hardships of our men we in Paris had been hearing ever since the Argonne offensive began. That sector to the west and north of Verdun, considered one of the toughest propositions along the entire Front, had been intrusted, as a high honor, to the American troops to smash. The accomplishment of that task; the terrible tug of war in the Argonne Forest, which had been a second Valley Forge and Battle of the Wilderness rolled into one; the subsequent rolling back of the Hun lines by leaps and bounds—five, ten, twenty kilometers a day, up until November eleventh—all these are matters of public record.

But the inner record, the wearing down of our finest shock troops by constant fighting, by privation, hunger, sickness or plain exhaustion, is mostly a sealed book. And it is a little of that inside record—the incredible hardships, the hell of those final weeks of which the world saw only the glory—which I propose here to sketch.

Said one general to another during the early part of October: "We'll have an army next year that is an army!"

"We will—if we have any army left!" retorted the other grimly, thinking of his replacements on account of death, exposure and disease.

On Monday, November eleventh—the day the armistice was signed—Paris awakened from its long nightmare of sorrow to the glad realization of peace with marked slowness. Later, to be sure, that slowness gathered a very considerable momentum and speed; but the first few hours Parisians contented themselves with pouring out into the streets, embracing their friends and shedding a few tears of joy. There was a solemnity, a reverence and a wonder in the hour. The momentous happenings of the past few weeks, the rush of stupendous events, had been too much for them. They could not believe in peace. Halting by a news kiosk to feast my eyes on the big black headlines, I was accosted by a friend—a Frenchwoman who had lost a husband and two sons in the war.

"What do you think of all this?" she asked in a low, serious voice, indicating by a gesture the gay, momentarily augmenting crowds.

"I think it's fine!"

"But do you believe it's true?"

"What?"

"That it's really finished—the war? Don't you think it's just a ruse—that they have something up their sleeves and are just playing for time, and presently it will break out again—all the horrors recommence? I do! I'd like to believe it—what joy!—but I can't." She had been steeped so long in a world of horror that her soul was incredulous of a world of peace.

Many Parisians felt the same. I saw them—the quiet elders – passslowly along the cannon-lined Champs-Elysées, smiling a little remotely upon the roistering youngsters playing among the guns. I saw them standing upon the curb, half melancholy, half apathetic, to watch the crowd rushing like a noisy, turbulent river down the middle of the Rue de la Paix. And in their eyes were trouble and wonder. They were haunted, bewildered, oppressed by the truth, as if it had been a delusion. They could not believe in peace! And I realized intuitively that these quiet, thoughtful ones, standing a little apart, smiling but somewhat sadly, joining in the demonstrations, but still with that brooding wistfulness of eye, were the sufferers. They were—France!

Later in the day all Paris abandoned itself to frolic, like a band of children released from school. It is not my intention to describe here the manifestation of a gay, great-hearted people emerging at last from the shadows. At that moment what I wished most of all to know was not what Paris or London or New York, or any other powerful aggregation of humans in the rear, felt about the armistice, but what was the reaction of the men out upon the line. Were they, too, like the fathers and mothers of France, somewhat stunned and apathetic over the suddenness of the thing? Had it also been hard for them to believe? What had taken place out there in those last big hours? Had they been just like any other hours?

Did the men, the actual fighters, crouching down in their muddy little fox holes on the farthest advanced front line, know when the word went forth from thousands of headquarters to stop the cannon? Did they realize the significance of the sudden silence that settled down on ridge and valley and plain from Belfort to the sea? Who brought them the news? Were many killed between the hour of signing the armistice and eleven o'clock on the eleventh, when the vast machine ceased from destruction? Were they glad—those Americans up there? Or had they fought so long and sternly that they had ceased to feel, and would only be sensible of a great letting down, a mortal weariness, and a desire to sleep, sleep, sleep?

The Heroes of the Argonne

QUERIES like these beset me. I wanted to get in behind the scenes and behold the actuality as distinguished from the carefully camouflaged curtain that is let down between the public and the operations in the field. Accordingly, while Paris was still in the full tide of rejoicing, I took the northbound train to Bar-le-Duc, and from thence, by automobile, commenced the long, arduous trip in freezing weather over the almost impassable shell-torn roads that led toward Sedan.

We had decided to follow, in a general way, the footsteps of the army during the offensive of the last two months. As for myself, I wished to see the Argonne Forest, which equally with Belleau Wood witnessed one of the bitterest pieces of fighting in which the American nation has figured. Concerning that particular episode you will rarely get any of the participants to speak. "The lucky guys were those who got bumped off at the start," said one of the survivors grimly. "And as for the wounded—getting them out over those roads ——" He shook his head as if shaking himself free from an obsession. These woods, as we discovered by zigzagging slowly through them over roads on which the mud was churned by heavy traffic to a thick custard, were the exact opposite of the magnificent, stately open forests farther south. The country is hilly, consisting of long tumbled ridges alternating with steep-pitched little valleys, covered with a grizzly second growth, trees standing, trees fallen, in a dense maze of underbrush; and all is cunningly interlaced with barbed-wire entanglements and mines, until it is practically impassable on horseback or on foot or on all-fours. Machine-gun nests and Austrian eighty-eights—long-barreled cannon, manned by the best gunners of the Central Powers, which sniped as accurately as a rifle—held the slopes facing the Americans; while from the higher ridges their heavy artillery popped away at will

For over four years the Germans had held this segment of the line. What with snug little concrete houses, dug deep into the hillside like those of cliff dwellers; with electricity, pianos and trains with food from the Fatherland chugging right up to their front doors; with beer gardens, and marble shafts in the cemetery for those few of their comrades who got bumped off—the Huns in this sector, before the Americans came, deemed that this was not such a terrible little old war after all.

It was an ideal defensive position.

On the American side the worst problem, which, in turn, complicated all other problems, was that of transportation. There was always a crisis of transportation in the Argonne. To begin with, there were no roads. And no sooner did the engineers construct them than the autumn torrents came and turned them into bottomless bogs; or shells came and blew them up to heaven, together with all the traffic and the road menders thereon. "Split your convoys!" This was the sign that met us at every hundred yards on the shell-torn thoroughfares leading into that sector.

Even with the utmost prudence, maintaining a distance of fifty yards between vehicles; changing the heavy motor lorries for lighter horse-drawn trucks; keeping on hand a constant supply of spare teams, road menders, and tractors for mired-down wagons; forcing the infantry to march across fields, heavy as that marching might prove; maintaining one-way roads exclusively for in-traffic or out-traffic—still, all these and a score of other military precautions failed to prevent blockades in the face of the constant shelling and rain and mud. And blockades there were, lasting hours at a time in the night, while the road menders, the engineers and the traffic officers toiled with desperate urgence, under heavy fire, to clear the jam.

These delays were fraught with the gravest consequences possible to the infantry at the Front, for it is a fixed rule of warfare that if the rear fails the front must still carry on. In addition to the infernal condition of the roads, and the rain that fell during those somber weeks in great cloudbursts, there was an acute shortage of horses. There were not enough, to begin with, and those in use were second rate, broken down by the brutal strain. In the back areas motor lorries could be used, but close up behind the lines only pack mules and horses could negotiate those uncharted wastes of slush. And horses died by hundreds and thousands. The woods were filled with their carcasses.

Now this triple combination of bad roads, shelling and animal shortage, with the consequent result of tie-ups and jams, had its inevitable repercussion upon the doughboy holding the line; for these delays hindered the onward flow of communication, of artillery, ammunition, food. Again and again these vital necessities were missing at the outset of an attack, and the men went forward without them. They went forward with no artillery to prepare the way; with no ammunition; sometimes even with no rifles—with nothing but a gas mask filled with hand grenades; with no food for two and three days at a time, sleeping in the woods in a sodden downpour of rain.

Where was their organization? Stalled behind them on the road; mired hub-deep in an indescribable congestion of artillery, motor lorries, ambulances, field kitchens and dragged-out pack mules. The men drank the water from shell holes where dead horses lay. Flies pestered and poisoned them. Dysentery, influenza, pneumonia and sheer human misery cut down their last reserves of strength. Not even a match could be lit for warmth. And the constant hammering by day and the aërial bombardment by night would not let them rest. The few who came forth from that hell on missions were gaunt, with bloodshot eyes. Nearly all had a touch of shell shock.

The Only Way to Win

"OFTEN," confessed a captain of the marines to me, "when an attack was ordered and we jumped off, those boys of mine would be so weak and dizzy on their feet that they staggered as they ran."

And the worst of it was they seemed to get nowhere. It was plug, plug persistently, with no hope in sight. The advance was by inches and yards. A machine-gun nest was pinched out here, another one there; each one paid for with from ten to fifty American lives. And those woods were as full of machine-gun nests as they were full of poisonous flies.

Thus passed five desperate nightmare weeks of unimaginable horror. But the chief point to remember is that, in spite of the agony and the handicaps, the men took their objectives—often without food, without artillery support, without air support. They took their objectives with nothing but their invincible courage and their bare hands. It cost like hell; but they took them—by maneuver on flank or rear when they could, or by bold sanguinary frontal attack when they must.

In discussing this particular subject an official report on the Meuse-Argonne offensive says: "Commanders, when confronted by a situation, must not vacillate between conflicting solutions, but act! In case of doubt, choose the bolder solution. It is seldom wrong to go forward. It is seldom wrong to attack. In the attack it is much better to lose men than to fail to gain ground." And it was this bold solution that won. Also, it cost many lives.

"You Americans are nothing but plain damn fools!" declared a German officer captured in the Argonne. "To go up against machine-gun nests like that is madness." And yet it was precisely by that frontal attack, by damn-fool inattention to danger when there was no other way out, that most of those machine-gun nests were mopped up.

(Continued on Page 95

To be the Spearhead of Any Enterprise—to Bear the Shock, Endure the Strain—Carries its Own Reward

How Violet Lost Her Sense of Humor

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

VIOLET was sitting with her feet against the pillars of the marble balustrade. Violet's feet were like her hands, purely ornamental; and as I looked at them in their suède slippers and gray silk stockings I thought them quite as well worth observing as the view of the Hudson, which was what we had officially come out to observe.

Not that I didn't like the view. I enjoyed everything about the place, all the more because Violet had never forced me to look at anything—not even while she and Crossley were in the agonies of building. Neither the house nor the gardens nor the vistas nor the brook called up any recollections of long wearisome tours of inspection; they had all dawned upon me as they were meant to do—gradually.

"I'll tell you something, but you mustn't tell a soul," she said, slightly approaching her chair to mine.

I promised instantly, realizing that she had already told most of the souls of her acquaintance, and was only demanding my secrecy so that I should not get ahead of her in telling the other souls.

"He practices the salute before the glass!" Violet's face broke up into a smile too impish to go with her beauty and elegance. "He goes like this." Violet is something of a mimic—was, at least, for this was in the summer of 1917. "Oh, I do think men are more comic than women!"

"Differently, not more," I said, defending my sex.

"Think of him," she went on, "standing in that little roundabout brown suit saluting himself in the glass."

And she giggled and drew her shoulders together and settled deeper into her wicker chair.

I may lack humor—Violet often said I did—but I could not think it altogether comic that my only brother had been commissioned an officer in an army at war.

"He may be killed, you know," I said.

"Not he," answered his wife. "They are not going to send him overseas—over thirty-five and without training. No, he's going to inspect or quartermast or advocate or something in a Southern camp."

"Aren't you glad that he's not going to France?"

"Very," she answered cordially. "You have to behave so beautifully if your husband is at the Front. But this way it's perfect—it's as good as being divorced without any scandal; or as becoming a widow without having to go into mourning."

"Patriotism ——" I began, but my sister-in-law interrupted me.

"Didn't someone say something about patriotism?" I indicated that a good many people had said a good many things on the subject. "No, but I meant something about its being everyone's excuse to do anything they want to do. Ah, well, I thought there was a quotation. However, it's certainly Crossley's excuse for getting away from all the things that bore him—his clubs and his business and me and the chauffeurs."

"Nonsense!" I said. "You ought to respect ——"

"But I don't—not a bit. I respect people for doing what they do do well. Look at me. Don't I dress well? Don't I give good parties? Don't I run my house well?"

"I rather thought that was the housekeeper."

"Well, I choose the housekeepers, and keep them or dismiss them according to their results—that's efficiency. I do it all well. Crossley used to do his job well too. His clothes and his horses—even his business, I am told, was well done. But he won't be a good officer. He'll be a particularly poor one. No, I don't respect anything badly done. It's very hard to marry a good business man and have him turn into a poor soldier."

At this moment Crossley came out from the low brick house with its white stone trimmings and crossed the flowering terrace toward us. I had thought that to call the uniform of the United States a little roundabout brown suit was uncomfortably near treason, but when I saw my brother for the first time so arrayed I had to own that there was a certain accuracy in the description.

Money Would Not Buy Even the Simple Things Violet Wanted for Crossley. She Had to Search and Work and Cajole

People were afraid of Crossley; he had personal dignity, and a calm blank look that was considered stern. In business he had a terrifying way of saying thoughtfully: "Repeat what you just said"; but in other relations he was simple enough—that is, he enjoyed simple pleasures simply. Like most rich men over thirty he had become a little self-indulgent, but only in the luxuries that saved him trouble; he was a martinet about having the cars ready when he wanted them, and though he probably never saw his valet his clothes were arranged so that he could dress in the shortest possible time. Behind his cold manner he was a little lonely and a little shy. In some ways the rigors of army life would be hard for him, but the greatest hardship of all would not be physical but mental.

Crossley was accustomed to being sought—to being urged to go on committees and join clubs—to hearing that a certain board would be out of the woods if he would take the chairmanship. The United States Army had not sought his assistance; nor had anyone suggested that the company of which he became captain would know no more [illegible] I knew that that would be the hardest feature of his service—that he had to thrust himself in uninvited, uncertain whether he was of any use or not. This, perhaps, was why he showed himself unusually sensitive.

"Violet," he said, "my orders have come, and I'm taking the afternoon train to New York."

"Oh," said Violet with the politest interest; but I knew her eyes were seeking mine to ask if her description of his uniform hadn't been perfect.

"And when I said good-by to that footman—the tall one, Frederick ——"

"Ah," said my sister-in-law, "you've been bidding farewell to the servants?"

There was nothing exactly offensive in her tone, and yet her question did summon up a slightly comic picture of those adieux.

"Frederick," Crossley went on as if he hadn't heard, "gave notice. He means to enlist."

"The silly creature," said Violet patiently; and turning to me she added: "Even my poor father has succumbed. It appears there is no place for lawyers in this war, and so he has left a perfectly good law practice in New York and has gone down to play office boy to one of these commissions in Washington. I'm told he quite models his manner on that of the little red-haired boy he had so long who used to say 'State your business' in his own outer office. Isn't it amusing?"

"I was going to say," my brother went on, with his calm still unruffled, "that I think it will be just as well not to replace him."

"Not to replace him?" Violet spoke as if she were a well-meaning foreigner for whom the English language was at times very difficult to understand.

"Yes; I think for the present you can get on with Plumtre." Plumtre was the butler.

"I don't believe I understand."

"I feel it looks better in wartime ——" Crossley began.

"To have your silver dirty and your guests badly valeted? I'm afraid I can't agree with you."

Crossley hesitated. He was always reluctant to use authority. He had in his business a good deal of power, but he would have enjoyed wielding it more if he had entirely made his money instead of having inherited it. In his own house I had never heard a hint of ownership.

"You'll find in a few months," he said, "that the people who keep on living on the old scale will come in for a good deal of disagreeable criticism."

"Criticism!" cried Violet. "I don't know who has any right to criticize the way I think right to live. I don't interfere with what you consider patriotic. Please don't interfere with my keeping up some standard of decency and beauty."

"I don't think that's patriotic," said my brother. "I think that's doing what you like best."

Violet laughed easily. "That seems to be the way other people's patriotism presents itself," she said. "I was just telling Lewis how happy you are at getting away from all your real responsibilities."

I hate to witness the quarrels of married people. I rather like the good rough-and-tumble fight of total strangers, but this business of an arm round the neck and a stiletto at the back is too deadly to be entertaining. I had never seen these two quarrel; I had imagined they never did—that they were not sufficiently intimate. Their whole story seemed to me to be this: That they had taken rather a fancy to each other, and had got married; and then they had grown decidedly bored with each other, and hadn't got a divorce. Now seeing what was coming I moved away, but Violet stopped me.

"Don't go, Lewis," she said almost chattily. "It's going to be quite amusing. Tell us honestly, Crossley," she went on, turning back to her husband, "aren't you really glad to go?"

"Yes."

"Particularly glad, I mean, to get away from me?"

"Yes." He spoke emphatically, with a little nick of his head.

A faint color came into Violet's face as she turned to me and said: "Of course I shall be wonderful, Lewis, when everyone tells me how self-sacrificing Crossley is to have enlisted—or whatever it is officers do—but I'm glad to have you know that he goes to please himself, and that I'm not under the smallest obligation to make myself uncomfortable, because as a matter of cold hard fact he's doing what he wants to do."

I, who had talked the matter over again and again with Crossley, knew that a profound sense of duty had moved him, and I began to say so, but he interrupted me.

"Violet isn't a bit interested in my motives," he said. "She just wants to know whether I'm glad to go or not. Well, I am. Why shouldn't I be? What have you ever done to make me want to stay?"

"Why, one hates to boast," answered she gayly, "but I've done a good many things. I've always kept a very

nice house for you and your friends, and I've always been good-tempered, even on the rare occasions like the present when you're not. In short, I've made a home for you."

"A home!" said Crossley, and I saw with alarm that he had been smoldering for years. "You've made a place where I was always at a disadvantage. You've interfered with anything real I ever wanted to do. Oh, no, no, not openly"—as he saw her move her lips in protest—"secretly, covertly, by making everything I was interested in seem base and comic—everything outside of my business, that is. You were always glad to have that go on. You've deliberately made me ridiculous ——"

"I have?" said Violet with an obvious meaning.

"Yes, you," he answered. "Why, you can't even give an order for me to the servants without your tone implying that they and you know it is absurd. You say 'Mr. Rose wishes' as if I were an imbecile baby. You talk about entertaining my friends for me—I don't even dare bring my friends to the house. No one ever thinks so well of me after five minutes' talk with you. Oh, it isn't what you say. It's a subtle poison, so that everything I do or say seems clownish. I don't care so much about other people, but you make me seem ridiculous to myself. This time you can't. I shan't be here. Laugh as much as you please. I'm off."

He paused and Violet rolled her eyes at me, as much as to say that if it weren't so sad it would be comic; but I would not look at her. Behind my brother's crude and egotistical outburst I guessed at years of real suffering and thwarted idealisms, and I almost hated his wife for choosing that moment for trying to make me an audience for turning even his protest into ridicule.

At this point Frederick, the innocent cause of all the trouble, was seen approaching to announce that the car was at the door.

"Is Mr. Rose's trunk on the car?" Violet asked, as if to show that she was a responsible housewife.

"Yes, madam, I put the captain's trunk on myself."

It was the first time we had heard Crossley called by his title, and it gave Violet her cue.

"Good-by, captain," she said; and in her smile there seemed an intimation that he had already assumed military manners. It was one of those irritating smiles that betrayed how much broader it would grow as soon as we left her alone.

Crossley did not answer. He turned away and I followed him into the house. Violet called after us to tell Frederick to come and speak to her when we had gone. I thought I knew just how that young Briton's military enthusiasm was about to be sapped.

On thinking it over I came to the conclusion that I ought not to have been surprised at Violet's opposition to Crossley's going into the army. She herself had never used her abilities—except in the limited field of social activities, where, of course, she was very competent. Most people would have said that she gave her full attention to social things because she enjoyed them, but the reverse was truer—she enjoyed them because they had her full attention. But nothing sours so quickly as abilities left standing, and Violet's had slightly soured. Of a vigorously competitive nature she used her wit and powers of ridicule to destroy anyone who tried to get outside the field in which she herself had triumphed. She did not want that sacred inclosure threatened. She did not mind outsiders' succeeding in other work; she was very kind to statesmen and authors who drifted across her path; but let one of her friends—one of her own gang—attempt anything of the sort and Violet was merciless. Any woman of her acquaintance who wrote a book or went into suffrage she would pierce with a thousand darts; and I remember once hearing her keep a dinner table in a steady gale of laughter by reading aloud the poems of her best friend—making them seem incredibly grotesque by her mere intonation. Afterward, when I read them at home, I found some beauty and a great deal of promise in them. To Violet they had appeared as a sort of treachery—an effort to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—an attack on the supreme value of being merely fashionable.

Now she saw—unconsciously perhaps—that the war was the most dangerous of all attacks on her remote and tenuous prestige. If the hierarchy in which she stood high should crumble, what qualifications had she for success in any other? Certainly a military society offered her nothing. She might have tolerated being the appanage of a hero, but not taking the rank of a captain who was never going to the Front.

I did not see her for some months after my brother went to camp. I took a job in Washington, where if not useful I was certainly busy. I heard of her now and then, not always flatteringly. "Violet," people said, "has not even heard that we are at war. She is giving parties just the same as ever." But I could not learn that anyone invited to her parties refused to go.

Then I heard that there had been a change—not very fundamental. She had given up her ballroom to the Red Cross as a workroom.

My heart being a little softened by time I went to see her the next time I was in New York. It was in the morning.

"Wouldn't you like to look at them?" she asked. I assented, knowing that she referred to her fellow workers.

She led me softly to a little gallery where her musicians used to play, and pointed to the ballroom below us as if it were a bear pit. The room was paneled in a light-golden wood, mirrors and crystal appliqués were on the walls, the curtains were of old-blue brocade, and here and there pots of tall pink flowers were standing. In the high white light of the winter morning rows of women in pure white coifs were working. I felt a dramatic effect of some kind, and I was affected. Here, where they once danced, they now worked, I was thinking, when my sister-in-law's clear, rapid whisper broke in

"Isn't it amusing?" she said. "We quarrel over socks and sweaters just as we used to do over our young men. At this moment, my dear Lewis, reputations are being made and lost over the width of a bandage, and voices are breaking and friendships being severed on account of a lost hank of yarn. Ah, listen to that!" she added with delight as a ripple of argument broke out below us; and I felt she was shaking with internal merriment.

I was shocked—perhaps repelled would be a better word. What she said was probably true enough; neither wearing a uniform nor working for the Red Cross makes human beings divine, and these women, most of them new to any sort of regular occupation, were very likely particularly amateurish. But somehow their very susceptibility to criticism ought to have rendered them immune from criticism from one who was doing almost nothing herself. I remembered vaguely a phrase of Stevenson's about the only honor some people had left was the "pride of being inert"

"It's easy," I said, "to laugh at everybody's efforts if you never get out into the open and do any work yourself."

"Oh, but I do!" said Violet, quite undisturbed by my reproof. "I go twice a week to a canteen, where I am very much complimented upon my canteen manner. It's an art. You mustn't be severe, and yet you mustn't be flirtatious; and you know, Lewis, there isn't much between. The older women can be motherly—only, of course, they are just the ones who never want to be—but it's hard at twenty-eight to be motherly to great petty officers of forty. However, I've evolved an almost perfect manner of my own—like lyric love, you know—half angel and half bird"

I did not smile, but I wanted to. That is the danger of a person like Violet: she leaves her mark. This was what Crossley had broken out about. For me she had only changed ever so slightly my attitude toward the uniform of my country and the work of the Red Cross. For him she had cheapened his whole estimate of himself.

Before I left I asked her if she had heard from Crossley.

"Oh, yes. Whenever he wants anything he writes," she answered. "Last week I sent him some heavier underwear and some cigars. You know I stick to my job, Lewis."

Her manner was so detached that I did not suggest her accompanying me on a visit to Crossley, and perhaps it was as well she did not go. He was so extremely happy. He had just been promoted, and was to be sent to one of the Atlantic ports. "Not New York," he added with open satisfaction. His manner had gained the snap and aggression it had lacked, his face had lost its lines, his eyes had grown quick and alert, and his old deprecatory manner in the exercise of authority had gone; he seemed to think authority was his natural right.

I speculated as I traveled home whether it was army life or freedom from Violet's destructive power that had wrought the change.

He had been several weeks at his new post when I was surprised one day in my office in Washington by a visit from Violet.

"What are you doing?" I asked playfully. "Looking for a job?"

"I don't have to look for my job," she returned, almost triumphantly. "I have to go down and rescue Crossley from his own incompetence. It appears the horrid little place is overcrowded—most of the workers sleeping in tents. Crossley has half a hall bedroom in a wretched boarding house. I am going down to put him in order."

I wondered just in what sense she was going to put him in order. Did she mean relegate him to what she considered his proper place in the universe? And if so would the new Crossley be as easy to undermine as the old one had been?

I was not to know the answer for many months.

It was a lovely June morning when the Washington boat brought me into Old Point. Overhead a seaplane was brooding above the waters like a vulture above carrion. Smart black, white and blue destroyers, looking like monsters invented by a futurist, were hurrying out to sea with heavy freighters which seemed to have put on someone else's suit of striped clothes.

My business over about noon I took a trolley for Newport News, and after some trouble discovered my brother's office. He was just going out to lunch.

"Where do you lunch?" I asked innocently. "At the hotel?"

Concluded on Page 101

"Whenever He Wants Anything He Writes. You Know I Stick to My Job, Lewis"

Switzerland, the Economic Buffer State—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE afternoon last November, just before the armistice was signed, I sat in the tea room of a well-known hotel at Geneva that did not need the influx of wartime spies, agents and propagandists to make it a notorious nest of intrigue. There was a babel of tongues no less conflicting than the interests represented. My companion was an Englishman, long a resident of Switzerland, who knew the diplomatic ropes as well as any person in the country. We had been talking about Germany after the war. Suddenly he turned and said: "Within a year after the peace treaty is signed there will be at least five million new Swiss citizens in Europe."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The German as a German will not be admitted to the trade councils for years after the war, and he will therefore have to become a neutral to break in," was the reply.

I had just spent a fortnight in Switzerland watching the German make his last desperate play before the inevitable collapse. I realized that my friend had stated a truth big with significance for the vast social and economic reconstruction that will be the universal task for many months to come. In no other land, not even Holland, has the German played his game of commercial penetration so consistently and so cunningly as in the tiny republic bulwarked by the Alps, and which has been the haven of the oppressed for centuries. The German made it for the first time the stamping ground of the oppressor, who wielded the weapon of economic necessity instead of the mailed fist.

During the four years of war the lot of the small neutrals, notably those that bordered on Germany, was not a happy one. Just as America paid a high price to discover the meaning of the word neutrality, so did these countries discover all the terrors of war without actual participation. They were caught between a ravening and rapacious Germany on the one hand and an indignant and outraged group of Allies on the other. The wartime Holland, literally between the devil and the deep blue sea, that I saw in June was full mate in trouble to the Switzerland, walking on eggs, that I beheld in October and November. Each was a sort of nonbelligerent No Man's Land swept by a cross fire of equally cross purposes.

Emile Reichenbach

More Troubles for the Small Neutrals

NOW that the war is over the complications of these small neutrals do not end. In some respects they are only beginning anew. The acute self-interest of the victorious European Powers as revealed by the preliminary peace negotiations at Paris indicates that the economic struggle for existence, which will vie with a freed democracy as the principal by-product of the conflict, will affect the neutrals for years to come. Fate has decreed: Once a neutral, always a neutral. Hence any intimate study of conditions and prospects in the nonwarring lands is of supreme interest and importance.

Run the whole range of European neutrals and you get a panorama of German economic intrigue that unfolds with the romantic and sometimes sinister fascination of a cinema shocker. Spain and Sweden headed the list of these German "colonies." Here the German conquest was easy because frank admiration of the exaggerated Teutonic might—evidenced wherever you turned—was a first aid to propaganda and penetration. Spain, however, was too far off to be immediately useful for war purposes. Her period of service begins now. The main efforts were concentrated on Holland, who had tonnage and accessibility to the sea, and Switzerland with her geographical and political leverage. They became and will remain the economic buffer states.

Though small in area, light in population and raising but a wee voice in the concert of the world powers that be, they will be pivotal points in the whole German after-the-war commercial strategy. Just as they bore careful watching during the war, so must they be the objects of a particular scrutiny henceforth. Why? Simply because the whole German possibility of come-back is based on her ability to use these neutral countries for her own selfish ends. The German program of business restoration—which will carry a military menace with it—is partly based upon an intensive camouflage campaign in Holland and Switzerland. As readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may possibly recall, I tried to outline the Dutch situation in two articles published last September. It remains only to attempt a visualization of Switzerland charted, diagramed and literally "booked" for German assimilation. The methods employed are not without their application to the United States, where this nefarious performance will be duplicated if the Germans are given half a chance.

I visited Switzerland at a critical time. The Kaiser was about to pass into eclipse, and with him the myth of Germanic power. I saw Germans everywhere; heard their language spoken on all sides; again and again I stood on the banks of the Rhine and looked over into that land of the deepening shadow. In some respects it was like being in Germany itself. The solicitude of the German spies for my baggage, and more especially the papers that it contained, continued. Those Swiss who had backed the wrong horse in the early days of the war were piling up on the band wagon of the winners.

At Berne, for example, a German secret-service agent masquerading as head waiter in a leading hotel leaned over me as he served my luncheon and said: "At last we've got them, sir."

There was humor as well as significance in the swift turn-round of the rats who scuttled fast from the sinking ship.

Before we make our little journey through Switzerland it may be well to inventory the complications and difficulties that beset her the moment that the red tides were loosed in Europe. Holland had nothing on her. In the first place Switzerland is not one country. She is really three different peoples—French, German and Italian. Out of a total population of 4,000,000 nearly 800,000 are French-Swiss and speak the language of France. Within her confines dwell 300,000 Germans who speak, think and act German. There are 80,000 in Zurich alone. These 300,000 do not include the German-speaking and German-sympathizing population that inhabits the northern section bordering on Germany and Austria. The French-Swiss were as loyal to France as the German-Swiss were to Germany and the Italian-Swiss to Italy. This original melting pot—it was the sanctuary of Calvin, long before New York became the universal gateway—therefore became a seething caldron of unrest, dissension and clashing interests.

But this was not all. Prior to the war the Germans had picked out Switzerland as their particular target of penetration, expecting her to be, like Holland, a useful tool in the scheme of world annexation. She was and will continue to be the chief intermediary on the trade highway between Germany and Italy. Likewise she provided the chief Teutonic underground railway into France. The important fact for all of us to remember now is that Switzerland, as far as Germany is concerned, will remain the same Switzerland, offering the same opportunities for exploitation and all those other pernicious activities that are so inseparably a part of the German game in peace as well as in war.

The Victim of German Bullying

SWITZERLAND was able to put up with all this before the war—first, because it was profitable, which is the usual reason for most things; second, because the German hand was not disclosed. The moment that hostilities began the German showed his teeth and became the bully whose favorite sport was to browbeat and intimidate the small neutral. Switzerland's troubles began. In appraising them you find a curious parallel with Holland, whose anxieties were almost identical. Both countries were physically bang up against Germany and full of imperial well-wishers. Both countries depended in the main upon Germany for coal and iron. Strange as it may seem, Switzerland, perhaps the richest country in the world per capita and with an intensive industrial development, is absolutely without mineral resources. Practically all her raw materials are imported.

H. Grobet-Rousseau
Director General of the S. S. S.

Hon. P. A. Stovall
American Minister to Switzerland

The principal wartime kinship, however—and it likewise spelled an acute wartime necessity—between Holland and Switzerland lay in the fact that their food supplies, like those raw materials, had to come from the outside. Holland, hemmed in by the blockade and the still greater menace of the German submarine, was no more aloof, so far as the bread basket was concerned, than little Switzerland, hemmed in by four belligerent countries.

Holland had ships and rich colonies, and by some means was able to get grain. Switzerland had no merchant fleets, the ships of the Allies, who wanted to befriend her, were busy with their own needs; and the railway systems of France and subsequently those of Italy were taxed to the limit to supply their armies.

With a brutality that she regarded as a divine prerogative Germany at once capitalized the needs of these two neutrals. For coal and iron she exacted foodstuffs. With her usual philanthropy she increased the price of coal from the pre-war price of five dollars a ton to eighteen dollars a ton and subsequently to thirty-two dollars a ton. Despite this Shylockian performance she demanded compensations in the shape of immense quantities of chocolate, cheese and other foodstuffs. The irony and hardship of the situation reached the point that just as I found it impossible to get Edam cheese in Edam so was it equally difficult to get Swiss cheese in Switzerland! Wherever you saw a Swiss cheese factory you also saw a string of German freight cars outside ready to be loaded.

If the United States, playing her great war rôle of general provider, had not rationed Switzerland with grain in a critical hour by diverting ships from war use to this humanitarian service, the Swiss would have faced actual starvation. Incredible as it may seem, the Germans not only torpedoed one of these ships but subsequently accused the Swiss of disloyalty because they accepted the American help. The Teutonic war mind—like its war machine—worked in a mysterious way its blunders to perform.

German Poison in Swiss Trade

REMEMBER, too, that over the unhappy head of Switzerland, as over the head of Holland, there trembled always the menace of an armed German invasion. With all other ways blocked it would have given the Kaiser a road into France. Switzerland's neutrality, to be sure, had been guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. But Belgium's inviolability had also been guaranteed, and part of the country made into a shambles. It was this fear of being a second Belgium that made Holland do many things for Germany that she did not want to do. In the last analysis it was the same dread that caused Switzerland to bend so often to the Teutonic will, regardless of price. Switzerland, "the Good Samaritan of the world," was literally treated like the devil incarnate by the empire she had succored and befriended so often.

The outstanding features in the Swiss situation that vitally concern us are embodied in the answers to these questions: How did Germany use Switzerland for her economic ends? What was the system? How will it operate in the future?

To get the whole story we must go back for a moment to the period just before the war. In Switzerland as in no other country in the world Germany was ideally intrenched so far as her purposes were concerned. Not only was over a third of the country pro-German and German-speaking but everywhere the vast and now familiar system of propaganda was at work. That system was part of the economic penetration program. It was a hydra-headed reptile that never slept. German tourists swarmed the hotels; German bankers had their grip on Swiss capital and employed it in the usual promotion of German schemes. German professors packed the Swiss universities, not to complete their academic education but to plant the poison of Germanic ideas. One particular German stronghold was the Swiss banks. Most of them had German directors; many were German through and through. Zurich and Basel were in reality a miniature Berlin and Munich in their social and commercial structure.

Adolph Saurer, the Grand Old Man of Swiss Industry

E. Schulthess

When the war broke, Northern Switzerland, if you judged by the emotion and enthusiasm of the people, was as keenly roused and concerned as Germany herself. With the first gun Germany got busy. The first thing was to impress Switzerland with the idea that it would be a short and easy triumph and that, to quote one of the injunctions, "If Switzerland does not behave she will get a dose of Belgium." Those early German victories made a strong impression, which the German used to full advantage The penetration increased. Switzerland reeked with espionage.

At once Germany showed a certain amount of economic foresight. Despite her long preparation for war she realized that with the tightening of the British blockade she would sooner or later face the problem of raw materials. She started out to cajole or coerce Switzerland into acting as her handyman. Being human and pro-Swiss above all other things the average Swiss merchant was not averse to being persuaded. A flood of food and materials began to stream into Germany. Later, when Germany got up against it, the Swiss realized their folly and paid for it with many pounds of flesh.

The whole German program developed three phases: One was the accumulation of raw materials, either for use during the war or for reconstruction; the second lay in the foundations laid down for future trade with the world; the third was the crusade launched to justify the war and establish a moral rehabilitation after the war. We will take them up in order.

With hostilities Germany launched a huge buying campaign. It was in charge of Herr Hauptmann Schmitz, who acted as chief purchaser and was attached to the German Legation at Berne. He had agents everywhere. The great object was to corner all the available cotton, wool, rubber, copper, nickel and foodstuffs. Price was no object. The goods were bought in the open market. Everything looked rosy.

This was only so long as the war looked as if it might be over in a year. When the Germans received their first setback and the new British armies poured into France this purchasing machine got a puncture. The Allies began to suspect the Swiss of excessive zeal in providing the Germans with materials, especially cotton, which was useful for war purposes. The edict, "No more cotton," went forth.

A great protest went up in Switzerland "A large part of our industrial life depends upon cotton. If we do not get it we shall perish," was the plea

"All right," said the Allies. "We will let you have cotton, but you will be rationed. You will be permitted to sell Germany only a limited amount of manufactured goods—enough to keep your industries going."

Charles J. Brupbacher

In Switzerland, as in Holland, there were "good" and "bad" business men. The "good" disliked Germany and refused to sell her goods or materials; the "bad" imported merchandise from the Allies under many pretenses and slipped it through to the enemies of mankind. Everything was grist to their money mills. This smuggling, which developed into a tremendous business, had to be stopped because it was becoming a national crime. Now was born one of the most picturesque business institutions produced by the war, and it is still going strong. It was the Société Suisse de Surveillance Economique, or the "S. S. S.," as it is better known. In scope and organization it was precisely like the famous Netherlands Overseas Trust, the "N. O. T.," whose work I have already described in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is a group of Swiss business men organized to secure and distribute all imports with the guaranty that they are not to be diverted into enemy countries. The follow-up is not quite so rigid as in Holland, where a remarkable progressive secret service follows the material or the commodity to the ultimate consumer. The Swiss system likewise differs from the Dutch in that raw materials in particular are not consigned to individuals but to various syndicates. Altogether there are fifty-one of these miniature trusts. Each one is rationed.

The Rationed Industries

LET me illustrate with the case of Syndicat d'Importation de l'Industrie Metallurgique Suisse, or the "S. I. M. S.," as it is called for short. This is the importing syndicate of the Swiss metallurgical industry and it comprises 3600 members. It is the metal controller of the country; it imports all metals and allocates the amounts to the various individual manufacturers. No one can get raw metals save through its offices. The basis of supply for all imports of the S. S. S. is the importation of the three years immediately preceding the war.

In these syndicates, which extend to every branch of industry in Switzerland, you get one of the many business compensations of the war. Never before has the value of cooperation been so emphasized. In both neutral and belligerent countries control has become a habit. It has impressed lessons of economy and coördination that will be felt throughout all the succeeding generations. Of course the syndicate or large coöperative idea is not especially new in Switzerland. Every city has its group of trusts of one kind or another. At Berne, for example, they own or operate nearly everything. The leading variety theater and dance hall in the capital is the property of a coöperative society composed of stolid burghers!

The S. S. S. merely expressed this old Swiss cooperative idea with fangs. It restricted Swiss economic liberty and action, but through its guaranty of good faith to the Allies it enabled the little republic to get a working quantity of raw materials and foodstuffs, and these in turn kept the factory wheels of the nation turning. One interesting detail concerning its operations is that they will be continued until the Peace Treaty is signed, which means that there will be no leakage of materials into Germany until the proper time comes.

At the head of the S. S. S. is H. Grobet-Roussy, a self-made Swiss industrial leader—he began as a maker of

(Continued on Page 46)

AFRICAN GOLF

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

HO-O-O you niggahs!" The strident voice of exhortation was lifted high. "Quit yoh sins! C'ease yoh triflin', money-wastin' ways, an' make yoh 'lotments to yoh wives like de captain want. Quit yoh pusillanimous loafin' on de job! Don' you know you on de firing line back here? Don' you know evah time General Pershing done advance anothah kilometer you got to unload fohteen mo' ships? Evah time a doughboy done stick he baynet in one ob dem bush Germans a slingload ob rails or locomotifts or pork an' beans or machine guns or some oder kin' ob medicine for dem imps ob hell got to come down on de docks? You all got to lay off on dishere *vanrouge* too—dat ere red pizen you-all a-picklin' yoh insides wif' "

"Hit rain so much, Bruddah Roberts," fended one listener, "dat we hankers for *pinal* to keep us wahm."

"Ain't hit rainin' up dere in de trenches?" goaded the exhorter. "You sleepin' in a dry baid evah night; dey layin' in de mud up yanner. You gittin' hot stew and coffee. Some dem buffalo boys up dere don' tase no hot grub from one week end to de yother lessn dey git sent back for a rest."

"You sho do love to heah yohsef spout, pahson," sneered a tall saffron-featured soldier on the outside of the circle. "Ef you wuk you ahms hard as what you wuks you mouf you-all got some call to talk. But you ain't. Evah month St.-Nazaire hol' de record for takin' out de mostes' cargo. We de men what does it."

The Reverend Ishom G. Roberts and the irreverent Claybank Alexander were corporals and rivals in the same company of stevedores in the A. E. F. In one end of their long, narrow barracks it was the custom of the spiritually endowed corporal to gather a group of the faithful and bear their souls aloft on wafted hymns of praise, after which in prayer and supplication he sought for strength for them to withstand the temptations which beset the colored man in a far country where the pigment in his skin is less a bar to his social reception than the money in his purse is an attraction to the covetous. In the other end of the same structure the irreligious Claybank was likely to be the presiding dignitary at a crap game. When not so engaged it sometimes pleased the latter to stand about on the edge of one of the Reverend Ishom's impromptu audiences and scoff as he had done just now.

"You Claybank!" denounced the preacher hotly. "You crap-shootin' scapegoat! You shatterin' de morale ob dis whole company wid you gamblin's. You think dese soldiers of democracy kin wuk like dey ought to wuk when you hip pockets stickin' out like a bale ob hay wid money what dey earned by de sweat ob deir bodies? Money what de folks at home done subscribe for Libahty Bonds? And you steals it from 'em wid tricky dice!"

"De little black-eyed bones is bones'," scowled the mulatto.

"De little black-eyed bones is coals of fiah from hell!" declared the elder solemnly, while his large black face expressed both horror and repugnance.

Claybank's jaundiced lip curled resentfully.

"What you all time pushin' me 'bout dicin' foh?" he demanded. "Is I de onliest crap shooter in de stevedore regiment?"

"You my cousin's chile," recalled the elder solemnly, with a note of lugubrious pathos. "I done promise to look atter you in dis man's ahmy."

"Ise old as what you is," retorted Claybank impudently. "What call you got to look atter me? Gwan 'bout yoh business, dat what you do! All time pesterin' me. Youse a money lover yohsef. You jealous 'cause I win's mo' money 'an what you can save wid all yoh stinginess. You des nachelly hates me, dat what you does!" The yellow man's voice had dropped to an accusing whine as he reproached the preacher of the Lord.

"Hate yoh? No! Ah love yoh soul, brudder, but I sho do hate yoh sin." And the Reverend Ishom launched into a yet more fiery denunciation of the gambler's habit. "Ump-ah-ooom!" he snorted in conclusion. "Ah nevah does trus' any man what gambles. Ah nevah, nevah does, for de devil sho gwine to prevaricate wid dat man sooner or later."

"If I Tells Dese Boys Dey Gwine Cut Yoh Heart Out and Hang it on de Bob-Wire Fence"

Claybank turned away, his mood more unregenerate than ever. "How long dis company goin' to stan' for dat ole joke bawlin' 'em out dis-away?" he growled. "Reckon dat noisy black niggah think he gwine win dis wah wid he jaw like ol' Samson in de Bible [illegible]

"Claybank!" challenged the minister sharply, with solemn rebuke in his tones. "I done gwine to save yoh soul from gamblin'!"

"Is yoh?" sneered Claybank over his shoulder. "I gwine cure you ob pesterin' de life out ob me, dat what I gwine do!"

And thus there rose a kind of spiritual feud between the two that grew fiercer from week to week and supplied the company with diversion when all other diversion failed. Each corporal plotted cunningly against the peace of mind of the other, though it must be confessed that in this contest of wits the yellow perverse child of this generation was keener and cleverer than the ebony-hued son of light. Claybank tormented Ishom skillfully and successfully. He gave him no rest night or day, interrupting his meetings with taunts and jeers and banter of every kind and breaking in upon his silent moments with heckling queries, charges of hypocrisy and insinuations of unworthy motive. When the yellow man got the crowd with him because his wit was more nimble than the black man's he used to create a vast storm of merriment by inviting the Reverend Ishom to hazard some francs of his own upon the turn of the dice.

"Fade me! Fade me!" he would banter, shaking a bundle of French notes under the corporal cleric's face. "Fade me! You got money! You savin' money like a miser all de time. I'll gib you a chance to double it quick."

With patient dignity it was the custom of the Reverend Ishom G. Roberts to repel these taunts by fresh excoriations of the sin of games of chance, trying withal not to show a bad spirit, though the blood of anger at times waxed hot in his veins.

But Claybank carried his rivalry even into their daily work, for each was the leader of a gang upon the dock. The dock was a very busy place. Great ships lay two abreast, often to the number of twenty or more, in the huge discharging basin, with lighters hugging the outer side, with winches singing, with tackle creaking, with huge booms and derricks swinging to and fro, with giant cranes tossing locomotives or ninety-ton guns about as if they were bits of lath, with slings descending empty and limp into holds, to come forth swollen to bursting and momentarily deposit their loads upon the wide quays, where ever-hungry strings of empty cars were pushed forward and filled and sealed and passed to the engines that stood steaming and ready for the long journey toward the Front.

And this work of shifting cargo went forward night and day, rain or shine, with black men, white men, all sorts of men that could handle a winch or propel a truck or manipulate a freight hook sweating together upon the job. But mostly the sweating was done by the black men.

"You all time preachin' at me," complained Claybank one day as the two men faced each other on the deck of a transport while their gangs toiled below. "Why don't you show me somepin? Take yoh gang and show me somepin!"

"Youse fixin for to race?" inquired Ishom, pausing to contemplate Claybank's bony features with unusual care.

"You got de Lawd on yoh side; I reckon I must hab de debbil on mine," went on Claybank impiously. "Well, you-all take yoh gang and de Lawd and dem two slings and jump in on dat canned goods in your hol'. I take de debbil and my gang and jump in on dis hay in my hatch."

"How we goin' to measure?" demanded the parson-corporal craftily.

"Kyars," answered Claybank. "Count kyars."

"You ain't said nothin' when you said that," protested the parson. "Hay fill mo' kyars dan what pork an' beans does."

"We fills six kyars while you fills fo'," declared Claybank with seeming recklessness.

"You foolish, Claybank," responded Ishom, who had no wish for an unfair advantage.

"Is I?" retorted Claybank. "I challenges you!" And the gambler shouted his banter loudly: "De Alexander gang loads six kyars ob hay while de hebenly choir loads four kyars ob pork an' beans."

"I 'cep' de challenge!" announced Ishom with a grin, and was satisfied enough that Claybank should thus rashly have thrust into his hand a tool for the scoffer's own undoing. "Hop to it, you children ob de Lawd!" he cried with a hallelujah shriek of savage joy that was calculated to fire his followers to their utmost from the very jump-off. Cupping his hands he shouted over the side to that portion of his gang which worked upon the dock. "Keep dat groun' clear—dat all I axes you," he exhorted, indicating the spot where the slings came down. "I sure gwine push dem boxes at you. Dey comin' up out of dat hol' jes' same like a fountain was playin' 'em out. You-all shoot 'em in de kyars faster'n you evah shot chicken down you throats."

And then he descended rapidly into the hold, for that was the place to push the work. His squad, though by no means entirely made up of the members of his class in spiritual progress, nevertheless contained the majority of them and might be regarded as a leavened lump. It was thus an opportunity to demonstrate conclusively that there was a relationship between morals and morale, between good conduct and stout, enduring muscles. Hilariously therefore the Reverend Ishom led his men in an attack upon those piled-up and wedged-in cases of the succulent pork and the toothsome bean. He bent his broad back under the loads, he stripped to his sooty skin and sweated till it shone like sculptured onyx where the huge muscles slipped and bulged. His gang, too, worked feverishly, loyally, enthusiastically.

But things went wrong. The winches stuck repeatedly. Once a fall fouled in the tackle. Later the weakened strands parted. Besides which it appeared that baled hay fills cars more than fifty per cent faster than canned goods. Ishom had been outgeneraled and outlucked if not outworked, and his gang was defeated rather badly. Claybank jeered exceeding loud. But Ishom swallowed his chagrin and laughed.

"Dat all right, Claybank. You done beat us dat time; you sharper'n what I is, but we de bes' men yit."

That night, with spirit unbowed by defeat, his denunciation of the sin of the gambler was at least as scathing as ever. Claybank at his end of the barracks heard that blistering diatribe and winced under it in the midst of his chucklings over the victory of the afternoon. Beside him sat Clemma Washington, a black-faced, rabbit-eared, inquisitive specimen, who was reputed to carry the personal history of every man from Jefferson County somewhere in his kinky head.

"Claybank," inquired Clemma in a mean thin whisper that was calculated to rouse curiosity, "you evah heah why Brothah Ishom so powful hot against dicin'?"

Claybank looked at Clemma inquiringly. "How I gwine heah," he demanded, "widout somebody done tell me?"

Clemma was one of those inadmirable elastic types of person to whom an equivocal existence comes easy. He was a worshiper in the outer circle of Ishom's followers; yet this did not prevent him from losing each month some

scores of francs to Claybank, who recognized him therefore as one who paid for his privileges of association. Clemma was now about to make another payment, but this time in information rather than in money.

"Claybank!" he whispered solemnly after a furtive glance about him, "I gwine tell you a secret: Dicin' nigh 'bout ruint Brothah Roberts oncet."

"How dat?" inquired Claybank, incredulously yet avidly.

"Brothah Roberts done gamble away de church house once on de fall ob a pair ob dice. Gambled it plumb away to ol' Pete Hightower, dat didn't hab no mo' heart dan to win de pulpit ob de Lawd right out from under de han' ob de preacher. Dat how come Brothah Roberts to enlist; but hit didn' do him no good, 'cause dey tuhn him right in wid de draft troops."

Claybank leaned back and whistled softly.

"Huccome I ain' nevah heard dat before?" he demanded presently. "Mah mothah ain' nevah tol' me dat."

"Yoh mothah ain' gwine say nothin' 'gin her own cousin, an' him a preachah—not to a sinful puhson lak you, she ain't."

Claybank was whistling again.

"He got a mos' itchin' han' for dice," elucidated Clemma. "Come pay day and evahbody rattlin' de little bones, he jes' nachelly nigh 'bout crazy to get in de game."

"You reckon I could git him to fade me?" speculated Claybank, his bad yellowish eyes gleaming with an ugly light. "You reckon I could?"

Clemma was noncommittal on this point. His mind ran on ahead to another contingency. "Sometime Ishom been mighty lucky 'bout his dicin'," recalled the little black man. "But he unlucky dat once 'bout de church, an' old Pete Hightower tuk it de nex' day foh a cohncrib."

"Don't mattah how lucky he am," defied Claybank. "I gwine git him in a game. I sho gwine git him in a game!"

Succeeding this the yellow man relapsed into a crafty mood of plotting silence, which was disturbed only once, as Clemma broke it to borrow ten francs and thereafter immediately went his way.

With distant sounds of prayer and praise to quiet all the little near-by noises and make reflection profitable Claybank concluded his ratiocinations and moved out of his bunk and down the aisle to where he met the Reverend Ishom, and meeting spoke him fair. Indeed from this time his attitude toward the black exhorter wholly changed. He taunted, he twitted no more, and even stood patiently under the most vitriolic of verbal barrages against the sinfulness of his habits. He not only treated Ishom with new respect but began to make a cunning show of friendliness toward him.

Over this softening of that brazen human metal on which he hammered nightly the religiously minded corporal rejoiced and took courage. But in the midst of this joy it was sharply punctured by a pain, a sharp stabbing blow that caused him to view the friendly advances of Claybank with the acridity of a strong suspicion.

This came about primarily through the fact that Ishom had stubbornly refused to subscribe for Liberty Bonds on installments.

"No, thank you, sah, don't need nobody to buy my Libahty Bonds for me," he had declared.

Yet it was Ishom's secret purpose to buy Liberty Bonds with his savings. "Ise gwine to buy a two-hundred-dollar Libahty Bond all to oncet wid my own money when I gits ready," was what he had promised himself.

His pay as a corporal on foreign service was $40.80. In French money at current rates of exchange this brought him each month, over and above the allotment to his mother, one hundred and sixty-odd francs. In this sum he managed to get always a hundred-franc note, and that note he saved scrupulously, going through a certain ceremony of consecration by marking in ink upon the white vignette in its upper center his initials, I. G. R.

"Hit mine," he would declare musingly. "I done earn hit by de sweat ob my loins. I gwine brand it just like a calf."

Having branded it he would incorporate it in the greasy buckskin roll which, sleeping or waking, had never, since the inauguration of this practice, been off his body except under circumstances that absolutely compelled separation; and even then it was never allowed out of the sight of his eye.

Meantime, the idea of the purchase of the bond grew upon his mind as a surpassingly brilliant thing to do. Indeed, he meant to make its flashing to the eyes of his astonished flock one day the text for a mighty sermon on the grace of frugality and the virtue of patriotism. "How many Libahty Bonds dem gamblers buy wid deir money?" was to be the last division of his discourse.

And now he was nearly ready for the purchase. One thousand francs plus some odd notes would do the trick, and he had nine hundred francs in the secret wallet. Concern for their safety naturally took up a larger and a larger place in his thought; yet would he risk no other disposition of them than his own person. He had declared that he never trusted gamblers. The fact was that Ishom put most of his trust in God, and all that flowed over for humanity was mopped up by that little circle of the faithful who joined with him in nightly spiritual combat groups against the machine-gun nests of the devil.

This habit of general distrust justified itself in Ishom's mind by the fact that his increment was still secure when in due course of human events there came a tenth pay day to the stevedore regiment.

The celebration of that happy event ran high as usual. Waves of enthusiasm, shouts of joy, salvos of song, shrieks of hilarity echoed in the streets of the camp where seven thousand black men had their temporary homes. The Reverend Ishom received his own stipend, less the accustomed deduction, at about the hour of five-thirty o'clock, when he brought his gang in from a day of steaming, straining toil upon the docks. Thereafter immediately he filed by the mess kitchen according to custom, and accepted the usual liberal dole of food. To-night it consisted of baked hash, two hot biscuits, a huge spoonful of mashed potato and a ladle of rich gravy, and the corporal bore this carefully to the long open-air table ranged between the barracks.

Having toiled heavily he ate ravenously. The biscuits and the gravy appealing particularly to his palate he went back for seconds.

"Dat cook sho do make biscuits almos' lak mah mammy," he apologized ingratiatingly to the mess sergeant, who, himself being the biscuit maker and humanly responsive to compliment,

"Hate Yoh? Nel Ah Love Yoh Soul, Brudder, But I Sho Do Hate Yoh Sin"

gave Ishom two more biscuits and liberally slopped them over with gravy.

His meal concluded Ishom passed within doors. The barracks was in its usual pay-day hubbub. Men swaggered and vapored, displaying all sorts of ridiculous purchases—from monkeys, which were a nuisance, to fur overcoats, which were nonregulation and could not be worn. The air was filled with the hum of many voices and heavy with the smoke of much tobacco, while here and there from end to end crap games were beginning to break out. Now let it be added that crap games were equally nonregulation with the fur overcoat, but that, taking human nature into account, there are certain things that the white officer of a black stevedore regiment will not seek out, and an officer who entered a barracks suddenly on or shortly after pay day without contriving to send advance notice of his coming would be regarded, both by his men and by his fellow officers dragged out for duty on the resulting courts-martial, as lacking in consideration.

The exhorter noted this epidemic of crap games in the barracks with his customary sense of pain; yet the absorption of every man by one or another of the thrilling pleasures of pay night made Ishom's bunk a sort of secret spot in which he could proceed at once to that solemn rite of the initialing and consecrating of another one-hundred-franc note to that high purpose whose prospective accomplishment was now so near. This duty was immediately discharged, and it was a tribute to the stoutness of Ishom's nerves that amid all this hubbub he could immediately stretch out his limbs and fall into sound and refreshing slumber.

The parson awoke with a guilty start, as fearing that he might have overslept. Making sure from that small vanity upon his wrist that he had not, his next act was an instinctive, almost unconscious, obedience to habit by feeling for his money. That soft flexible wad did not immediately discover itself beneath his fingers. In a bewildered, mystified way, as if wondering if he might not have misplaced it or forgotten to make it secure, he sent his hands on various voyages of exploration about his middle and behind his back. These brought to light eventually the rolled and sweaty tapes that had encircled his body. Inspection revealed that they had been neatly clipped on each side of where the pouch had been attached.

Ishom sat on the edge of his bunk blinking thoughtfully. Robbed! He had been robbed. For a moment shock at the depravity of mankind possessed him. Then a certain indignation rose within him.

"Some niggah—what niggah!" he rumbled angrily, but under his breath only, for a mood of craft warned him against any sort of outcry, and he tried to resolve himself into a black edition of Sherlock Holmes, patiently undertaking to reconstruct the scene through which he had slept. Now the electric lights burned brilliantly, but there had been an interval of dusk before they were turned on. That had been the thief's opportunity.

Who knew that the Reverend Ishom was possessed of these patient savings of ten months, and that he bore them always about his body? So far as the victim surmised, no one. What man was shrewd enought to guess the fact? Several perhaps. Claybank, most certainly. But Claybank was not a thief. He was only a gambler. Besides, Claybank had been so very much changed of late.

"Some niggah—what niggah!" rumbled the exhorter in a puzzled way.

"What dat, Brudder Roberts?" inquired a respectful voice from two bunks distant.

"I just gettin' ready foh to remahk dat if dey was any ob de breddern left to come, hit nigh 'bout time to staht de meetin' "

"De faithful twelve heah, I reckon," opined the speaker, whose voice the parson had instantly recognized as belonging to one of the faithful, Birdsong Jones by name. "I'll jes' projeck roun' and see who-all kin I turn up."

The parson nodded approval and Birdsong was almost as successful as his anticipations, so that the prayer meeting was duly held. Meantime, however, the general rarefied volume of Ishom's suspicions had condensed and poured themselves in a searchlight finger of accusation upon the head of Claybank Alexander. But Claybank was his cousin's child; moreover he, Ishom Roberts, had publicly declared his intention to save the soul of Claybank. These conditions imposed both delicacy and restraint upon the exhorter's next procedure, and it was a perplexed and sadly burdened shepherd who gathered the faithful about him and lifted the appeal of their spiritual needs on high.

But though his heart was distraught with its own concerns he was able to note the absence of one of the twelve, and to inquire conscientiously at the close of the meeting: "Where Brudder Johnson?"

"Brudder Johnson feelin' pohly to-night," explained Birdsong Jones.

Brother Johnson's place of residence was a lower bunk halfway down the right-hand side, and thither the Reverend Ishom went to make a dutiful pastoral call.

"You feelin' mighty bad, Brothah Johnson?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Dis yer flu," moaned Johnson. "I done got de flu somepin powerful. Better keep away from me 'cause it mighty infectious. Better keep plumb away, de doctah say." The sick man emphasized this by shuddering and seeming to withdraw himself into smaller compass in his bunk as Corporal Ishom drew near.

"'De doctah say'? De doctah ain't seen you, is he?"

"Not yit he ain't, but dat's what dey tell us all in de Y. M. C. A. De flu cotchin' and if any man got de flu de yothers got to keep plumb away from him, from he clothes and he bed and he blankets and yevathing what he use."

"Dat so," acknowledged the parson, and from a distance he contemplated the chocolate features of Brother Johnson. "Seem lak you kindah pale and tremly."

"Pale," moaned Brother Johnson; "I feels so pale Ise almost white. Gimme one mo' day wid dis disease and I'll be whiter dan de colonel hisself. De doctah comin' in 'bout a hour."

"De Lawd's blessin' done descen' upon you," intoned the Reverend Ishom, backing off. "Ah sho does hope to see yoh well in de mawnin'."

"Dey ain't no hope ob dat," sighed Brother Johnson; and Ishom, with the consciousness of duty done, turned away, his mind reverting quite easily to its own concerns.

"I gwine lay a trap foh dat yaller niggah," he decided. "I sho gwine to lay a trap foh him."

Ishom's bunk having no particular appeal for him now he strolled out into the night and lifted up his face to the stars to seek wisdom where wisdom was to be found. For an hour, and then for another hour, he rambled mooning about the camp, between the long rows of barracks, past a hundred crap games, past the guardhouse already beginning to fill afresh, past the piles and piles of lumber where new construction was going up, to the stout high fence of wire that marked the limits of the camp on one side, and then back again to the other, seeing and being seen, saluting and being saluted, hailing and being hailed, but allowing himself to be drawn into conversation with no one while he wrestled with his loss and pondered over his duty. Occasionally he tried to make the whole thing an open question by murmuring again: "Some niggah! What niggah!" But it invariably became a closed issue once more. "Mah cousin's chile!" he would sigh. "Mah cousin's chile!"

Tattoo came, and call to quarters, and then the final taps.

"What you doin', niggah, outside your quarters atter ten o'clock?" demanded an inquisitive sentry. "Dess 'cause you got two streaks on you ahm don' gib you no license to prowl roun' dis camp like it was a henroos'."

"Ise caught out, sentry," apologized Ishom humbly. "Ise hurryin' to 'em now." And he quickened his slow shuffle and pointed his course between two buildings by a short cut which would bring him more directly to his barracks at the same time that it assured the meeting of no more officious sentries. Yet once under the dark lee of his own barracks he halted for a final reflective moment, reluctant to go inside with his line of action undetermined.

The bunk house was dark, of course. For ten minutes, at least, it was supposed to have been wrapped in slumber, and yet while the colored man halted and pondered there came to him a sound that was not of slumber. Or rather than a sound, it was a confused medley of many sounds—low, half-smothered aspirates, murmurs of suppressed excitement and stifled cries that were one-half prayers, or that began in prayers and ended in curses.

The elder recognized the meaning of these sounds immediately, and his loud-ticking conscience urged him to shun them; but there was an element in his man's nature that bade him stay and listen, leaning his ear close against the board and tar-paper side of the house. One of these voices within was easily recognizable and the sound of it filled the Reverend Ishom with a mingling of basely human wrath and loftily spiritual grief. The other voices were not recognizable, yet there was one of them that had a most familiar ring.

"Who dat?" demanded Ishom in voiceless self-interrogation. "Who dat?"

But no answer came from the tarred paper, and ashamed of his undignified position the exhorter moved down the long line of the barracks building to the entrance nearest his bunk.

"What you doin' outside?" reproved the barracks sergeant.

"More'n what you doin' inside," answered the parson shortly. "Ise tendin' to my business. Hucoome you let a crap game go on atter ten o'clock? Ain't dey hours enough in de day to court de debbil in?"

The sergeant turned sulkily and glanced down the avenue of bunks to the other end, one hundred feet away, whence the sound of voices was audible even where he stood. No trace of light was visible.

"Dat deas some ob de men snorin'," he declared mendaciously. "You bettah min' out how you talk to me, Pahson Roberts. I'll done take dem streaks offen you ahm."

"Take 'em," answered Ishom shortly. "I has trouble enough without 'em." And with this slight defiance he made his way to his own bunk, while the indulgent sergeant muttered after him: "Dis monthly crap shootin' all de time sho do git on Bruddah Roberts' nerves. I gwine 'tend to him dough if he let dat lip ob his flap roun' too loose wid me."

Another thought of his pastoral duty had meantime come to the preaching stevedore, and he went to the bunk of Brother Johnson, but only to find it empty.

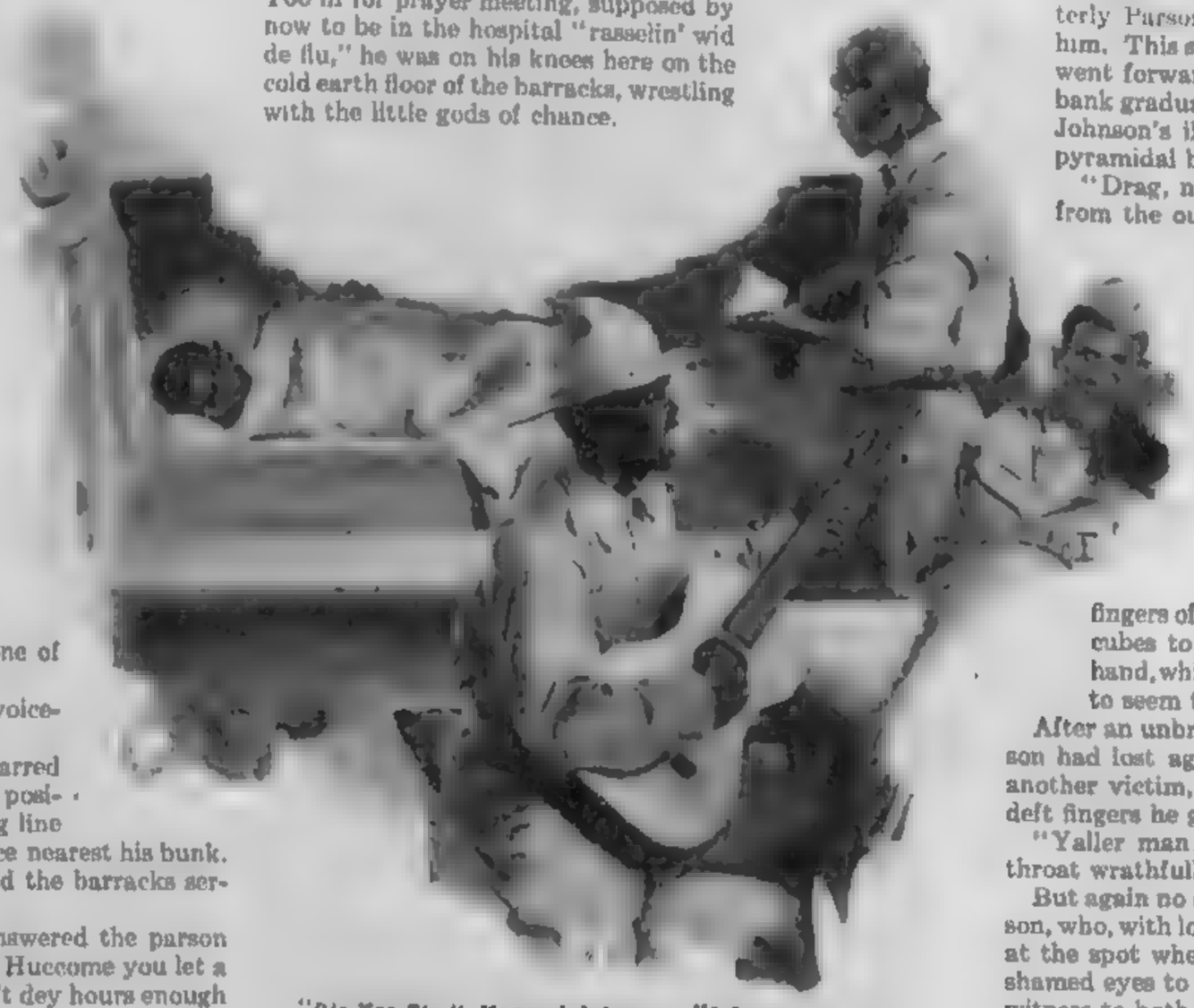
"De doctah done took him," the minister murmured hollowly, and was a little awed as he thought how swiftly men were struck down in the midst of health, and reflected that Brother Johnson, taken to the hospital to-night, might, at the rate men were going, be taken to a sadder place tomorrow; and he reproached himself with not having given more consideration to his parishioner's condition.

But from the Johnson bunk the sounds about the crap game were more plainly audible, and brought again to the minister's attention the piquing curiosity of that almost recognizable voice. He yielded to its tantalizing call, and softly as a cat on velvet moved down the dirt-floored aisle to a spot upon the ground between the bunks where a stump of candle burned its feeble rays canopied by some six or eight crouching figures bending above the dim circle where two little cubes of ivory bounced and twirled on the hard-packed earth. About the circle were small heaps of money, some silver, but mostly five, ten and twenty franc notes, while at one side lay a lordly hundred-franc note, haughtily waiting for someone to cover it. The faces of the players were all indistinct as they squatted on their knees and bent low over the spinning dice, picking up or laying down money, subtracting from or adding to piles according to the issue of the play.

Silently and unnoticed Ishom joined the outer circle, meaning to watch the players rather than the play, for it was the enigma of the voice that had brought him back there. Yet as he watched the dice fall, as he noted the stakes and traced the bets from play to play, the lure of the game took hold upon him and held him tighter and tighter, pulling his face down lower and lower till he was close enough to notice an inky fly track staring up at him from the white vignette of the hundred-franc note. He marked it carelessly at first, and then with sudden interest that drew his eyes toward it like a magnet. It was—it was his initial! It was his note! The parson's mouth opened and closed but uttered no sound. His fingers clutched violently at the air but his arms made no forward move.

"Don' nobody fade me 'tall?" was inquired in a complaining tone; and the mystery of the voice which had drawn Ishom to the game was solved. It was the voice of Brother Johnson, the mighty in prayer, the powerful in reasoning with the conscience-stricken.

Too ill for prayer meeting, supposed by now to be in the hospital "rasselin' wid de flu," he was on his knees here on the cold earth floor of the barracks, wrestling with the little gods of chance.



"Dis Yer Flu," Moaned Johnson. "I Done Got de Flu Somepin Powerful. Better Keep Away From Me"

"Ah done fades you, Mistah Johnson," announced that other voice, which all along the parson had been able to recognize; and Claybank Alexander loftily placed a one-hundred-franc note of his own exactly over the one which bore the initials of Brother Roberts, thereby explaining the significance of the crap shooter's term to fade, meaning to cover; and by this also indicating that he wagered one hundred francs against one hundred on the next fall of the dice.

The dice fell, and by their fall Brother Johnson won, whereat something leaped in the breast of the Reverend Ishom and he was warmed by a kind of fierce exultation, for the fever of that old-time passion was getting once more into his veins.

"Claybank's luck done change!" cackled a voice that mingled satisfaction with regret and envy, as revealing that the change had come too late to save the cackler's own pile from being added to that within the mulatto's encircling arm.

"Dat de fus' time I lose dat big a pot to-night," remarked Claybank casually, and thrusting a hand into his trousers pocket he kept it carefully on a rabbit's foot while Brother Johnson indicated by a wave of his hand that he left his winnings on the board, thereby doubling his bet. Claybank promptly faded him by shuffling out two hundred francs more, with the Reverend Ishom meanwhile puzzling to know how, if Alexander had not lost so much as one hundred francs before to-night, that hundred-franc note with his initials upon it got down there as Brother Johnson's bet. He was still inquiring of himself upon this point when Brother Johnson, after sundry snaps of his wrist, rolled and lost.

Claybank swept in the dice but not the pile, as announcing that he, too, now doubled the bet and challenged Brother Johnson to risk four hundred francs instead of one hundred. But Brother Johnson grew timorous, and hesitated.

"Is you a gambler or just a peanut spoht?" inquired Claybank with obvious irony.

"Ise a gambler!" boasted Brother Johnson stoutly, and stripped out four notes from his reserves.

Ishom leaning low saw that every one of them was initialed—they were his notes—saw and staggered at the revelation that Brother Johnson besides being a miserable backslider was an ingrate and a thief. The colored exhorter turned sick in the heart of him. For a moment his face was cast in lines of unspeakable grief and his glance bored at the brim of the old campaign hat which the faithless one instinctively pulled lower over his eyes as if to hide them from some accusing presence. Yet a game was being played, a wildly exciting game, one of the most fascinating that ever cast its spell over a naïve and childish nature, and Ishom's unsuppressible interest in it presently made him indifferent to every other emotion.

Claybank won on the first cast, and the next time dragged—that is, he took in his winnings and left only a hundred-franc note as his wager. This wager Brother Johnson promptly faded with one that, like the former note, bore ink traces on its white vignette. And again he lost.

Yet instead of condemning Brother Johnson bitterly Parson Roberts felt a kind of sympathy for him. This sympathy actually increased as the game went forward, with varying issues but with Claybank gradually acquiring more and more of Brother Johnson's ill-gotten treasure, until at last in one pyramidal bet all of it was risked.

"Drag, niggah! Drag!" groaned a husky voice from the outer circle. "Gib yoh luck a chance!"

But the weak and trembling Brother Johnson, frozen into immobility that was almost paralysis by the crucial significance of the hazard that in so brief an interval must be determined, did not drag. Nor did he or anyone else recognize that most familiar voice, which nervous excitement had so unconsciously and so completely disguised. Meanwhile the Reverend Ishom's skilled eyes were noting every movement of Claybank's hand and wrist, the every detail with which the fingers of his left hand grasped the speckled ivory cubes to deposit them in the palm of the right hand, which with digits closed round was presently to seem to shake and certainly to cast them.

After an unbreathing age the dice fell. Brother Johnson had lost again and finally Claybank had cleaned another victim, and with a clawlike clutch of his long deft fingers he gathered in the pile.

"Yaller man!" croaked the Reverend Ishom in his throat wrathfully. "Yaller man!"

But again no one heard or heeded until Brother Johnson, who, with loose, sagging jaw, after staring a moment at the spot where his pastor's money had lain, lifted shamed eyes to meet the glances of those who had been witness to both his spiritual downfall and his financial bankruptcy, and there encountered, as if it had been a ghost, the figure and the face of the wronged spiritual leader. Yet the look that solid apparition gave him back was one of pity rather than of condemnation, and succeeding it the Reverend Ishom G. Roberts turned tactfully and slipped away through the dark before anyone else knew that he was there.

On the morrow the eight hundred and umptieth company of stevedores shifted from day duty to night, and time hung heavy on their hands, giving ample opportunity for

(Continued on Page 102)

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

MATHISON accepted quietly the loss of the manila envelope and the little red book. He had the air of a spent athlete, but that was all. He was a good loser. To have rushed about sending out alarms, advising the Secret Service all would have been a waste of time The damage was complete, irremediable. Beaten! That was the word; he knew it.

Havoc! The bedding was strewn across the floor, mattress and bolster; the pillows had been shaken from their cases. All the drawers in the bureau and commode had been pulled out and their paper linings tossed about. The two kitbags had been slashed completely across and their contents scattered. Even the pockets of the coats and trousers had been turned inside out. Nothing had escaped.

Beaten! Until to-night he had had a perfect defense. He tried to reach back to analyze the cause that had emboldened him to leave the security of the car; but it wasn't reachable. The want of sleep? The craving for exercise? Mere bedevilment? He couldn't solve it; just one of those moves that continue to render human beings fallible. Why hadn't he left the envelope in the safe? What idiocy had prompted him to carry it to the room? A lone hand. He had tried to be superhuman. One trained mind against three or four trained minds, and the odds had been too great. He had left the realm of absolute mathematics for the impositive, chance, with this tragic result.

With infinite care he had contrived a web; so had they. They had broken through his, and he now found himself in theirs. Flight; they would be gone like the winds. They had done something more than beaten him at a game; they had shattered his self-confidence. Doubt; all his future moves would be under the shadow of doubt. Should he do this, or should he do that, or should he ask advice? The commander of a destroyer should have supreme confidence in himself; and at present it did not look as if John Mathison would go aboard with that. He might reëstablish this quality, but only by passing successfully through some vital conflict.

Hallowell! Old Bob Hallowell! It was as if he had broken faith with his friend.

"Mat! . . . Malachi!"

Thunderstruck Mathison jumped to his feet, as did Murphy, the detective, looked wildly about for the third man. Mathison seized him by the arm.

"Hush! Bestill! It's that little green bird."

"Mat! . . . Malachi!" It was the same wailing accent of that dreadful night in Manila. It was Hallowell himself speaking!

Malachi, tremendously agitated, was climbing up to his swing and down to his perch. The incredible had happened. Suggestion. Once before the bird had witnessed a confusion in the making, something like this.

"Mat! . . . Malachi!" he wailed.

Then came a jumble of phrases in polyglot, sailors' oaths, scraps of Hindustani and Spanish. But after a few minutes he began to mutter in parrakeetese. That peculiar cell in Malachi's head closed again. Mathison urged and coaxed in vain. Malachi rolled his yellow eyes and continued to mutter. The irony of it lay in the fact that his fear had subsided. Wasn't this his master?

"Well, I—be—damn!" exploded Murphy. "A talking parrot! Say"—wrathfully "why did you give me that junk about being Ellison?"

"Quickest way I could get back to this room. All this was accomplished while they were holding me downstairs."

"A frame-up! I knew the moment you held out your hands that you weren't Ellison. The forefinger of his right hand is missing. Look at those grips! Bo, what did you have?"

"They got it."

"All right. Come on. I'll send out a general alarm. We'll run a comb over the town. Off your train, too, I'll gamble. Get a move on!"

"Thanks, Mr. Murphy; but it wouldn't do a bit of good. The damage is done. And ten to one they've already boarded a freight."

"Going to let 'em put it over without a kick?"

"The thing they took was valuable only so long as it remained in my possession. The Chinese have a saying: 'You can't pour water into a shattered jar.'"

"Are you trying to get my goat?"

"No. I'm stating bald facts."

"You're a queer kind of a guy. What was it, a diamond lavaliere?" Murphy began to wander about the room. "A frame-up, and a bully one. The only way they could get you out of this room for a while, until your identity was established. Why didn't you set up a holler?"

"Gone! What Game are You Up To? I Warned You Once Never to Play With Me"

Mathison shook his head and sat down. "Am I your prisoner?"

"Prisoner, my eye! Only I'm naturally a curious cuss. Crook stuff?"

"Not in the sense you mean."

"Would it do any good to arrest them?"

"You couldn't arrest them."

"The hell I couldn't! What are they, pro-Germans from that dear Milwaukee?"

"No."

"Well, I'll nose about."

"It won't do you any good."

"You don't know this Roland woman?"

"Never saw her before in my life."

"Then you saw her?" quickly.

"Go ahead and see what you can find," said Mathison curtly.

The infernal beauty of her! It would haunt him as long as he lived. The strength of those beautiful hands! This havoc all inside half an hour! Mathison lighted his pipe.

Murphy did not touch anything. He seemed to be thinking rather than observing. By and by he went to the window, opened it and stepped outside. He was absent perhaps ten minutes. He came back, stamped the snow from his shoes and put away the pocket lamp.

"Find anything?"

"You're not much on the gabfest, are you?" said Murphy amiably. "Two women! One of 'em wore arctics and the other sandals; and the one with the sandals wrecked the place! Bo, was it love letters? Divorce stuff?"

"There was only one woman"—wearily.

"Two. My job is noticing things. When I say that two women went up and down that fire escape I know what I'm talking about."

Mathison shrugged. It wasn't worth while arguing.

"The woman with the arctics came first, then the woman with the sandals. While the latter was in this room tidying up things the other was hiding behind the fire escape stairs. Easy on a night like this, with the snow high on the steps. All in the tracks, as plain as the nose on your face. Arctics came from the room below; sandals got out of the parlor."

Mathison listened politely. "Very interesting; all in the tracks." He had determined not to dissent. The man had a right to his theories; but it happened that John Mathison knew all the facts.

"Bo, this is queer business," said the detective. "What you've lost don't seem to curl your hair any. Love letters! The fool woman is always writing them and then bawling to heaven to get them back. . . . For the love o' Mike, what's this? Is this coat yours?"

"Yes."

"You are an officer in the United States Navy?"

"I am."

"Well, well! Now there's some reason to all these fireworks. War stuff!"

"You might call it that."

"Need any help?"

"You might tell them in the office to send up two pairs of shoe strings and a leather punch. I'll have to patch up those bags."

Murphy pushed back his hat. "Well, I'll be tinker-dammed!" Then he laughed. "I'd like to play poker with you. Two pairs of shoe strings! That'll kill 'em cold in the office. They'll think I've forgotten my handcuffs. War stuff! No use asking you what it was the woman took?"

"No."

"Well, it's your funeral."

"Exactly. And when you order the shoe strings you might send out for an oak wreath with a purple ribbon."

"Glad you struck town. There wasn't even a movie to-night. Bo, I'll give you all the help I can without asking questions. I know a fighting man when I see him. A fighting sailor with a talking parrot! Well, I'll shoot that order for the shoe strings. And when the bird began to talk I thought there was someone else in the room!"

"There was," said Mathison in an odd voice.

"Huh? Spirits? You don't look like a man who would waste any time with the ouija board. Well, here's for the shoe strings and the punch."

When the clerk received the order he made the sender repeat it.

"Shoe strings?" he yelled.

"What now?" demanded the house detective surlily.

"Murphy wants two pairs of shoe strings and a leather punch! I tell you the whole house has gone bug. You run up. Murphy's been hypnotized or he has had a punch of dope. Here, boy; run down to the Macedonian shoeblack and get two pairs of shoe strings and a punch. Hustle!"

"Shoe strings!" Michaels, the house detective, ran for the elevator. But when he reached Room Three-twenty he was told emphatically—through the door—to take his bonehead downstairs again. "Cahoots!" he murmured. And all the rest of his life he was going to hold to the belief that Ellison and Murphy had divvied up the loot.

At eleven o'clock Mathison and Detective Murphy went down into the lobby. Murphy carried the parrot cage. There was a grin on his face as he left the elevator, but it vanished as he neared the desk.

"My bill," said Mathison. He had decided to return to the train.

"What?" The poor clerk stared at Murphy for the key to this riddle.

"The bill, the bill! Give the gentleman his bill, you dub!"

In turning the clerk knocked over the desk telephone. As he stooped to recover it he bumped his head against the corner of the cashier's cage. When he finally presented the bill he was a total wreck.

"Was it ——?" he faltered.

"No, it wasn't!" snapped Murphy. "We've all been flimflammed."

"But those names!"

"Can't you recognize Jack Barrymore when you see him? He's traveling incog."

"But he said he was the other fellow!"

"Well, Jack likes his joke."

"I wanted to get back to my room," interposed Mathison, taking pity on the clerk's bewilderment. "There has been a misunderstanding all round. Keep the change and buy yourself some cigars with it."

As Mathison and the detective disappeared through the revolving doors the clerk turned to the cashier. "Keep your eye on things for a while. I'm going out and root up

a drink. I might understand something of this if I was full of hootch."

When Mathison and the detective entered the car George the porter was moving about sleepily.

"Whut's de mattah wid dat hotel?" he demanded reproachfully.

"Too much excelsior, George, and not enough feathers."

"Well, I had de bed made up, case yo' did come back. . . . Lan' sakes, whut's happened t' dem satchels?"

"The chef ran amuck with the cleaver," explained Murphy owlishly. He turned to Mathison: "Here's that cannon of yours. Take care of yourself. Gee, if you were a crook and I was chasing you what a lot of fun we'd have!"

"Thanks for the compliment. Truthfully, I had expected to spend the night in jail."

The porter's ears twitched.

The two men shook hands and Mathison vanished behind the door of his compartment. George eyed the door speculatively. Jail! He tiptoed to Number Two and knocked.

"What is it?" came through the crack.

"He's come back!" George whispered.

XI

MATHISON undressed slowly. He was still hypnotized to a certain extent by the several amazing events of the night. From the shadowy corners of the compartment the woman's face persisted in appearing, now in all its warm loveliness, now in terror, and again like chiseled marble. It would be a long time before he would be able to stamp out completely the impression. It did not seem possible that any woman could be so lovely outside and so ugly within. The venom in her glance just before she stepped out of the window!

The thought of Hallowell hurt more than anything else. Unavenged! Bob would lie in his island grave unavenged. But before God be, John Mathison, would take a double tithe from the Hun. No mercy. Never would he hear the word "Kamerad." Soon the number on his freeboard would spell terror.

He uncovered Malachi and knelt beside the cage. "Mat! . . . Malachi!" he said. "Mat! . . . Malachi!"

But the only sign from the bird was a ruffling of the neck and topknot feathers, a quick dilation of his yellow eyes. Two or three minutes earlier in getting into that room, while the bird's fright was at full! No way to make him understand; he was only a parrakeet, an echo. "Mat! . . . Malachi!" It was Bob calling; the little bird was only an echo.

Suddenly Mathison stood up, his face eager. A real idea! And it never would have entered his head but for the startling revelation of what suggestion might accomplish. If the woman's tempestuous actions had awakened the bird's recollection what might a reconstruction of the crime do? Men apparently in desperate conflict, tables and chairs thrashed about, tumult, cries! How would these react upon Malachi's memory?

Of course no jury would convict a man of a crime upon evidence furnished by a talking parrakeet; but if by reconstructing the tragedy he could make Malachi repeat the name Hallowell had called out it would serve to give the authorities a handhold. Trust them to dig up the truth eventually. For Mathison was obsessed with the idea that Hallowell had spoken a name for Malachi to repeat.

Sleep—the lack of sleep. They never would have got to him but for the craving to sleep. He had gone into town feeling as keen mentally as ever, and his keenness had been only superficial. He had sought the open without any definite campaign. Want of sleep. His flesh and bones had been crying out for sleep, and his brain stifling the call. Patience. They had had a little more than John Mathison.

To-night, however, he could satisfy the craving. There would be no more sleep fumes or pistol shots or turning door knobs. By one o'clock the car Mercutio was as silent as the tomb of Romeo's friend.

Tap, tap; pause; tap, tap.

Mathison was asleep, but as yet he had not conquered that subconscious alertness of the mind. The sound, light as it was, woke him. The porter's signal. Mathison buried his head deeper into the pillow.

Tap, tap; pause; tap, tap.

"What's wanted?" he called irritably.

There was no answer. The tapping was not repeated.

He was too drunk with sleep to get the real significance. He turned over and fell asleep again instantly. He came out of this leaden slumber at seven. The train was moving, having made up two hours in the makeshift schedule. The storm outside had lost but little of its vigor. He bathed and dressed and rang for the porter.

"Have the waiter bring me grapefruit, oatmeal and coffee."

"Yes, suh."

"What time will we make New York if this keeps up?"

"About six-thutty."

"Did you rap about one o'clock?"

"No, suh."

"You didn't!"

"No, suh. Whut's de matter wid dat hotel? Dey all comes rampagin' back befo' yo' did."

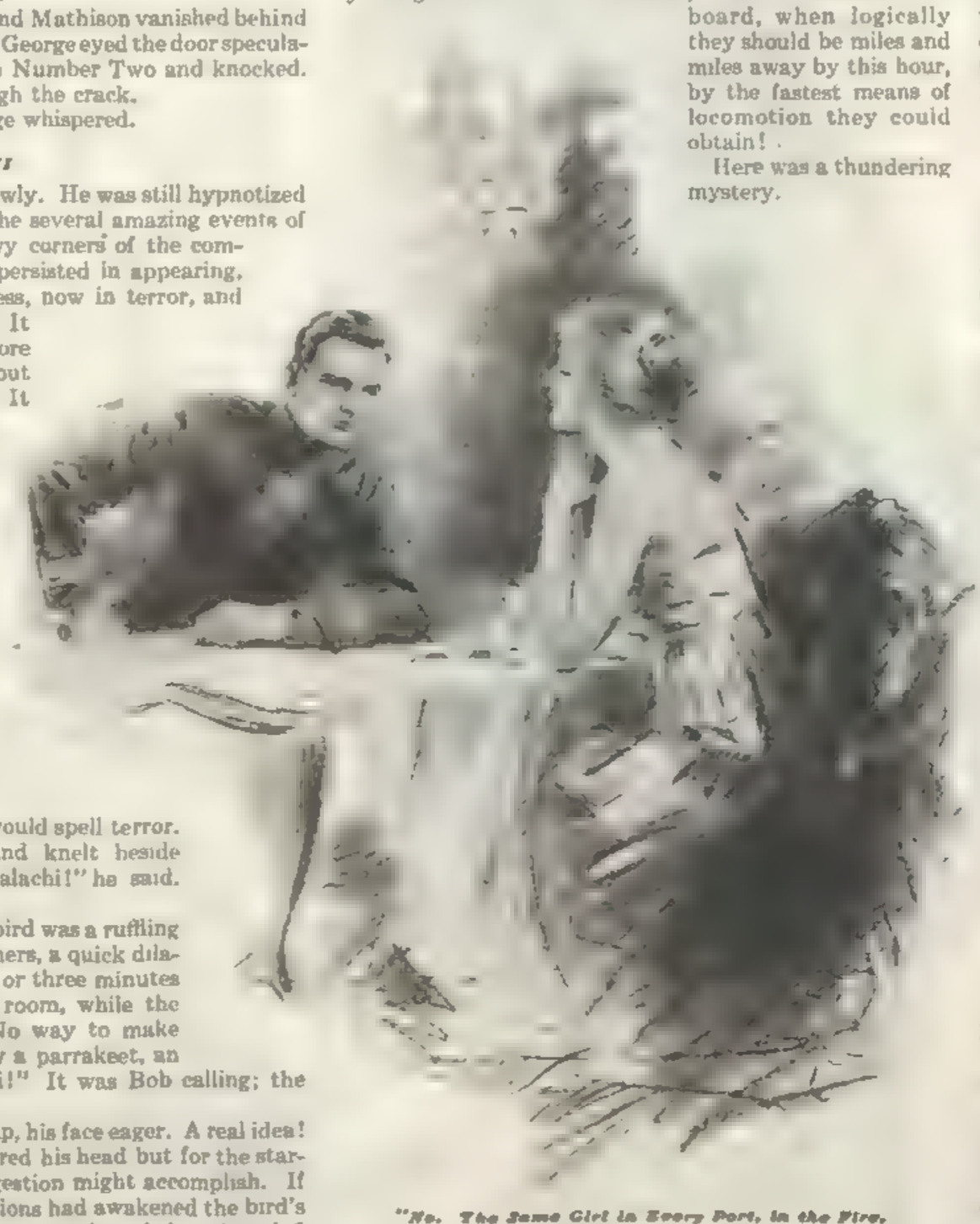
"Passengers in Number Two?"

"Yes, suh."

"All the passengers returned?"

"On de Mercutio; yes, suh." The whites of George's eyes began to show. As for that, so did Mathison's. On board, when logically they should be miles and miles away by this hour, by the fastest means of locomotion they could obtain!

Here was a thundering mystery.



"No. The Same Girl in Every Port, in the Fire, in the Moon Mists"

"George, is there a lady next door?"

"Yes, suh."

"Beautiful, with blond hair?"

"Hain't seen de lady's face, suh."

"Sable coat?"

George nodded. He pushed back his cap. "Boss, I oughtn't t' tell yo'; but de man in Two is a Secret Service man, an' he's goin' t' jump yo' de minute we gits int' New York State. 'Tain't none o' my business whut yo' done, but I'd kind o' like to give yo' a chance t' beat it. Ef yo' say so I can open de trap befo' we gits int' Buffalo an' slip yo' out."

"George, you're top-hole! But how did you learn that this man is a Secret Service agent?"

"He done show me de ca'd, signed by Flynn."

"Desert be hum."

"Big; hair, pale yelluh; nice-lookin' an' friendly."

Mathison wondered if he wasn't asleep. With the manila envelope and the red book in their possession they were still on the train! What had happened?

"The man has been asking you questions about me?"

"Yes, suh. 'Count o' dat ca'd I had t' ansuh."

"How does he spend his time?"

"Playin' auction wid two friends. Dey's Secret Service too." George added gloomily.

Four of them. And the three men had taken turns, all the way across the continent, in keeping him awake; bribed this porter, too, to keep tabs and report. Until his encounter with The Yellow Typhoon Mathison had had no real idea of the number or the description of his pursuers. But still on board! That was confounding. It wasn't logical. He stiffened. To kill him, now that he could identify the woman? To swing him off into the dark before he could get his forces together? There was logic in that. He smiled at the porter.

"George, I've an idea there must be a case of mistaken identity in all this. They mistook me at that hotel last night. There was a row and I came back."

George shifted his cap to his right ear and stared briefly at the slashed kitbags.

"If I'd been the man they thought I was I wouldn't be here."

George straightened his cap. There was something in this explanation that pleased him.

"Has the Secret Service man asked my name?"

"No, suh."

"Just as I thought. He's sure I'm the man; just as they were sure at the hotel. Well, I shan't worry. Everything will be explained when I reach the Waldorf. You might drop him the hint I'm going there. It will save a lot of trouble. But of course it wouldn't be wise for him to know I told you to tell him."

"I undahstan', suh."

"Then I'll have my breakfast."

XII

ON THE wall hook in Compartment Six hung a beautiful rose kimono. There are thousands upon thousands of these lovely robes. They look exactly alike until you examine them, and then you note that they differ as roses themselves differ.

In Compartment Two there was also a rose kimono. It was wrapped about the graceful body of The Yellow Typhoon. She wound a veil about her head, dropping it to the tip of her nose. Then she picked up her dress and her toilet bag and started off for the ladies' dressing room.

There wasn't room to dress in the compartment, as the berths had not been made up. She had slept through the major part of the day. She floated past Compartment Six, the door of which was slightly ajar. It had been slightly ajar ever since the departure from Chicago.

Fifteen minutes later George, the porter, heard the buzzer. Passenger in Six was calling. He hurried off. It was George's trysting hour. Tips.

"The luggage to the trap, please. We wish to leave instantly the train stops at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Yes'm."

"I note that you wear a Liberty Bond button."

"Yes'm. Got two."

"Then you are a good American?"

"I sho' is, ma'am."

"Very well, then. Here is a box. After the train leaves One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street you will give this box to the gentleman in Compartment One. I am trusting you because I have to. It is military. If you fail to deliver it you betray your country; and in that case, woe to you! He will ask you who gave it to you. You will tell him the lady in Compartment Two."

"Yes'm!" George's tongue had grown suddenly and mysteriously thick and dry.

"And here is something for your trouble."

It was a gold note for fifty dollars. George's brain became nearly as dry as his tongue. Even as he folded the bill and tucked it into a pocket the train began to slow down.

He swooped up the luggage and staggered out into the corridor, where he was obliged to hug the partition to permit the lady coming out of the dressing room to pass.

The train stopped. He helped the two women to alight, dumped the luggage and jumped aboard, dropping the trap and running back to the vacant compartment for the mysterious box. Military! His brain was as full of kinks as his wool. But there was one clear idea in his head—nothing should prevent his delivering this box to the man in Compartment One.

"Fo' de lan' sakes!" he murmured; "ef dat lady ain't went an' fo'got de kimono!"

With the mysterious box under one arm and the rose kimono under the other he sallied forth.

Meanwhile on the platform of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station there was enacted a scene of tenderness and animation. The woman who had forgotten her kimono rushed into the arms of another woman, statuesque, white-haired. Her face, alight with joy, was beautiful; but there was a subtle hint that in repose it would be tragic.

"My Hilda! My Hilda!" She spoke in an alien tongue.

"Darling mother!" in the same tongue.

A dapper little man with a Semitic cast of countenance began to dance about the two.

"Here, here; stop that lingo! It sounds too much like German; and we'll be held up. Mother Nordstrom, you must remember!"

"Nonsense, Sammy!" cried the daughter. "You're always such a fussy old dear! Glad to see me?"

"I should say yes! But come along. We've no time to waste."

The quartet—which included the Breton maid—were soon in the comfortable limousine below.

"My!" said the dapper little man. "You're big medicine to these eyes! Always Johnny on the spot. You're the only woman of the kind."

"It was a narrow squeak this time. Wrecks, delays, snow and all that."

"How do you feel?" anxiously.

"Splendid!"

"Letter-perfect?"

"Never doubt it! . . . New York! . . . Home! The glorious noise of it! The magnificent hurry! . . . Where are we going to eat?"

"Theater. Everything's ready in the office. You'll have half an hour to doze in. No new people to confuse you; old cast complete. House sold out week in advance. The whole town is on its toes to see you. I am a brute to force you on to-night, without any rest; but you were due three days ago. And, say, when I got that cable I swore! Never heard of such a thing. And it's turned out to be the most original stunt of the winter. The town swept clean of your photographs and lithos, the papers agreeing not to run Sunday cuts; not even a tintype in the lobby. And the whole town is crazy to know why. Some little advertising stunt, believe me! Nothing in town but your name on three-sheets and small bills. Hereafter you boss your own publicity campaigns."

A dry little smile stirred the lips of the actress.

"Sarah," said the mother to the Breton maid, "have you taken good care of my Hilda?"

"She's been a trump, mother!" interrupted the daughter.

"But she looks as if she had been ill."

"No, madame. . . . The journey."

Two faces, thought the maid, so alike that only the good God himself might distinguish one from the other!

Her mistress leaned back and closed her eyes. The train would be in the tunnel now, and the box in Mathison's hands. What would be his wonder? She could only imagine. But she knew that to him she was The Yellow Typhoon, The Snow Leopard, the gambling woman of the Bubbling Well Road. In a little while all these momentous events would become a vague memory to him. He would shortly be busy with the problems of active warfare. He would never know that a guardian angel had been at his elbow for days. How easy it was to visualize him—sitting on the deck beside her chair, that funny little green bird clinging to his shoulder! And then that night, when he told her of his promise to his mother. The tenderness of his voice! "Am I a mollycoddle?" He had asked her that in all seriousness. . . . Boy!

His puzzlement would be large for a while; but he was shrewd; and out of the chaff of speculation he would find the grain of fact: The Yellow Typhoon, to save herself, had betrayed her companions. Thus Berta would escape prison, perhaps death.

Irony! The same ancient story—Hilda sacrificing herself for Berta, now as always; throwing away what might have been happiness to prevent the ghost from reëntering the life of the white-haired woman at her side. And she was practically turning Berta loose in New York, where she would be likely to draw a stain across a stainless life. Berta, free, there would soon be strange tales afloat; and each and every one of them would be credited to Norma Farrington. No matter; so long as the truth could be kept from the mother. The mockery of the grave in Greenwood!

An infinitesimal clew; she had left him that because she would not have been human else. There would be one chance in a million of his understanding. A little green feather—Malachi's—which she had picked off the deck one morning. She had hidden it in the little red book. He would find it, but he would not understand. A miracle, nothing short of that; and this was not the day of miracles. . . . Good-by!

As the train drew out of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station the blond man returned to Number Two, where he found his companion completely dressed and waiting. She was heavily veiled. "Where's the keys?"

"Your keys? Oh, there they are, on the berth."

"What was it you wanted?"

"Wanted?" The woman raised the veil above her lips. "I haven't wanted anything."

"But you came and got my keys!"

"I—what? I don't know what you are talking about. I went directly to the dressing room and came straight back."

"Berta, what nonsense is this? You came for the keys and I gave them to you. Wittel and Franz saw you."

"Karl, you certainly did not!"—alarmed.

The man stared at her for a space. Then swiftly he knelt before his kitbag, opened it and rammed his hand to the bottom, plowing about.

"*Gott!*" he whispered, his color fading.

"What has happened?"

"Gone! . . . You devil, what game are you up to?" he cried, springing up. "I warned you once never to play with me. Where is it?"

"Are you mad? Or am I? I haven't touched that bag. . . . I will kill you if you lay a hand on me! Someone has tricked you. Call the porter."

"Furies of hell, I saw you! The rose kimono; it was you!"

"Karl, I tell you it was not I! We have been tricked. Call the porter."

The man opened the door furiously and bumped into George, who was sailing airily along the corridor.

"Come in here!"

George did not like the tone, but he obeyed, and entered the compartment.

"What's that under your arm?" demanded the woman.

"Kimono. Lady in Number Six done got off an' fo'got it."

The woman seized it. "Karl, don't you see? It is so nearly like mine it would fool anyone! . . . Porter, what was this woman like?"

"Can't say, ma'am. Always wo' a veil. Boss, dat young man nex' do' is goin' t' de Waldorf. I'll be back in a minute fo' de grips an' de kimono."

George backed out diplomatically. He did not like the flavor of the atmosphere—too electrical. Besides, he had a box to deliver. He was plumb in the middle of the war.

"Berta, I don't understand this. I saw you! Franz and Wittel will back me!"

With the kimono spread over her knees The Yellow Typhoon frowned into space. "Some spy. Saw me somewhere, perhaps back in that hotel. You were playing cards; your scrutiny wouldn't be keen. A bit of court-plaster, a veil and this kimono . . ."

"The full face, Berta. Yours!" he said ominously.

XIII

MATHISON had donned his uniform, his greatcoat, packed his kitbags and drawn the cotton-flannel bag over Malachi's cage. On his breast was pinned the bit of green ribbon. Presently he heard the signal on the door. George came in.

"A box fo' yo', suh. . . . My lan'!" he broke off.

"What's the matter?" asked Mathison, eying the box curiously.

"Dem regimentals! Is yo' an officer in de Navy?"

"Yes, George. What's this box? Where did you get it?"

George jerked his thumb toward the partition.

"The woman next door?"

"Yes, suh!"

"She gave it to you for me!" astonished beyond measure.

"Yes, suh."

Mathison rubbed his chin. It might be some infernal machine. Still it had to be opened. With the lightest touch he untied the string. With a slow steady pull he drew off the cover. Hypnotized, he stared at the contents. A Manila envelope, a little red book—and a folded blue print!

There are some astonishments that cannot be translated verbally. So great was Mathison's that he could neither think nor move. The aftermath of a thunderbolt affects you like that. When a certain phase of the hypnosis passed and Mathison began to get the hang of life again he became conscious of the porter. He drew out a bill and presented it.

"Thanks. Uncle Sam will be very grateful to you. Any idea what was in this box?"

"De lady said it was military, suh."

Mathison nodded. "The man next door, George, is not a Secret Service man. I'd like to tell you all about it, but the time is too short. By telling him that I'm going straight to the Waldorf you will be doing your Uncle Sam an extra service."

"I told him, cap'n."

"Good! Send a redcap in when the train stops. Good-by and good luck."

Mathison closed the door and locked it. The little red book he slipped into an inner pocket; the Manila envelope he dropped into one of the kitbags. What he did with the

(Continued on Page 78)

"The Jealous Husband is Doing Nicely at This Moment, Thank You. You and the Lady are Free to Go"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1919

Peace or a Sword

PREMIER CLEMENCEAU'S speech, delivered in the Chamber during the last days of December, came as a surprise to many Americans, but it was not unexpected by those who knew what had been going on beneath the surface of European politics. Reports from well-informed sources showed that an influential group of politicians were working for a good old-fashioned peace, though the people were solidly behind President Wilson's ideals.

One thing should be clearly understood by European politicians—any attempt to form an alliance between European nations and America to maintain a balance of power, with its corollary of secret agreements and its inevitable conclusion in war, will not be tolerated in this country. We have never wanted to mix in European affairs and we want nothing to do with them now, unless we can forward the peace and happiness of the world.

There is no doubt that on purely selfish grounds a majority of the American people would welcome a withdrawal from European affairs. Of course such a decision would mean a defensive military program and a Navy equal to any in the world, even though some of our politicians profess a willingness to take second place.

We had hoped and believed, and we still hope and believe, that the promise given to the soldiers and peoples that this war was being fought to end war and its attendant evils—conscription and competitive armaments—would be redeemed at the peace table. In view of the clear-cut declarations that we have made we do not see how the United States could continue to sit in a conference where balances of power and similar topics were seriously considered.

Sailors have a saying that we can all reflect on with profit during the Peace Conference: "*To work hard, to live hard, to die hard, and then to go to hell after all—would be too damned hard.*"

A Plague of Panaceas

A NEW craze is sweeping over the country—as silly, as pestilential, as the dancing madness that seised the world just before the war. Everybody wants to reform everybody else and to settle everything that is wrong with anything. Our mails are choked with passionate letters, our wastebaskets are overflowing with "thoughtful" pamphlets—all touting new panaceas.

Everything, from pap to dynamite, is being recommended for what ails the world and the other fellow. Every method of relieving him of his pocketbook—for that is always the seat of the other fellow's disease—is being advocated. Some favor chloroforming him with taxes as an easy cure; others, treating him with a piece of lead pipe as being quicker and even more merciful. Some pear-headed professors and members of the allied trades of mental shut-ins are working in shifts turning out their celebrated Socialistic Soothing Sirup, guaranteed to cure financial corpulence and the black curse of that bourgeois home life. Bright young men who make a living shaking up bright young thoughts in bright young papers are offering their snappy-tasting Bolshevik Sarsaparilla for those dull world aches. One group of ladies is brewing over bonfires a cure-all for everything, while another group denies that there is any efficacy in their medicine and wants to cheer up the plain old problems by running them with baby-blue ribbon.

There is a whole drug store—in fact, a whole chain of drug stores—filled with remedies for everybody and everything. If you don't like our Sugar-coated Socialistic Pills try this bottle of Russian Bolshevism—it will bring tears to your eyes; or Professor Thesis' Socialistic Pap, compounded for weaker stomachs.

This is the greatest era of pap, piffle and poison that the world has ever seen. The old family doctor hasn't a chance; nobody but a quack can prescribe nowadays. But sensible people learned long ago that there is no health in the patent-medicine bottle; no way to a sound body except through sane living, simple exercise and hard work. Throw the bottles out of the window—it won't hurt if you throw out a few of the quacks with them—and let's all go back to work.

Meanwhile, young Professor This and old Doctor That should not be allowed to offer, as safe and pleasant tonics, compounds that create a depraved appetite in credulous takers. And one can always know that the habit for the stuff has been formed when the patient begins to babble about "the revolution."

The final end and aim of every revolution—the only lasting result that can be gained from one—is the ballot. If Americans have not the simple common sense to use it wisely and to elect honest leaders who will pass honest laws—not for any one class but for all classes—how can they possibly expect anything good to come from self-elected leaders who selfishly seize power for themselves and a small group of followers?

The answer is that the men who advocate the sort of practical Bolshevism that is at work in Russia to-day, and they are almost all unnaturalized foreigners, do not want honest leaders or honest laws—they want a chance to loot. Anything except miracles that the majority really wishes for in this country it can have at the next election. But let no one imagine that the old, simple, fundamental laws of life and health can be repealed, even at the polls.

Holding Government Bonds

IN DECEMBER more than three hundred million dollars of Liberty Bonds were sold on the New York Stock Exchange at a discount that finally ran up to six per cent. At that discount the bonds yield the investor nearly five per cent a year—or about as much as the best railroad bonds, subject to full income tax, were yielding. A good many of these sacrificed bonds came from small holders.

The Treasury Department has repeatedly urged small holders to keep their Liberty Bonds. It has suggested a national blue-sky law to protect small and inexperienced bondholders against the wiles of get-rich-quick schemers and sellers of fake securities. The American Bankers' Association found that such gentry were busily victimizing small bondholders.

There are twenty million bondholders, ninety-five per cent of whom, it is safe to say, never held a government bond before. They subscribed from patriotic motives. Now that war is over a great many of them regard their government paper as an asset that is to be got rid of as a matter of course, and converted into something they are more familiar with. But at a market price that yields nearly five per cent a year a government bond is an investment that anybody ought to think seriously over, regardless of a patriotic motive, before disposing of it.

And the Government ought to go further in encouraging small holders to keep their bonds. In announcing the 1919 issue of War Savings Certificates the Treasury Department took care to point out that such certificates could be registered at any post office of the first, second or third class and at certain post offices of the fourth class, without cost to the holder. The Department should provide for the registration of Liberty Bonds at post offices also, thereby insuring holders against loss on account of the theft, mislaying or destruction of the bonds. This privilege might be restricted to comparatively small holders. We believe it would convert many of them into permanent holders.

Engine Trouble

IF YOU are a proper automobilist you have two major impressions about your car: First, the power and dependability of the machine. Up the bad grade, through the mud or rolling off the swift miles hour after hour along macadam, you really wonder at the way the contrivance performs. And second, how little a thing will put it all to the bad. An obstacle the size of a pinhead, injected at a vital point, will paralyze it.

You know well enough by this time that we bungled a good deal of war business shockingly. Airplanes, ships, machine guns, cannon—those and other things that we were in a desperate hurry for seemed to get into a hopeless snarl, and production fell miles behind where it should have been. We bitterly blamed a good many individuals. Some individuals were bitterly to blame. Yet able men were engaged on some of the programs that got tangled and away behind.

We tried to shift swiftly and under tremendous pressure from peace production to war production. It looked rather simple on paper. But the industrial machine, along with its enormous power, is an affair throughout of delicate balances, adjustments, correspondences.

To anybody who really knows anything about it, it is irritating to hear people talk of a highly evolved national industry as though it were something you could turn upside down, lay on its side, jerk out a handful of spark plugs from or perform any other fanciful experiment upon as easily as one can arrange a set of wooden blocks in any pattern his imagination suggests.

Mr. McAdoo's "Must"

MR. McADOO thinks the railroads will get into the next presidential campaign unless the period of Federal control is extended from twenty-one months after the war to five years.

Testifying before a congressional committee he said: "If the railroads are held for this period of twenty-one months, with rapidly diminishing Federal control, the employees of the roads will become the objects of political solicitation. Everybody in a political campaign wants votes—all candidates, Democrats and Republicans alike—and the result is that you are going to have the employees, something like two millions of them, in politics, for rent and solicitation throughout this period; and I think that will be entirely destructive of their morale. There is one thing certain, and that is that the railroads must be kept out of politics."

What he foresees is that with the railroads in politics both parties will be trying to bribe the two million voters on the pay roll about as they used to compete with each other in trying to catch the old soldier vote by offering more liberal pension legislation; and that the employees will tend to rely increasingly upon their political power for better wages rather than relying upon the excellence of their work in operating the railroads.

The country will agree with his "must"—also with the senator who remarked, in evident surprise, that keeping the railroads under Federal control struck him as an odd way of keeping them out of politics. Government operation means politics.

Bolshevik Statisticians

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a newspaper clipping about a lecture delivered to a city audience by a man who spoke as the accredited representative of an association engaged in a useful public work. This clipping represents the speaker as having said that less than one-half of one per cent of the people of the United States own nine-tenths of the country's wealth.

Now that is an idiotic statement—as anybody with sufficient intelligence to understand an ordinary newspaper headline could ascertain in a few minutes by stepping into the nearest public library and consulting the Census Bureau reports on the subject. Those reports, whatever their imperfection in detail, are the basis of every intelligent and honest study of the subject. About the first thing they show is that nearly one-quarter of the wealth of the United States consists of farm property, whose ownership is distributed among some millions of farm families.

A mischievous liar makes an absurd statement, in a conveniently compact statistical form, or some more or less well-meaning idiot deduces one from a statistical dream. It has a startling sound and is taken up and repeated without the slightest inquiry by people who are more interested in startling their hearers than in conveying the truth. Quite a body of Bolshevik statistics gets currently accepted in that pernicious way.

MORE OUTPUT—By Meyer Bloomfield

IN AUGUST, 1914, a certain Midland city of England, noted for its big trade in textiles, started to put itself on a war basis. By the close of the war its weekly output of munitions was as follows: One hundred and twenty thousand shells; twelve million fuse components; one hundred tank shells; twenty-five tank gear boxes; fifty searchlights; two hundred machine-gun emplacements; half a million airplane details.

To a people like the British—and this was the case with us—war making meant some tall improvising. A church decorator turned out ten completed flying machines each week; a water-meter factory supplied millions of fuses; a plant normally busy with the making of wire netting soon became a principal producer of airplane parts; grain elevators became shell factories; a plant noted for its shoe machinery handled gun mountings; paper makers became trench-bomb manufacturers; and a large cloth mill made a reputation for its hand grenades. An old malt house, employing six hundred women, had begun to supply fifty thousand fuses weekly when a fire burned it to the ground. Within a few days a skating rink near by took its place.

War the Schoolmaster of Industry

THE stress of war has blown new life into British industry. What had been accepted as a matter of course—such as dependence upon Germany for the supply of certain industrial essentials—has given way to a new spirit of self-reliance and enterprise. Mica is absolutely necessary to the electrical industry. India produces fifty per cent of this article, Canada fifteen per cent and German East Africa ten per cent. Yet the mica market was all but moved from London to Hamburg, owing to the skill with which Germany had captured the control of the Indian mica trade and laid her plans for dominating the electrical industry. At present mica from the Indian Empire can be exported to London only. To her capture of the tungsten industry Germany owed in large measure her superiority in munitions production in the early stages of the war. Great Britain to-day produces all the high-speed steel needed for her industries and can export at reasonable prices a large supply to her Allies. Before the war the United Kingdom's production of ferrochrome, basic in the manufacture of certain steels, was a negligible quantity. There is a plant to-day at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the power for which is obtained from the waste gases of coke ovens, turning out a sufficient quantity of ferrochrome to take care of all British requirements for years to come.

Out of two hundred and forty thousand tons of spelter in various forms used annually before the war seventy-seven per cent was imported, chiefly from Germany, Belgium and Holland. Now the flow of Australian concentrates has been completely diverted from Germany to England, and there has taken place a doubling and in some cases a trebling of British zinc-smelting plants. A long step forward has been taken in eliminating Germany as a provider of potash. The Stassfurt mines used to send over thirty thousand tons of potash annually. It has been found, however, that fifty thousand tons of potash was going to waste each year in the dust or fumes from blast-furnace gases. Plants have been started or made over to save at least eighteen thousand tons from this source alone.

Among the close calls England suffered in the course of the war one of the most menacing arose out of its former dependence on Germany and Austria for scientific and optical glass. At the outbreak of the war a large part of the British artillery was equipped with gun sights manufactured exclusively in Germany. British output of this vital product to-day has multiplied twenty times, and the country is self-supporting as far as the finer grades of glass are concerned.

Much might be written about the big changes of a mechanical kind—changes in labor-saving devices, improved machinery, analyses of minute manufacturing costs, greater accuracy of workmanship and better industrial organization. Mechanical conveyors are being used in shop transport to an extent never dreamed of or encouraged before the war. Electric trucks are common where once swarms of men, and women, too, perspired over clumsy loads. A new interest in industrial research has led to the starting of plant laboratories and arrangements for coöperation with the technical schools.

A transformation of British industry is under way, and there is a changing viewpoint both on the part of employer and employed as to the big problem ahead. In a literal sense the war has been paid for—paid in full—paid for by the lives of brave men; paid for by the limbs and physical senses of hundreds of thousands of youth in their prime; paid for by hours of toil of men and women and children in shops and mines, fields and highways; and paid for by the thousands of millions of gold thrown into the war furnace. The debt alone remains.

Now it is elementary economics to say that payment of a debt can finally be made in one way only—in goods. There is no other way. Production is the only answer. All debts are finally liquidated in terms of things made. Be productive and all things shall be added unto you. This commandment can't be trifled with without general misery as the penalty. But there is human nature to reckon with, and the practices with which it incases itself; and this human nature is no monopoly of any aggregation of men.

We may be as glib as we please about the necessity of production—no one gainsays it—but living up to all that it implies calls for a considerable amount of self-criticism. Things being as they are, the business of turning out goods sufficient in quantity and quality to pay mountainous obligations and give all concerned the wherewithal to enjoy a decent standard of life and supply incentive for exertion requires a certain "meeting of the minds," as the lawyers put it; a getting together of the parties chiefly concerned with this producing business in order to lay down the rules of the game, to draw up, as it were, the constitution under which said parties agree to live and work together and forward the common business, as far as there is any intention of a common purpose between and among them.

Here is the ball to keep one's eye on: War wastage means a huge bill for replacement and restoration—at least it does to a people who will not go under; and this bill can be met only through a lively speeding up of industrial activities. And this speeding up depends on the ideas and enthusiasms, or their lack, which animate or depress the parties to the task.

Bars to Efficient Production

A GOOD deal has been said about restrictions on output practiced by workingmen and their organizations. The blame has been generally laid on the shoulders of one party alone. The fact is that workingmen have universally condemned such restriction, or what looked like it, perpetrated by their own employers. They saw, with the clearness of experts, how deadening to efficient production have been the conservatism in methods; retention of plants long out of date, inconvenient in their design and wasteful in their demands on time and on energy which should have gone into the work itself; they saw an unwillingness to make needed alterations, scrap antiquated tools and adopt the best current practice. They have been subjected to deadening influences all round. They know it and speak of it. Good workmen do not want to stay long in such places, because some protective craft instinct tells them that their own skill will suffer if they do. The truth is that men who have spent years at a trade and who take pride in their workmanship are among the best critics of equipment, methods and managerial standards.

No one defends the go-slow policy; no one believes that good can come out of a dishonest attitude toward one's work and contract. Condemnation is general, nowhere more outspoken than among enlightened workmen. But this does not tell the whole story.

"Gentlemen, the Guest of Honor"

We must understand what is in the minds of the men who by unwritten law or hardened custom put brakes on the wheels of industry; and by understanding we do not condone a mutually disastrous situation, but are in a position to deal with it intelligently. In the first place it is no longer startling to say that long hours of work defeat their ends. For a long time agitation against long hours was based largely on humanitarian grounds. Not until clear-sighted employers proved to their own satisfaction and the satisfaction of their fellow employers that there was a point beyond which the labor of men became a liability instead of an asset was this movement lifted into the realm of the practical. Sir Robert Hatfield told a group of business men the other day how his adoption of the eight-hour day twenty-five years ago led to the present gigantic size of his organization. Workingmen had long felt that they could do better work if they had an opportunity for rest, family life and self-improvement. But there were men of influence who dreaded the effect of a shorter workday on their own production and the demoralization which they believed would come with leisure. These fears, spoken freely for decades past in this land of liberty-loving men, have rankled deeply. They have been stupid fears, stupidly maintained, and have done harm. Enough to say, workmen do not wish to have any such paternal concern for their welfare, they do not need it and they resent it bitterly. Furthermore, the example of the most successful employers has proved that greater production depends on greater all-round efficiency rather than on the number of hours worked.

The war was not three months old before the problem of increasing the production of munitions in Great Britain became a burning issue. More material had to be got out of the factories and more work out of the men. The two hung together, for though improved methods might in themselves result in an increased output the essential reform was a redoubling of effort by the men who controlled the methods.

The Removal of Labor Restrictions

THERE was no question whether the men were capable of increased effort. They were capable. And yet with the war in full swing and the armies in vital need of munitions the factories were still running well below the level of their maximum capacity. The obstacle in the path was the trade-union restrictions, a subject on which throughout the war misunderstanding has prevailed and much bitterness has been engendered.

The restrictions themselves had a reasonable origin. They sprang from the workmen's perpetual fear of unemployment, combined with the belief—sometimes baseless, sometimes only too well grounded—that the employer's constant aim was to exact from his employees the greatest possible amount of work and pay them the lowest possible wages. To counter those real or imaginary dangers the different unions in self-protection evolved gradually a formidable series of trade customs and usages, designed to guard their members against the allied perils of unemployment and overstrain.

That system of trade customs embraced not only the standard rates of wages and the length of the normal working day, together with the arrangements for overtime, night work, Sunday duty, mealtimes and holidays, but also the exact classes of operatives—apprenticed or skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled, laborers or women—to be engaged or not to be engaged for various kinds of work, upon particular processes or with different types of machine; whether nonunionists should be employed at all; what process should be employed for particular tasks; what machines should be used for particular jobs; how the machines should be placed in relation to each other and the speed at which they should work; whether one operative should complete a whole job or form part of a team of specialized operatives, each doing a different process; what wages, if any, should be paid in the interval between jobs or while waiting for material; and what notice of termination of engagement should be given; whether boys or girls should be employed at all, or in what processes or with what machines, or in what proportion to the adult workmen.

These customs decided whether the remuneration should be by time or by the piece, and under what conditions, at what rates and with what allowances; and perhaps, where they existed, most severely criticized of all, but by no means universally existing, what amount of output by each operative should be considered a fair day's work, not to be considerably exceeded under penalty of the serious displeasure of the workshop.

In no union had the practices falling under the head of restriction of output been more systematically developed or become more firmly established than in the powerful Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the union, as it happened, concerned beyond any other in the output of munitions. It was manifest that war conditions meant an immediate challenge to the machinists' whole position. Between union rules for restriction of output and national demands for a maximum output there could be no accommodation. The situation was perplexing and perilous. The navy wanted more ships, the army wanted more shells, more explosives, more machine guns, more aëroplanes, and in face of that overwhelming need the men were standing obdurately on their rights, imperiling the lives of their sons and brothers at the Front rather than brace themselves to work up to the limit of their strength or let their unskilled comrades share the high wages they were drawing.

So argued day after day speakers and writers who saw only one side of the question and had neither knowledge of nor regard for the other. For there was another side, and it consisted in this: The customs prevailing in the engineering trade represented rights won after years, almost after generations, of conflict with the employers. Bit by bit, as often as not as the result of some successful strike, the fabric of trade-union privileges had been built up; and the whole of the position so secured the men were now asked to abandon without a protest. They were to drop back into the conditions of twenty years ago, and that without any semblance of a binding guaranty that when the war was over the rights they had relinquished would be restored.

But much more than merely that was involved. That the abandonment of "demarkation" restrictions and the admission of unskilled men, perhaps even of women, into the closed preserves of the skilled, together with the abolition of limitation of output, would lead to an expansion in the production of munitions nobody doubted. But that it might lead coincidently to a substantial inflation of the employers' profits was equally certain to the minds of the workers; and the expansion of the employers' profits was not an object for which the men were prepared to sacrifice the fruits of all their earlier industrial victories.

On those rocks the first attempts of the employers, in December, 1914, to secure the cooperation of the men in the reorganization of workshop conditions came to grief. The unions demanded more binding guaranties of restitution than the employers were able to give, and the negotiations made no substantial progress till the government itself took the matter up some three months later. As the result of its efforts an agreement, as I pointed out in a previous article, was eventually signed—by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman on behalf of the cabinet, and Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. Mosses representing the men—that forms the basis of the whole structure of workshop organization built up during the war period.

That agreement provided, in a sentence, that men engaged on war work should suspend for the whole duration of hostilities a number of specified practices which impede production, on the explicit guaranty by the government of full and complete restitution in every particular at the end of the war period. In return the government on its part undertook to devise a scheme of taxation which would insure that the profits derived from the men's increased efforts should go not into the pockets of the employers but into the national exchequer.

Under this compact, which was embodied in the Munitions of War Act and has been amplified and extended from time to time, the whole fabric of trade-union customs and usages has been jettisoned for the period of the war.

Munition Courts have been established to deal wi breaches of the agreement, strikes were for a considerab period declared illegal and arbitration was made compu sory; while to prevent "poaching" by employers a syste of "leaving certificates" was instituted under which man leaving his employment against his employer's w and without good cause shown could be given work with the next six weeks by any employer to whom the regulatic applied. These particular restrictions, under which the me became increasingly restive, were subsequently modifie but the workman still remained under a discipline th formed a sharp contrast to his pre-war freedom an independence.

To enumerate the details of the temporary revolutic would take too much space. It is enough to recall the ma heads of the change, such as the introduction of women an laborers to do expert work under the supervision of skille craftsmen; the establishment of new machinery; th change of processes and the breaking up of jobs to adm of the employment of the unskilled; the substitution piecework and bonus system for time rates; the increa in the hours of labor and variation in the rates for ove time; the speeding up of production and the abolition all artificial restrictions on output; the suspension of a demarkation regulations.

Getting Back to the Old Basis

THAT has been the position in the munitions industr throughout the war, the term munitions being used he in the British sense to cover almost every form of dire war work. There can be no question that the war chang have added enormously to the mechanical efficiency industry, and if mechanical efficiency were the only aim t be considered the case for their retention would be ove whelming. That statement, however, needs qualificatio in at least one important particular: The physical strai placed on the workers has been maintained without disa trous results for three to four years, but that does no mean that it could be maintained indefinitely witho grave detriment both to health and to output. The inve tigations into the health of the workers, conducted by a able committee presided over by Sir George Newman, Chi Medical Officer of the Board of Education, made it clea that such practices as seven-days-a-week work have no even the advantage of an increased output to recommen them.

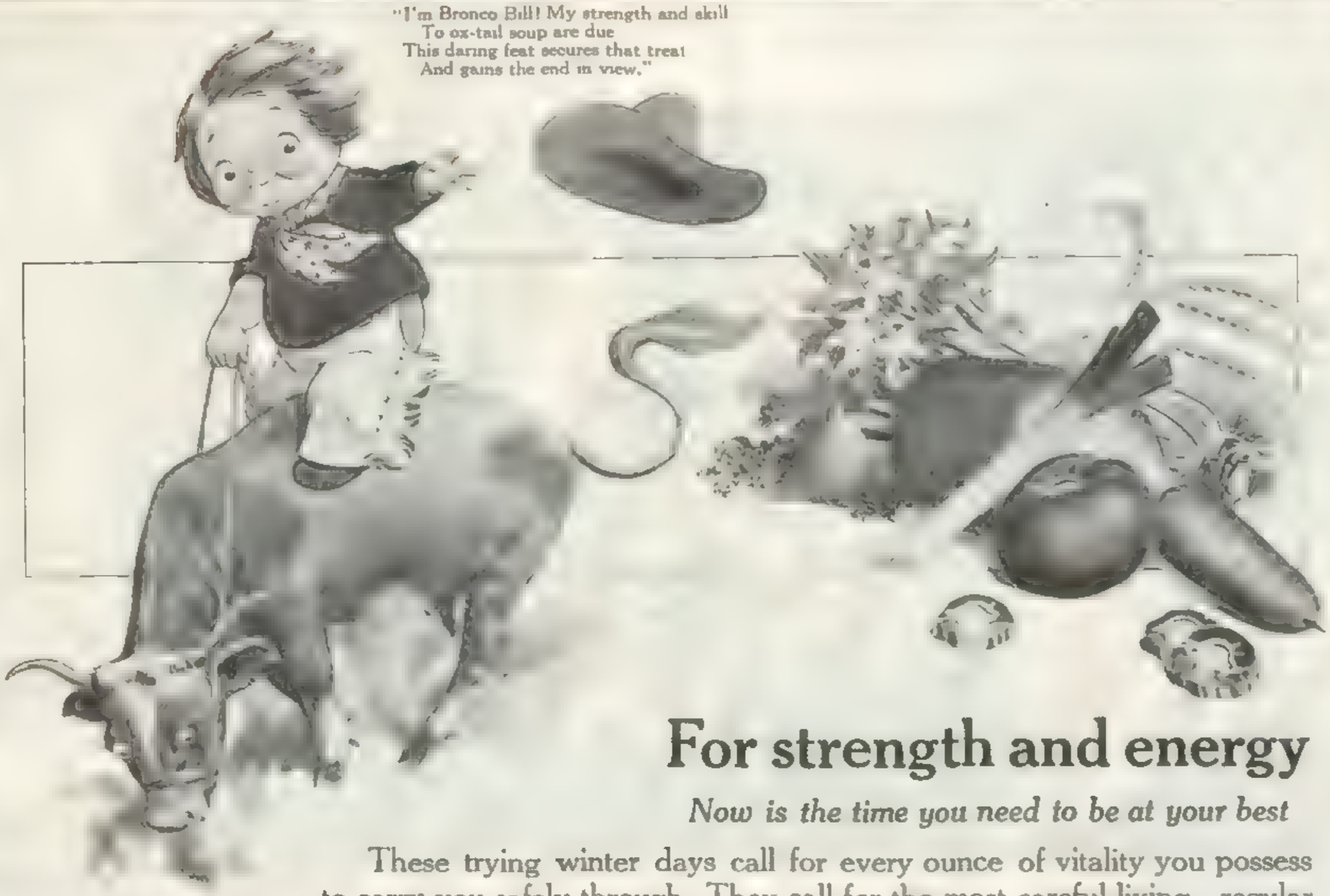
In any case, the question is not worth arguing on tha level, for no sane man would concentrate on industria efficiency to the exclusion of every other aim in considerin the labor problem in peacetime. What the workingman i concerned about is not only how to earn the highest po sible wages but also how to live the best balanced life. H insists on the restoration of the established customs an usages. High-tension pressure and no restrictions may b necessary in war, but they are not going to continue int peace. That is the workman's view, and that is the condi tion on which new contracts with employers will be made

Here lies the justification for the men's demand for complete restitution, though it is impossible, of the right they have surrendered—a demand which the governmen is not in a position to resist. The provisions of the govern ment's agreement with the men were specific. They under took to restore without qualification or subtraction ever custom and practice the men abandoned under the 191 agreement. The time has come for the redemption of tha pledge. The government, indeed, after re peated promises and postponements, did o the eve of the general election lay before conference of the men's representatives th draft of a bill designed to give effect to thei undertaking. The men, after a careful ex amination, considered it in many impor tant respects unsatisfactory, and it had no been laid before Parliament when the ses sion ended. The result of the delay is tha hundreds of manufacturers are unable t plan out their contracts because they ar entirely in the dark as to what the labo conditions will be.

One solution of the problem is alway open: The government can fulfill its pledge to the letter and reëstablish every aban doned trade usage as it existed in July, 1914 That, unfortunately, may prove in the en to be the only course possible. But in th meantime there is a good deal of natura reluctance to do any such thing, for to fa back to the conditions of 1914 would be t fetter industry at the moment when it i very essential that it should be left free an elastic. The task before managers and me is to decide how to profit in common and i agreement by the experience of the war.

On that no satisfactory result will be ar rived at on the basis of an enforced com promise. The men claim that if they are t

(Continued on Page 84)



For strength and energy

Now is the time you need to be at your best

These trying winter days call for every ounce of vitality you possess to carry you safely through. They call for the most careful living—regular hours, proper exercise and, above all, the most nourishing diet. Once a day, at least—and *every* day—the whole family should have the benefit of a wholesome soup served at the home table. No other food can properly take its place. Begin today's dinner or supper with

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

It is one of the most tempting and also among the most nourishing of all the Campbell "kinds."

For this soup we use selected Government inspected ox-joints, from which we make an exceptionally rich and invigorating stock. With this we blend a fine whole-tomato purée, diced yellow turnips and tender carrots, celery, parsley, plenty of barley, a slight touch of leek and onion, beside delicate spices and appropriate flavoring. We add also freshly cooked sliced joints which have not been used for stock—meaty, marrowy and substantial.

Here is just the dish to give new strength to tired workers after the daily grind, to put extra vim into the hard-studying, hard-playing youngsters, and to supply you, the busy housewife, with the simple easily digested nourishment which no one needs more than you.

Order this strength-giving soup from your grocer by the dozen at least, so you can have it at three minutes notice any time. *And always serve it hot.*

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

BACKFIRE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"This Heah Di'mon', Misto' Slappey, is Gua'anteed Fo'teen Carat. An' if'n Yo'll Lemme Have Fifty Dollars on It fo' Jes' 'bout Twen'y Minnits ——"

"IS repeated myse'f over an' over again enough times a'ready," remarked the ebony gentleman at the head of the battered table; "an' seems like by this time yo'd see they ain't no use argifyin' no further."

"But I is the big loser," mournfully answered the dandified young negro two stacks of chips removed, "an' seems like yo'd ought to stake me some jes' a li'l' bit."

"You ain't in Atlanta, Misto' Stiggars; this heah place is Anniston, Alabama."

"Jes' a few dollars?"

"Reckon we-all ain't in the cha'ity business, Misto' Stiggars. If'n you want to stay in this heah game jes' tickle the bank with a li'l' coin."

"Huh! You know well's me that Ise broke. Ain't even one of you gen'lemen gwine len' me five dollars?"

He glanced appealingly round the cracked table top. Five stony faces gave wordless answer of negation.

"Jes' five dollars? Or fo'? Or th'ee? Ise been sweetenin' ev'y pot ——"

"Lis'en heah to what I is sayin', Misto' Stiggars: If'n you ain't got no mo' money you is delayin' the game. I ain't aimin' to keep none of yo' glory fum you. You is contributed 'bout a hund'ed an' fifty dollars ——"

"Hund'ed an' sixty-th'ee, fifty."

"An' a'far's I know they ain't nobody in this heah neighborhood gwine len' you no money to follow where that is gone at. Yo' credick would be better, Brother Stiggars, if'n you wasn't sech a rotten poker player."

"I ain't askin' on'y ——"

The eye of the local spokesman caught sight of a languid young negro who leaned apathetically against a battered bureau—a young man of superlative elegance and conscious ego. From the top of his carefully brushed velour hat to the tips of his scintillating russet shoes he bespoke affluence and contemptuous ennui.

"Over yonder," said the Annistonian, indicating the sartorial triumph by the bureau, "is Misto' Florian Slappey, of Bummin'ham. Brother Slappey has mo' money'n he knows what to do with. If'n he is foolish 'nuff to len' you some ——" And the spokesman shrugged his shoulders to signify that he washed his hands of the affair.

Selkirk Stiggars shoved his chair back from the table and rose to his six feet of height. In elegance of dress he ran Florian a close second. In physique he was an easy first. He towered menacingly above the patently bored gentleman from Birmingham, but in his eyes glowed a light which was unmistakably composed of equal portions of worry and supplication.

The five other players meticulously piled their chips into stacks of red, white and blue. A stranger had knocked upon their gates and they had taken him in—good and proper. One hundred and sixty-three dollars and fifty cents of good Atlanta money had enriched the coffers of five Annistonians.

It had been an epoch-making windfall.

An oil lamp on the washstand in the corner sent its weak, flickering light to all corners of the room, playing weirdly on the set faces of Anniston's premier poker players, and causing grotesque shadows to dance on the walls. As the stranger rose and approached Florian Slappey the players allowed themselves to relax somewhat from the strain of inflated stakes and bloated pots.

"Misto' Slappey?"

Florian's eyes were raised slowly without show of special interest. "Yeh?"

"My name's Stiggars—Selkirk Stiggars, of Atlanta. Ise Past Gran' Royal Mona'ch of The To'ch Bearers of Glory, Council Number Thutteen. Is you a member of that lodge?"

"No," answered Florian wearily, "I ain't."

"Ise a K. P."

"I ain't."

"Sho'ly you an' me is feller Masons?"

"Nope."

"I b'longs to the Baptis' Chu'ch."

"Ise a Methodis'."

The lack of fraternity was appalling. The stranger was forced to a new tack. "Is you the Flo'ian Slappey what won twen'y-five hund'ed dollars in the Pool an' Ginuwine lott'ry 'bout six weeks ago?"

"Ise him," answered Florian with a hint of hauteur.

Stiggars' hand caught that of Florian and crushed it. "I is sho' d'lighted to meet up with you, Misto' Slappey! I sho' is! We is heard 'bout you over to Atlanta."

"That so?"

"Co'se! Sech a spoht as you is ——"

"We ain't nev' heard of you over to Bummin'ham."

Selkirk Stiggars was momentarily nonplused. Nothing seemed to pique Florian's interest; not even the open sesame of flattery. Selkirk made a direct frontal attack: "Ise broke."

"You sho' ac' thataway."

"But luck's jes' beginnin' to break my way ——"

"Yeh! I noticed them fo' nines you jes' held 'gainst that straight flush."

"—— an' if'n I c'n borry five dollars ——"

"My business is real 'state—not money lendin'."

With the dexterity of a master of legerdemain Mr. Selkirk Stiggars detached from his cerise scarf a veritable headlight. "This heah di'mon,' Misto' Slappey, is gua'anteed fo'teen carat."

"Humph! Gua'anteed by which?"

"By the jooler which sol' it to me."

"I ain't even know his name."

"An' if'n yo'll lemme have fifty dollars on it fo' jes' 'bout twen'y minnits ——"

"Haw!" ejaculated Florian with ponderous irony. "Reckon you thinks I is a Anniston nigger, sho' 'nuff."

"I'll add this to the s'curity." Selkirk slipped a twin diamond from a finger of the left hand.

If Florian was impressed by the glittering brilliance he gave no sign. He produced a silver-plated cigarette case from his pocket and extracted therefrom a Turkish cigarette, which he tapped reflectively on his finger nail and then lighted with exasperating lack of haste. He inhaled deeply, and blew a puff of the fragrant smoke into the face of Mr. Selkirk Stiggars.

"Not a thing stirrin'," he responded briefly.

"Them di'mon's ——"

"Nev' did like di'mon's."

"You ain't 'sinuatin' ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin', 'ceptin' Flo'ian Slappey ain't never takes no chancets."

Selkirk Stiggars gazed hopelessly about the dingy, dusty room with its battered furniture and its curtains discreetly drawn against the prying eyes of the police. The atmosphere was redolent of vile cigars, the room clouded with the rancid smoke. One of the fortunate poker players seized the moment to rattle a stack of blue chips. The clicking of what had recently been his money was too much for Selkirk.

He had driven into Anniston that afternoon from Atlanta behind the wheel of a handsome limousine, one hundred and sixty-four dollars in his pocketa. Fifty cents had gone for dinner; and the balance had been his admission ticket to a poker game. Selkirk had entered that poker game very confident that he would win a comfortable amount, lord it over the provincial darkies for a while and then seek new pastures. And now eleven o'clock had come and he was as clean of money as a fish of legs, his credit rating unknown, his scintillant collateral gazed upon with frank suspicion. He was a stranger in a strange land.

Without money he was helpless. So, too, was the limousine which he had driven royally into Anniston, for money means gasoline for the tank and oil for the crank case, and the automobile was sadly bereft of both.

The car! The car was worth money. So was Florian. He clutched his unwilling benefactor by the shoulder with a grip that caused Florian to wince, and shoved him toward the door. "If it's jes' s'curity you is after ——"

"Reckon you ain't got no s'curity I is interest' in."

"Huh! Guess I is!"

"Whar 'tis?"

"Outside."

Florian's eyes narrowed. "Outside?"

"My automobile!"

"Huh?"

"Heah's the how of it, Misto' Slappey. I done 'scovered that these heah small-town niggers don' know nothin' 'bout poker. Craps is they game. But poker—the reason they is won fum me is 'cause I was gittin' onto they system. If'n I gits me another stake I'll clean 'em flat. You c'n see that, sho'—it's plain as a nigger in a snowstorm. But I needs that other stake, Brother Slappey, an' I is willin' to take a chancet ——"

"I ain't."

"Nor neither I ain't askin' you to. Seein' as you won't 'cept my di'mon's as s'curity, how 'bout lendin' me five hund'ed on that car?"

Florian hesitated—and was lost. Ever since he had come into possession of twenty-five hundred dollars by a lucky lottery guess he had yearned passionately for an automobile of his very own. But automobiles come high and Florian was fair canny. He wanted the car.

"Reckon you think I is a millionaire."

"Five hund'ed ——"

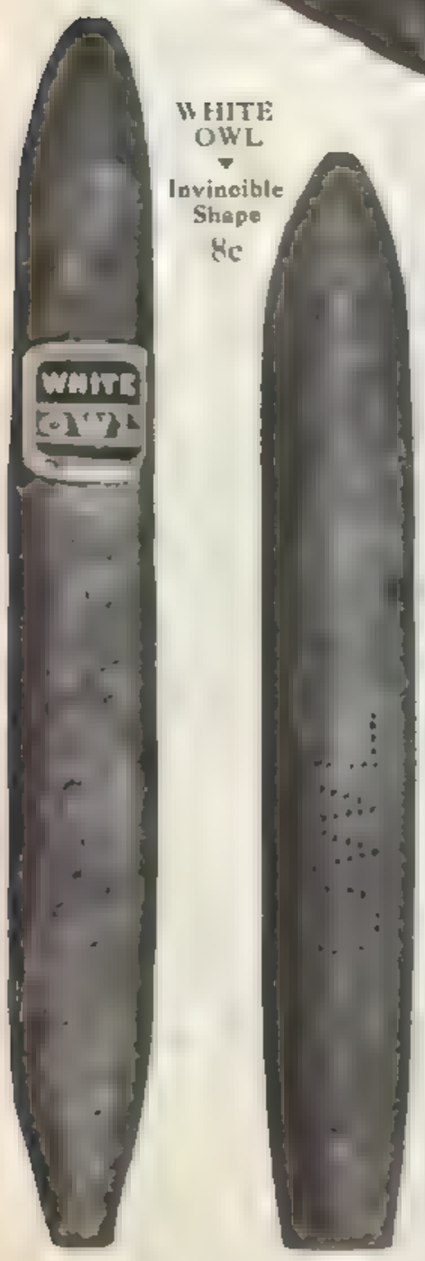
"—— is five hund'ed. An', b'sides, I don't carry that much with me—usually."

"How much is you got?"

"Dunno; but I'm sho' 'tain't more'n two hund'ed."

(Continued on Page 28)

Said — Mild Louisiana to Busy Massachusetts



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"GOOD MORNING, Sir! I'm very glad to meet you face to face. You've shod my people, sir, with your fine shoes. You've dressed my women folks with your fine fabrics. I'm much beholden to you for all your kindly gifts. Have an OWL Cigar, sir!"

"Though many miles apart," Massachusetts made reply, "I've known you well. Why, as a boy your molasses made the cookies that I ate; it covers all my griddle cakes today. I thank you for much of the cotton that keeps my mills so busy. I pledge my friendship in this OWL Cigar."

* * *

OWL and WHITE OWL are friends to all the states—*and all the states are friends to them.* Smokers are always looking for dependable cigars—that's why. Big resources and ripe experience put a dependability of fragrance into OWL and WHITE OWL that will surprise you. Try and see!

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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

OWL 7c white OWL 8c

(Continued from Page 24)

The minds of the two men leaped to opposite conclusions from the one premise. Selkirk Stiggars was a poker egomaniac and was gripped by an overpowering hunch. He knew that with a stake of two hundred dollars he could win back all that he had lost—and a good deal more. He wasn't selling the car—it would merely become a bailment in the hands of Florian Slappey, a pawn for a few hours.

Florian figured contrariwise. A keen analyst of his fellow beings, he recognized in the egocentric Mr. Stiggars a fully developed individual of the genus sucker. And he knew that if he could secure the limousine—which he had previously examined very carefully and appraised as worth not a cent less than fifteen hundred dollars—for two hundred it would become his property at that price.

"Two hund'ed ain't nothin'," sneered Stiggars.

"You 'spec' to git it back, don't you?"

"Sho'."

"You ain't sellin' it to me. What's it matter how much you gits on it if'n you gwine redeem it right back? I take the car an' give you two hund'ed. You c'n git that they car back furn me any time befo' seven 'clock to-morrow mawnin' by payin' me two hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars—cash money."

They haggled. They argued. They finally reached a decision—Florian's decision. He had been wise enough to discern that all the aces were in his hand, and he played them. He gave Mr. Selkirk Stiggars two hundred dollars and directed the attention of the assemblage to the terms of the transaction. The two hundred dollars represented a loan for which the limousine stood unprotestingly as security. The time limit for redeeming the pledge was seven o'clock the following morning. Failure to redeem within the time limit acted as an automatic conveyance in fee simple to Florian Slappey. But before turning back to the poker table the disgruntled Stiggars, acutely aware of the fact that he was a victim of business acumen and adverse circumstance, transfixed Florian with a stare which caused that gentleman to tremble beneath his silk shirt.

"'Member this in yo' haid, Misto' Slappey: Ise a man of my word and you is got to be a man of yourn. If'n you sh'd be so umfortinate as to try any fumadiddles with me jes' don' forgit that I warned you I was plumb bad—bad all the way th'ough."

The ensuing hours proved that he had spoken part truth at least. He was certainly a bad poker player—bad all the way through. At three minutes after seven o'clock in the morning the game disbanded after a heartbreaking hand which started at six-fifty-six, in which Selkirk Stiggars held an ace-high flush against a pat full house—kings up. Better men than Stiggars have been fooled into believing a pat full meant a low flush or a straight. But none have been fooled more thoroughly from a financial point of view.

Florian yawned. He oozed through the door and into the street. He approached the limousine—his limousine. He stepped within and tentatively poked the luxurious upholstery. It was the crowning touch of affluence. He pressed the starter button and the rhythmic hum of the motor wafted back to his ears in pleasing symphony.

On the sidewalk stood Selkirk Stiggars, completely surrounded by the gentlemen who had relieved him of his money. Selkirk's cerise necktie was awry, his hat was crushed and shoved back upon his bullet head, there was blood in his eye. The strong breeze of early morning whipped back his coat and Florian caught a disquieting bulge in his right hip pocket. Florian had a constitutional aversion to hip pockets that bulge; nor did he relish the glare that Selkirk Stiggars furnished gratis. Florian decided to place a maximum of distance between himself and Mr. Stiggars in a minimum of time.

He waved an insouciant farewell and wisely restrained a gay little pleasantry having to do with Mr. Stiggars' poker-playing abilities. He let in the gears and the car rolled ahead. Something prompted Florian to keep his eyes straight to the front. He mounted a gentle acclivity at high speed, and not until he hit the descent on the other side of the ridge was he able to shake himself free from the menace of the Stiggars stare.

At a filling station on the outskirts of Anniston he replenished his gas tank and filled his crank case. Then he headed for the open country and let the car out, reclining luxuriously against the cushions and reveling in an intoxicating feeling of proprietorship.

He made the journey from Anniston to Birmingham in record time. He parked his car at Darktown's civic center—Eighteenth Street, north, between Third and Fourth Avenues. He stretched his legs, cut off the ignition and stepped to the sidewalk, where he bumped into Pliny Driver—melancholy and trusted employee of the City Ice Company.

Pliny quite naturally inquired about the car, and Florian answered nonchalantly: "Bought it."

"Whar at?"

"Anniston. Off'n a feller name of Stiggars."

"How much?"

Florian did not mean to tell an untruth. But sometimes naked truth is entirely too naked. And a few hundred dollars more or less—anyway, the words slipped out before he was conscious of them: "Eight hund'ed dollars."

Pliny's whooshy whistle of undisguised admiration amply repaid Florian for the slight exaggeration. "You sho' is became one of these heah bloated Democrats, Flo'ian."

"Well"—airily—"I ain't nev' yet met myse'f when I was broke."

Pliny reported Florian's financial flyer to Lawyer Evans Chew, and Lawyer Evans Chew told it to Dr. Vivian Simmons, who maintained a suite of offices on the same floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Doctor Simmons told Clarence Carter, and Clarence passed the story on to Mr. and Mrs. Elias Cumbee. By six o'clock that evening all the members in colored social circles were in possession of the facts, some of which facts were actually accurate. With a single exception the hearers expressed a unanimity of admiration.

The exception was Sally Crouch, the voluminous proprietress of the Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. She shrugged her ample shoulders with skeptical disdain: "Sho', that nigger ain't nev' seed no eight hund'ed dollars!"

"You is disremember, Sally, that 'tain't so long 'go he won twen'y-five hund'ed dollars in the Pool an' Ginuwine lott'ry."

Sally had not forgotten the episode. She had cause to recall every humiliating detail. Those were the days when Florian had been penniless and had courted Sally Crouch for her money. Luck had broken his way at the eleven hour, and he had turned up missing at his wedding. Sa was the forsaken bride, and forsaken brides neither forg nor forgive easily.

Said she: "I ain't nev' seed no money roun' that th Flo'ian Slappey! Maybe so it's all right, but it sho' sou fishy to me. Seems like somebody had ought to fin' o the pertickerlers."

The story of Sally's plain-spoken doubt was also pass from lip to lip—with embellishments.

For eight months previous to becoming the proud own of an automobile Florian had held undisputed sway masculine mentor of the younger social set. His acquis tion of the limousine bade fair to make the tenure hered tary. He was gloriously generous in his magnificence, ar many a dusky damsel learned that he could drive with o hand over the roads between Birmingham and its myria suburbs: Bessemer, Ensley, Woodlawn, Pratt City, Ea Lake, Fairfield. Each and every one of them sought t ensnare him with her feminine charms, but Florian was frank as he was wary.

"Me—Ise off of women absotively an' ontirely!"

Occasionally Florian condescended to collect a few do lars by wildcat taxicab work, thereby courting durane vile because of the lack of a commercial license. But eve with that the car was an expense that Florian could i afford. Florian's nature fortunately was such that worry o the morrow did not often disturb the tranquillity of to-day

Not since the winning of the now famous Florian Slappey gig in the Genuine lottery—paying him twenty five hundred dollars for the one he had timidly invested—had Florian been so excruciatingly happy. His bliss wa intensive. He received adulation and envy in great luscious gobs.

But it was too good to last—and it didn't. The explo sion occurred one Saturday evening while Florian wa curled up in the driver's seat of his car, immersed in th column of negro news which appears once a week in th Birmingham Ledger. On the opposite page was a double-column headline, and beneath the headline a story o considerable personal interest to Florian:

GEORGIA CHAUFFEUR IS ROBBED OF HIS CAR
BY BANDIT NEAR ANNISTON

Masked Highwayman Supposed to Have Brought Car to Birmingham

Police on Lookout

Instinct prompted Florian to a perusal of the story. He waded through the elegant display of adjectival reportorial imagination:

Held up shortly before reaching Anniston en route to Birmingham while driving a limousine belonging to Robert J. Barbour, of Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Beauregard Tuggle, chauffeur, was robbed of his car and severely beaten in a terrific battle.

Tuggle was driving the car from Atlanta to meet his employer, Mr. Barbour, who arrived in Birmingham recently from Memphis and registered at the Molton Hotel. According to Tuggle's straightforward and graphic story he was held up by a masked bandit shortly before arriving in Anniston, and was relieved of his car and nearly two hundred dollars in cash. After the desperate battle he was left bound and gagged by the roadside.

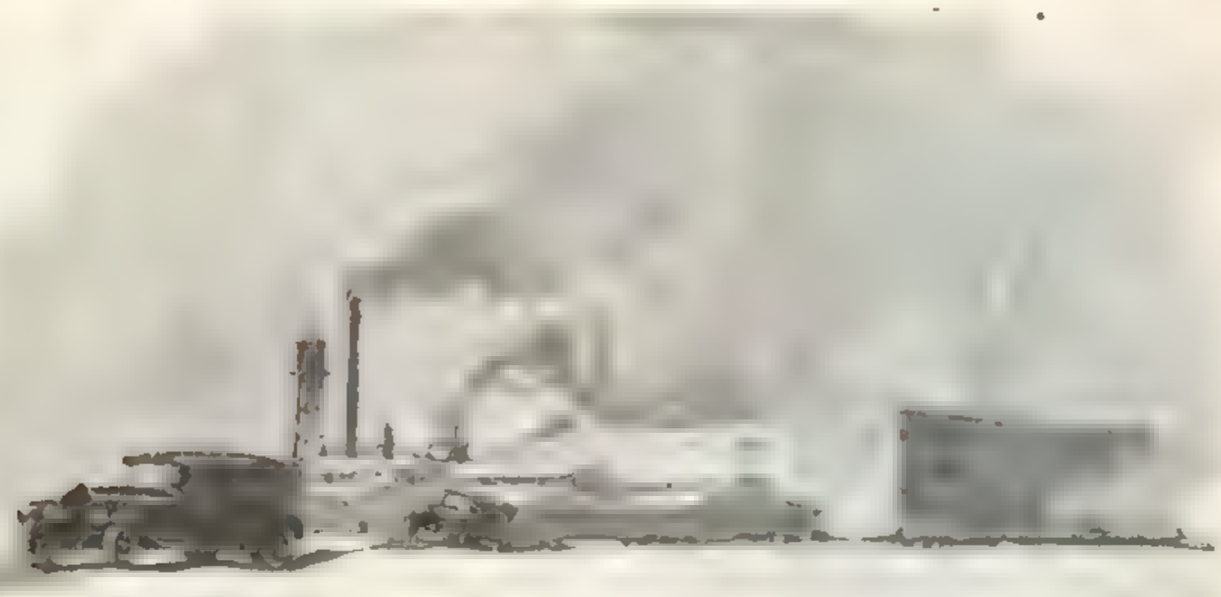
The car has a Georgia license, No. 1981763. A reward of five hundred dollars has been offered by Mr. Barbour for the return of the car and the capture of the bandit. Both car and bandit are thought to be in or near Birmingham.

The fight with the bandit was a thrilling one, according to Tuggle's story. He was attacked——

Florian's brow wrinkled in perplexity. He had a haunting idea that all was not as it should be. He became suspicious of the fact that he had been trimmed, that

(Continued on Page 28)

"I Ain't Him, Misto' P'lice! They's Yo' Man Yonder!"



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IT would be hard to convince most Hupmobile owners that four cylinders, in some other car, could equal their Hupmobile performance.

This loyal confidence is so strong that many of our owners are now driving their third and fourth Hupmobile.

Their feeling of complete satisfaction has reached its climax in *The Comfort Car*—the embodiment of eleven years of four-cylinder experience.

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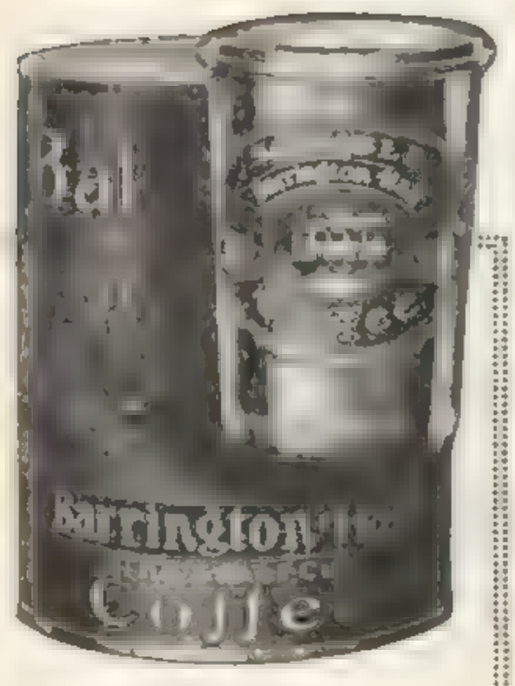

THE COFFEE PERSHING'S BOYS USED

Send Today For A Trial Jar!

THE new Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee is now back from the front line trenches. Until your grocer can supply you, send us his name and 45c and we will mail you a standard glass.

Soluble Barrington Hall is Bakerized Barrington Hall Coffee in a new and more concentrated form. The standard size glass jar contains the extract of one pound of this famous coffee.

Soluble Barrington Hall is percolated at the factory and reduced to a concentrated powder. All you have to do is to add hot water and serve. It dissolves instantly.

Goodbye, Old Coffee Pot!

When you use Soluble Barrington Hall you need not bother with a coffee pot or percolator. It is coffee in the most economical form. There is no waste. There are no messy coffee grounds to throw away, and there is not that woody taste which is unavoidable in coffee as ordinarily prepared.

After years of experiment we had just perfected this new way of making coffee when America entered the war and we gladly gave our entire output to the Government for the front line trenches.

Send Today For A Trial Jar!

While we are now endeavoring to supply the grocery trade as fast as possible, you can have this new Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee right away if you will fill out the coupon below and send it at once with 45c (the standard retail price) in stamps or coin.

Baker Importing Company

246 North Second Street, Minneapolis — 116 Hudson Street, New York

CUT HERE

Enclosed find 45c for which please send a full-sized jar of Soluble Barrington Hall Coffee (the crystallized extract of a pound of Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee) to:

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 26)

he was a come-on, a receiver of stolen goods that were dangerous to possess. He knew, and yet he verified his knowledge. He alighted and walked to the rear of the car. The figures 1981763 blazed up at him mockingly from the license tag.

He climbed into the car and sank limply into his seat. He understood for the first time why the suave Mr. Selkirk Stiggars had been willing to pledge a fifteen-hundred-dollar car for a paltry two hundred dollars. He recalled the hard look of Mr. Stiggars' eyes, the belligerent swing to the Stiggars shoulders. Florian had met more than one bad nigger in his time, and he now realized that Mr. Stiggars was all of that—and more.

He figured it all out. One Beauregard Tuggle had been relieved of Mr. Barbour's car near Anniston. The highwayman, under the deceiving name of Selkirk Stiggars, had wormed into a poker game with the money he had taken from the heroic chauffeur, and after losing that had let his car go for two hundred. That the two hundred had followed the trail blazed by the first hundred and sixty-three, fifty did not particularly interest Florian.

He writhed as he envisioned the Stiggars chortle of glee in the knowledge that Florian had taken unto himself a property likely to land him in jail. He remembered the credence that had been given Sally Crouch's skeptical story. There were folks—colored folks—who would rejoice to see him hoist by his own petard.

He shrugged. He was stung for two hundred dollars. Of course there was a reward extant—a reward of five hundred. Florian wanted that reward. Five hundred dollars would leave a balance on the credit side of the ledger. The trouble was that though he would have little difficulty in returning the car he fancied that there would be considerable opposition on the part of Mr. Stiggars should he happen to meet him and suggest that Mr. Stiggars submit to arrest.

A negro boy strolled northward on Eighteenth Street, whistling. He paused near Florian's car, and Florian fancied that his eyes were focused on the license number. The boy resumed his walk. The whistling had ceased. Florian experienced a cold chill like the first touch of an annual malarial attack.

He saw a policeman on the corner, the blue coat—as usual—unbuttoned. He realized that the policeman at whom he gazed, in common with every other member of the city force, was on the lookout for a Georgia license, Number 1981763. Fear of the police was a novel experience, a sensation far from pleasant.

Florian Slappey was worried. He banished all thought of the five hundred dollars' reward and bethought himself of ways and means of getting rid of the car. Obviously the first step was ——

He was an ingenious man and a man of action. He started up his motor, let in his gears and sped down the alley bisecting the block between Third and Fourth Avenues. He emerged on Seventeenth Street, turned south and brought his car to a halt near the curb.

Dusk had merged into night. The arc lamp on the corner sputtered disconsolately. No human was in sight. A South Ensley car shot by the corner, out bound; then all was quiet again. Florian worked swiftly. He raised the seat cushion, found a pair of pliers, and within one minute and ten seconds the damning Georgia license had splashed into the sewer. Then without regard to speed limit Florian swung into Third Avenue, and so back to the parking space from which he had started a few minutes earlier.

He was temporarily relieved, but far from satisfied. The situation was one requiring expert advice. It presented infinite possibilities—both for benefit and for harm. Florian did not tarry. He made haste to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew, and ten minutes later the dignified bespectacled colored attorney was in possession of the facts.

His first query was disconcerting: "How much you paid for that car, Brother Slappey?"

"Two hund'ed dollars."

"You done said eight hund'ed befo'."

Florian made an impatient gesture. "Co'se I did! What you spec' me to say? Might's well make 'em believe a plen'y. But I ain't come up heah to make talk 'bout whether I exaggerated on the price. I wants yo' legal 'pinion."

Lawyer Chew stared ominously at his vis-à-vis. "Brother Slappey—you is shuah in bad."

"Humph! Guess I don't need no lawyer to tell me that."

"They is grave danger that you have hopelessly 'criminated yo'se'f, both by telling an untruth regardin' the original purchase price, an' also likewise by th'owing away the Geo'gia license tag. Destruction of 'criminating evidence, Brother Slappey, has been held by all the co'ts of the land to be constructive evidence of guilty knowledge."

"I is got the guilty knowledge all right, Lawyer Chew. So's all the p'lice in Bummin'ham. Question is: What is I to do?"

Lawyer Chew rose and approached his dusty bookshelves. He solemnly and absorbedly consulted a musty legal tome which, Florian was fortunately unaware, bore the title Pomeroy's Equity Jurisprudence. Finally Chew delivered his decision:

"You is got to get rid of that automobile!"

"P'haw! Is you had to do all that studyin' to tell me that?"

"I never risk giving advice," retorted the lawyer with dignity, "until I have reënforced myse'f with a p'rusal of the latest dicta an' decision."

Florian scratched his head. Lawyer Chew was too vague and impersonal for him. "All right," he said at length; "Ise got to git rid of the car. Now s'pose you read some mo' out of that they book an' tell me how I is to do it."

"You stands in the light of a receiver of stolen propitty," intoned Chew, "an' as such you ain't got any right to keep it."

"Golly! We is been agree' on that fo' a half hour."

"The title of the man from which you bought the car was a bad title in the eyes of the law, an' the fac' that you is an innocent thu'd pa'ty don' do you no good where the true owner is conc'ned at." Lawyer Chew believed in handing out a surfeit of indigestible legal axioms in return for a fee.

"'Bout that rewa'd though?"

"Ah! The rewa'd! O'd'na'ily I'd say you should see Mr. Barbour, of Atlanta—the on'y hitch thereto bein' that he's li'ble to think you is in cahoots with the highwayman."

"The feller what hel' up his shoffer?"

"Yes. Course we mought go up to the Molton an' take a chancet ——"

"Of gittin' 'rested?"

"They's a chance, of course. But on the other hand they is the poss'bility that you will git back yo' two hund'ed an' maybe th'ee hund'ed dollars mo'. An' as we are 'greed that the car must be returned ——"

Florian rose resignedly. "You go with me?"

"As yo' lawyer."

"Reckon I need you?"

"Reckon you do, Flo'ian. You is li'ble to tell too much truth!"

Within a half hour the two nervous negroes were at the Molton Hotel and the clerk had notified Mr. Barbour that two colored men wished an interview with him regarding the missing automobile. They were sent up to his room and found themselves a bit reassured as they gazed into the quizzical gray eyes of an overlarge man whom they instinctively recognized as a Southerner born and bred.

"Thank Gawd," muttered the attorney to himself, "that he ain't no Yankee!"

"What do you boys know about my car?" queried Barbour.

"A heap, Mr. Barbour," came Chew's ready answer. "This'yer is Flo'ian Slappey; a chu'chman an' one of the mos' respective citizens of our colored c'mmunity."

"I shuah is," echoed Florian.

Barbour smiled genially. "And you?"

"Evans Chew, suh; an attorney licensed to practice befo' all the co'ts of the sove'eign state of Alabama. Flo'ian has became my client in this matter under c'nsideration."

"I see. And your friend Florian is the man who knows all about my automobile?"

"Perzac'ly. In brief, Misto' Barbour, Flo'ian has yo' limmysine."

"Where is it?"

"Downstairs on the Fif' Avenue side. I wants you to un'erstan', Mr. Barbour, that Flo'ian is an hones' man an' when he read

(Continued on Page 30)

"I Wants You to Un'erstan', Mr. Barbour, That Flo'ian Is an Hones' Man an' He Was All fo' Now' Sayin' Nothin' 'bout Bein' Paid fo' His Honesty"

FIFTH AVENUE [illegible] great thoroughfares of the world. Two [illegible] nd motor cars, valued at $40,000,000, pass Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street every [illegible] ay. Horse-drawn vehicles are as rare a [illegible] as was the automobile a few years ago.

A Great Step Forward

THE CONSTANT VIGILANCE necessary for safe driving on a crowded thorofare—sudden stops and quick getaways—makes the driver appreciate the value of a real non-skid tread, a tread that will grip the road.

SINCE NON-SKID TIRES are purchased for protection, the wisest investment calls for one which is dependably safe when wet pavements offer real danger.

THE FISK NON-SKID CORD is one of the few tires with a scientifically designed tread. Its deep, wide-faced and properly distributed buttons of resilient and enduring rubber insure traction and forti[illegible] against side-slipping —it is fundamentally safe to meet all traffic hazards.

FISK CORD TIRES will give prolonged service without loss of their safety feature. Buy them for safety, comfort, economy, for long mileage and good appearance.

FISK CORD TIRES

Pipe Smokers Are So Human!

Tit-Bits tells this story about two old Scotsmen sitting by the roadside, talking and puffing away happily at their pipes:

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' somebody else's, ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' trouble it is to get."

Pipe smokers generally are so human!

With pipes in their mouths, smoking out the small worries of the day and blowing them to a great distance; with their nerves at ease and other good fellows companionably near, filling the air with fragrance and color, men drop all pretensions, men can refer to their own weaknesses and foibles with as many chuckles for themselves as for the rest of the fellows.

Your very human pipe-smoker needs but his trusty pipe and a few loads of the right tobacco, the one absolutely suited to his taste and pocketbook.

Perhaps you already smoke a tobacco that pleases your individual taste completely. If not, we would be glad to have you try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is neither a costly nor a cheap tobacco. It seems to suit both those who have to consider price first and those in high positions who buy what they want no matter what the cost.

It may not be the tobacco you are looking for, though it appears to fit right into the wants of so many smokers.

We desire to raise your expectations, not too high, but only high enough to have you send for a sample, fill your pipe, light up, and decide just what *you* think of Edgeworth Tobacco.

If you are willing to pass judgment upon it, we'll furnish the tobacco. Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, also those of the dealer usually supplying your smoking wants, and we'll mail you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by exceedingly sharp knives into thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely and burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom of the bowl, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes ranging from [illegible] Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in packages ranging from [illegible] Edgeworth Plug Slice 15c, 30c, 60c and $1.00.

For the free samples upon which we seek your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

(Continued from Page 28)

in the Ledger 'bout the five hund'ed dollars rewa'd he was all fo' retu'nin' it to you an' nev' sayin' nothin' 'bout bein' paid fo' his honesty. But I says to him, I says: 'Brother Slappey—I got a hunch Mr. Barbour is a lib'al man, an' he'd sho' pay you the five hund'ed dollars rewa'd if'n he knew you had been stung.'"

"Stung?"

"Yassuh. You see, suh, 'tis thisaway: Flo'ian was umfortunate enough to buy yo' car fum the highwayman what stold it fum yo' shoffer!"

"A-a-ah! Suppose you sit down and tell me all about it!"

Lawyer Chew started the story. Florian interrupted. Chew resumed. Florian interrupted again—fearful that some vital detail tending toward the eventual return of his two hundred dollars might be omitted. And finally the harassed attorney with his ponderous phraseology threw up his hands: "If'n you think you can tell it better'n me, Flo'ian—go ahead!"

Florian may not have told it better—but he certainly told more of it. His recital became an impassioned plea for the reimbursement of his two hundred dollars. He supplied details which the lawyer had never heard. He even insisted that he had known all along that something was wrong and that out of the natural honesty of his nature he had risked his two hundred dollars in the altruistic attempt to return the car to its rightful owner.

Robert J. Barbour, of Peachtree Street, Atlanta, listened with quiet, unsmiling amusement. He had lived his life in contact with the city negroes of the South and he knew them and their eccentricities. Therefore he knew exactly what portions of Florian's story to accept and what to reject. When the tale was finished he delivered his verdict.

"I believe you paid the two hundred dollars for the car, Florian—and I'll make it up to you if I find the car in good condition. As for the other three hundred, you can have that when you find the highwayman and deliver him over to me.

"Under the terms of my offer I am not bound to pay you a cent—but I'm not anxious to see you lose two hundred dollars through me."

Florian exhaled a sigh of infinite relief. He escorted Mr. Barbour to the Fifth Avenue side of the hotel and a half-hour spin over the Norwood Boulevard convinced Mr. Barbour that the car was in exceptionally good trim. Whereupon the two hundred dollars which Florian had originally paid out was returned to him in full, with the doubtful promise of the additional three hundred in the event of the capture of the bandit.

The two negroes walked down Twentieth Street together.

"My fee," suggested Lawyer Chew delicately, "is ten dollars."

"What! Ten dolla's!"

"You heard me, Florian."

"Fo' a half hour's wuk?"

"Perfessional services."

"Huh! Graft!"

"I have earned it, and I must insist ——"

Florian sadly delivered over two five-dollar bills. "W'en a lawyer says he's got to insist on havin' money, Brother Chew—I got more sense'n to think I c'n git out of payin' it."

"Thank you." Chew pocketed the bills. "And at any future time you require my services; if you meet Selkirk Stiggars, for example ——"

"I'll need you then to 'fend me fum a cha'ge of manslaughter!" snapped Florian venomously.

Florian's psychic condition regarding a meeting with Mr. Selkirk Stiggars, bandit, was an admixture of boundless hope and abiding fear.

Should he meet Mr. Stiggars and be able to hold him until the iron fingers of the law could grasp the Stiggars windpipe he would be richer by three hundred dollars, and a big winner on the deal—even counting the cost of upkeep.

Three hundred dollars was three hundred dollars; but—reflected the perturbed Florian—Mr. Stiggars was Mr. Stiggars. He fancied that Mr. Stiggars might register somewhat too strenuous objections should he undertake to hand him over to the police. To Florian's knowledge road agents had a congenital antipathy to jails. Besides, Florian was far from sure that he was physically able to detain Mr. Stiggars, even should he care to make the attempt. He envisioned the colossal bulk of Mr. Stiggars and the baleful glare of the bloodshot Stiggars eyes. Florian thought Stiggars; and then he thought three hundred dollars. He couldn't decide. He had a hunch that he was destined to meet Mr. Stiggars before the passing of very many days.

He did. It happened Monday night, while Florian was en route—afoot—to escort Miss Gussie Muck to the movies. A heavy hand fell positively upon Florian's shoulder and a shadow bulked ominously behind him.

"Misto' Slappey!"

Florian knew the voice. He had heard it rumble from behind a dwindling stack of chips: "Raise you five dolla's." He was face to face with the practical necessity for the decision at which he had been unable to arrive in theory. The situation was, to say the least, annoying.

"Misto' Slappey!"

Florian accelerated. "Ise busy ——"

"Sa-a-ay! Lis'en heah!"

He listened. Something in the other's tone informed him that listening was strictly in order. He turned. His face broke into a warm, friendly, welcoming smile and his right hand came out in effusive greeting. "I'm dawg'd if'n 'tain't Misto' Stiggars!"

"That's which," came the unsmiling retort.

"How you is, Brother Stiggars?"

"Tol'able. I wants to make talk with you."

"To-morrowmawnin'at nine'clock ——"

"T'night. Now!"

"You got to excuse me, Brother Stiggars, 'cause I is got a pressin' 'gagement with a lady."

"You is got a 'gagement with me—immedjit!"

"But, Brother Stiggars ——"

"An' if'n you don' keep it chancet is you won't nev' have no mo' 'gagements a-tall."

"You don' understan' ——"

"Reckon I does. You c'mon!"

Florian parleyed. He looked Mr. Stiggars over and found his demeanor anything but reassuring. He thought of the chauffeur who had been beaten and bound and gagged.

Florian had no desire to accompany Mr. Stiggars into a dark alley. He had a premonition that it might not be beneficial to his health.

"Reckon we c'n make discussion right heah, Misto' Stiggars."

The big negro shrugged. The bad light was in his eyes. The bulge was evident in the right hip pocket. His opening shaft was a bit paralyzing: "You done me out of my car over to Anniston week befo' las', Misto' Slappey."

"'Twas business ——"

"I ain't gwine make no talk with you 'bout the how-comes. What I is after is—I wants my car back!"

"Oh!" Florian subsided suddenly. The bandit wanted the car, and the car was gone. Florian's last chance to placate his unwelcome companion had gone. "Y-y-you do?"

"I shuah does! An' I got money—ril money. I wanna buy it."

Florian waxed suspicious. "Whar you git that money at?"

"Over to the Pool an' Ginuwine lott'ry. I bet th'ee dollars on the Washerwoman's gig, an' out she come. I got six hund'ed dollars—cash money."

(Concluded on Page 33)

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Now Are Available for Home Distribution

TURNING from war's activities to pursuits of peace we find ourselves, for the first time in our twelve years' history as builders of motor trucks exclusively, with an output nearly equal to the demand for Kellys.

Orders received during the past five years, from the United States and Allied Governments, for STANDARD KELLY TRUCKS, have necessitated this increased output. We have added many buildings and much equipment to the plant and greatly increased our manufacturing facilities until we have attained a maximum production 600% greater than before the war.

Now that this increased production is available for home distribution we expect to be able to keep step with the continually increasing demand for Kellys. Our loyal dealer organization, which has been operating under a handicap for the past five years, is planning for increased distribution of Kellys throughout the territory. New dealers will be added in territory where we are not now represented.

We shall continue to concentrate upon the problems of construction—to make the capabilities of Kelly trucks always surpass the exacting demands made upon them and continue to be

"THE BIG BROTHER TO THE RAILROADS"

Models 1½ Tons to 6 Tons

The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO.-SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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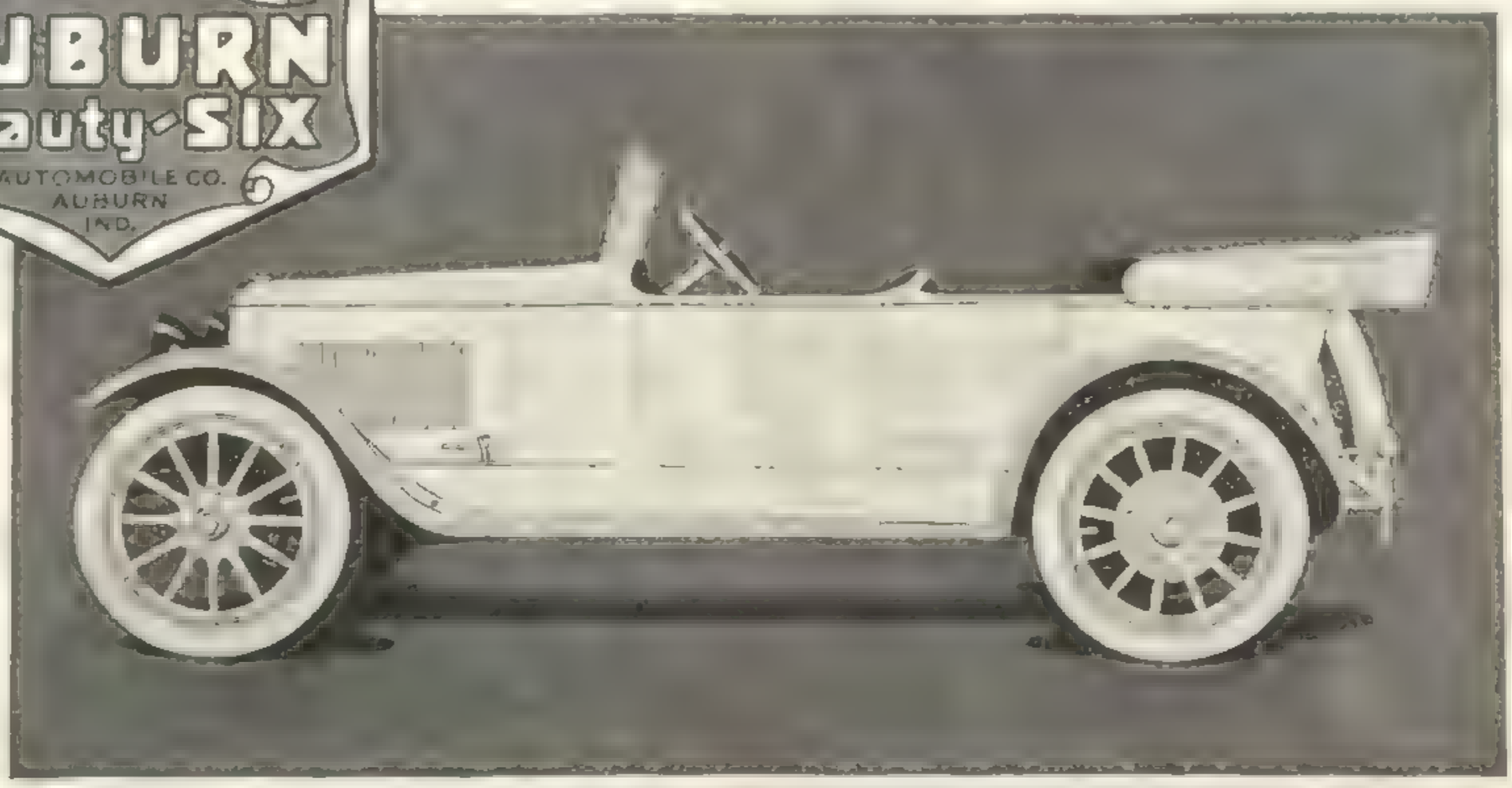
Beauty-SIX Model 6-39 H Five-Passenger Touring—also in Model 6-39 K Four-Passenger Smart Tourster—$1595



A Joy Forever in the AUBURN Beauty-SIX

Incomparably beautiful, the *Auburn Beauty-SIX* is the crowning achievement of nineteen years' successful automobile engineering. The *Beauty-SIX* is veritably a novelty at its best—bold, radical and sweeping, yet not freakish in design. It is mechanically correct.

Daring in the *Beauty-SIX* is mellowed by sanity and experience. It is idealistic, yet chastened by sound decisions of one of the industry's leading pioneers.

In design, note how the straight line of the bonnet merges with and is continued by the bevel-edge of the body rail.

Pride of possession is enhanced by great power in engine performance of very notable smoothness and flexibility. The *Beauty-SIX* hugs the road at greatest speed.

Full comparison by extraordinary first and lasting impression is challenged with any car, regardless of price.

The *Auburn Beauty-SIX* rides at forty or fifty miles or more per hour over the "flowing road" with a comfort and security that enthuses.

Offered with smartest color combinations in blue-black, purple-lake and Auburn grey, in two models, 6-39 H Five-Passenger Touring or 6-39 K Four-Passenger Smart Tourster at $1595—proving, we believe, of greater intrinsic value than any car within three to four hundred dollars higher priced.

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Dealers of Standing are invited to write or wire for unusual opportunity and proposition in certain territory

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Nineteen Years

(Concluded from Page 30)

"Fo'—'leven—fo'ty-fo'!" breathed Florian. Stiggars' statement rang true. Florian had that day heard of a stranger who had cleaned up six hundred dollars on the Washerwoman's gig.

"Well?" he questioned.

"I on'y owes you two hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars, Misto' Slappey—but I is a hones' man an' I is ready to pay you two hund'ed an' fifty. I wants that car an' I wants it now; an' I'm adwisin' you not to make no talk about you done sol' that car, because if you have, Misto' Slappey, they's li'ble to be action roun' heah an' you an' me will know all 'bout it."

"But s'pose ——"

"I ain't keen on s'posin'. W'en Selkirk Stiggars wants sumpin' he mos' usually gits it. On'erstan'?"

Florian nodded. "I sho' does, Brother Stiggars. B'lieve me—I sho' does!"

"Whar that car is at?"

The proposition was put squarely up to Florian. The decision had been forced upon him. He faced the disquieting necessity of trapping Mr. Selkirk Stiggars if he wished to save his own skin.

"Les' talk it over," he temporized.

"'Tain't nothin' to talk over. Whar that car is at?"

"To the garage. I was thinkin' yo'd come to my room an' take a sociable drink ——"

Mr. Stiggars' eyes glistened. "A sho'-'nuff drink?"

"Yeh. No white lightnin' neither."

They repaired to Florian's room, and the bottle was produced. Further invitation was unnecessary. Whisky and Selkirk Stiggars had quite evidently met before.

"'Tain't that I ain't willin' to give you back that they car, Brother Stiggars ——"

"Better not be! 'Tain't nowise healthy fo' no nigger to go contrariwise fum Selkirk Stiggars."

"I is gwine telyphone the garage."

"We c'n walk there."

"Woul'n't think of troublin' you, Stiggars. Not a-tall. 'Twoul'n't be p'lite. The car'll be heah in a few minutes."

Florian made his escape, leaving Selkirk with the fast-emptying bottle. He sped to the telephone in Broughton's drug store and called Lawyer Evans Chew

"Lawyer Chew?"

"Yes."

"This Flo'ian Slappey."

"Yeah."

"I needs yo' 'sistance, Lawyer Chew."

"How come?"

"I is captured that bandit nigger!"

"What!"

"Sho' 'nuff," expanded Florian. "He sho' put up a pow'ful hahd fight, but I landed him fin'ly. He's up to my room—locked in. What I wants you to do is hike to the Molton Hotel an' git Mr. Barbour. Also two or th'ee p'lice. Or fo'. We'n you gits to my room don't knock—jes' walk in."

"Yeh."

"An' so's they won't be no misun'erstandin', Lawyer Chew—yo' fee fo' this ain't gwine be more'n five dolla's. That satisfact'ry?"

"Reckon so."

"Tell 'em this, Lawyer Chew—this heah Stiggars is got six hund'ed dollars cash on his pusson. He won it to the lott'ry. An' say—Lawyer Chew—take a frien's advice an' w'en you-all come in my room see that you is las' in line yo'se'f."

Florian was in an emotional ferment when he returned to the bibulous bandit. "Car's on the way now, Misto' Stiggars," he assured him.

"Le's go down an' meet it."

"Better stay heah, Brother Stiggars. Boy'll come up an' let us know."

"We c'n go down ——"

"No," negatived Florian firmly; "don't look dignified."

Selkirk Stiggars wanted to get his hands on the automobile. But he didn't want to get his hands off the bottle. The latter won. He held on—and talked on, volubly extolling his physical prowess in dealing with various gentlemen of color who had in the past made the mistake of double-crossing him and who now slept peacefully beneath the sod of various Southern States. There was something sinister in his selection of a topic. And then there came the sound of footfalls on the stairway—and then more—and more.

"H-h-heah he c-c-c-c-comes, Brother Stiggars."

"Huh!" Stiggars rose threateningly. "That ain't no garage boy, Misto' Slappey. Tha's a regyment."

The thumping ceased just beyond the door—paused menacingly. The fetid air of the room was surcharged with danger. Florian tensed the muscles of his skinny legs for a leap beyond the zone of fire. Knowing bad men in general he had small doubt that Mr. Selkirk Stiggars would shoot—and shoot fast. The bulge in the right hip pocket appeared to expand. He hoped vaguely that Lawyer Chew was well out of range.

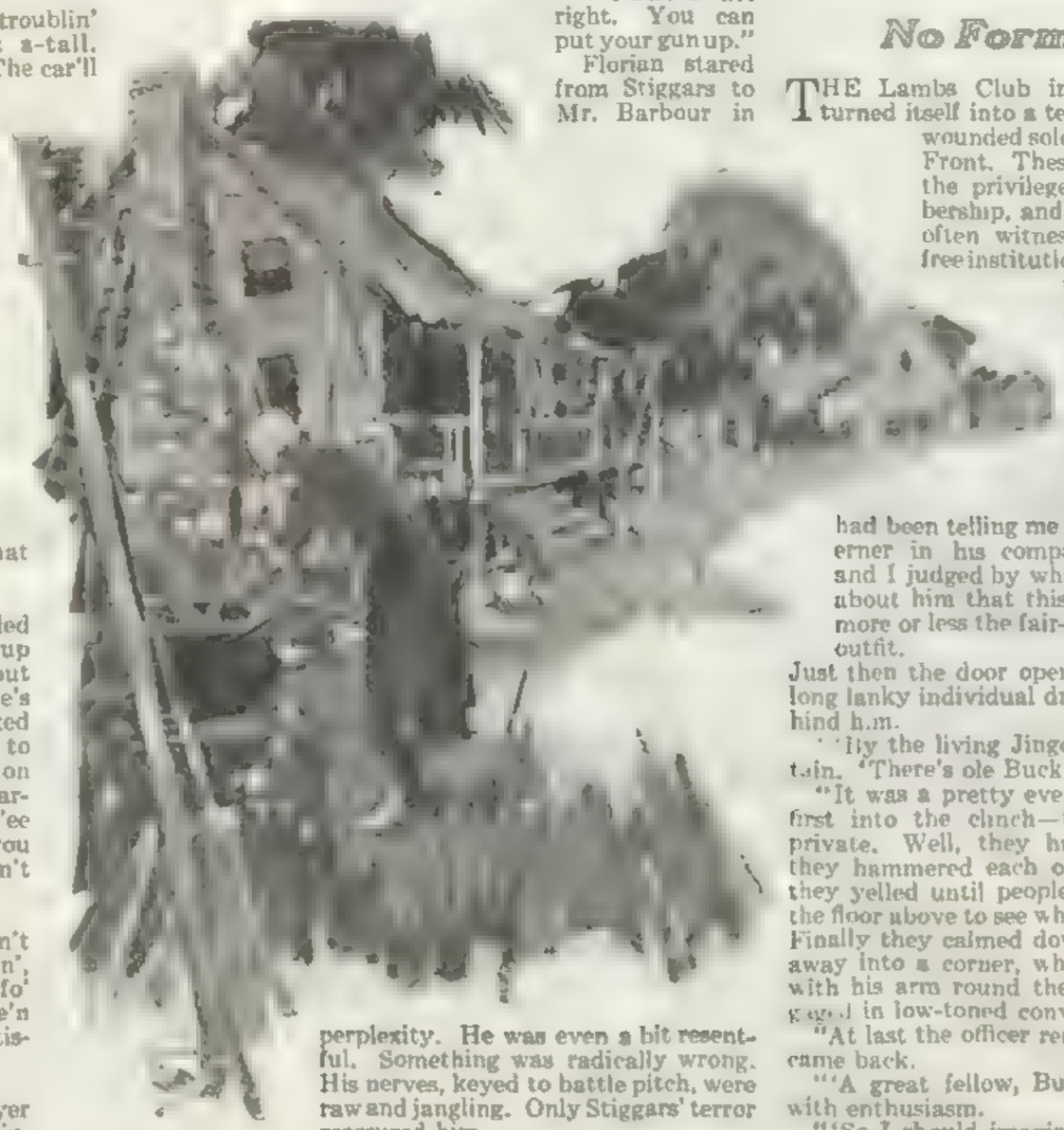
The door swung back and a policeman stepped into the room. He trained the muzzle of his revolver straight—at Florian Slappey. That individual, teeth chattering, shrilled in terror: "I ain't him, Misto' B'lice! They's yo' man yonder!"

But the bandit did not shoot. He did not even try to make his escape. He stared in very unbanditlike fashion over the shoulder of the policeman into the quizzical gray eyes of Mr. Robert J. Barbour, of Peachtree Street, Atlanta. His expression was that of a man who gazes upon an apparition. He was trembling visibly.

Slowly the lips of Mr. Barbour expanded into a grin, a very broad grin. The grin became a chuckle, and then grew into a laugh. He gave directions to the officer:

"That's all right. You can put your gun up."

Florian stared from Stiggars to Mr. Barbour in perplexity. He was even a bit resentful. Something was radically wrong. His nerves, keyed to battle pitch, were raw and jangling. Only Stiggars' terror reassured him.



"Wh-wh-what's all this?" stammered Florian.

Barbour addressed the bandit. "I am pleased to meet Mr. Selkirk Stiggars," he chuckled. "Mr. Stiggars—as I understand that you have six hundred dollars in cash in your pocket, kindly hand over two hundred to me, which amount I paid for the return of my car. You may pay over three hundred more to Mr. Florian Slappey yonder. That is his promised reward for capturing you."

"N-now, boss-man ——" stammered Stiggars.

"Do as I say!"

The money was paid over as directed. Florian pocketed the three hundred dollars.

"What's it mean?"

Mr. Barbour laughed heartily.

"I thought I'd find you here," he said to Stiggars. "Honestly, Beauregard, did you think I swallowed that story about the masked bandit?"

"But—but, boss," defended Stiggars; "it was a pow'ful good story."

"I—I ain't on'erstan'," gasped Florian.

"It is very simple," explained Barbour laughingly. "Selkirk Stiggars is my chauffeur, Beauregard Tuggle. He got into that poker game in Anniston and lost fourteen dollars of his own money and a hundred and fifty of mine. Then he pawned my automobile and came on here with his story of being robbed by a bandit. He supplied too many and too graphic details. I gave the story to the newspapers and you showed up and returned the car. And the way I knew that I had Beauregard is that Selkirk Stiggars is the name of my best friend's chauffeur. Beauregard was too lazy in his selection of an alias. I spotted him the minute I heard your story—which explains why you got my two hundred dollars so easily. As for you, Beauregard, you may pay me the other hundred you have, and work out the additional fifty. I have an idea that this will teach you a lesson."

"Huh! I reckon it's done done it!" Then his eyes met those of his employer and his lips expanded into a wide white grin. "Golly, boss-man," he said pridefully, "they ain't no nigger gwine put nothin' over on you, is they?"

Florian Slappey counted his roll. He reluctantly detached a five-dollar note, which he handed to Lawyer Evans Chew. "They's yo' fee, Lawyer Chew."

"Huh!" deprecated the lawyer, pocketing the money; "on'y five dollars, an' you th'ee hund'ed ahead of the game?"

"The diff'ence bein'," withered Florian, "that I earned mine!"

No Formality

THE Lambs Club in New York has turned itself into a temporary home for wounded soldiers back from the Front. These men are given all the privileges of actual membership, and strange sights are often witnessed in that carefree institution. Bayard Veiller, the dramatist, relates this incident.

"I was sitting in the lobby one day," said Veiller, "talking with a captain of marines invalided home after a touch of pneumonia. He had been telling me about a big Southerner in his company—a private—and I judged by what the captain said about him that this Buck person was more or less the fair-haired child of the outfit.

Just then the door opened and in came a long lanky individual dragging one leg behind him.

"'By the living Jingo!' yelled the captain. 'There's ole Buck now!'

"It was a pretty even thing which was first into the clinch—the officer or the private. Well, they hugged each other, they hammered each other on the back, they yelled until people came down from the floor above to see what was happening. Finally they calmed down a bit and went away into a corner, where they sat, each with his arm round the other's neck, engaged in low-toned conversation.

"At last the officer remembered me and came back.

"'A great fellow, Buck!' he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"'So I should imagine by the way you greeted him. . . . You a captain and he a private. . . . Did I dream it or have I heard that there is such a thing as discipline in the United States Marine Corps?'

"'You listen to me!'—and the captain threw the parade-ground rasp into his voice—'I was out in Nobody Land for three days with that fellow—three days. And we didn't have anything to eat or drink in all that time. And every minute Jerry was feeling for us with shells as big as washtubs. You can take it from me, it was some experience! After you've shared a party of that sort with a private you can't be formal with him. A general couldn't.'"

The Tool that makes you handy

Wouldn't you like to be able to do all of the little repair jobs around the house yourself—to be free from the nuisance and expense of calling in paid help for little things like putting up a door bell or fixing the lawn-mower?

Wouldn't you like to do other jobs quickly and just as well as the "handy man"—hanging pictures, for instance? You can with

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THE SIAMESE TWIN

By Frederick Irving Anderson

THE science of physiognomy," said Wimple, the haberdasher, in a low tone, so as not to disturb the valued customer at the other end of the aisle, "extends below a man's chin. Now, my friend Tony, the bootblack, looks first at my shoes; my tailor at my coat; my barber inspects my last haircut. I understand janitors make scientific study of a tenant's garbage bucket—curator of dumb-waiter bones, so to speak. As a haberdasher, Carman, I note you have been giving the rim of your collar a haircut this morning. Also, you seem glued to your last necktie, like a lumberjack to his shirt. Do you sleep in your one necktie, Carman?"

"I have done that," agreed the young man deliberately, the while eying the personage across the store, who was paying his score in fresh yellow and green bills—clean, crisp, upright bills that had not yet acquired a patina by passing from hand to hand. Several clerks were attending to the wants of this individual. One was lightering his neatly wrapped purchases into a glistening brougham that stood at the curb; between the shafts was a hackney of unquestioned family; on the box sat a Mayfair coachman of many decades gone by.

"A man in your position, Carman!" the haberdasher was urging in a wheedling tone. "You have already acquired some fame as a lawyer who took a comma for his first case. You should dress the part, my boy. Really, it pains me. It's a four-hundred-thousand-dollar comma, they tell me. You should dress up to it."

"Yes; a four-hundred-thousand-dollar comma," assented the young man absently.

He took his eyes off the personage at the other end of the aisle with a positive effort and transferred them to a mirror, studying his own image. As a matter of fact the reflection the glass gave him back was not quite so bad as the facetious haberdasher would make out. It was ready-made, true; but only a haberdasher, acute to a professional degree, would note that the necktie had been steadily employed in its present position, and that the collar had been neatly trimmed with a pair of sharp shears.

Carman was a shave-tail of the bar. After hanging out his shingle he had sat for some time with his feet in the window, when he was discovered by a group of minority stockholders possessed of a stock certificate blemished with a misplaced comma, a four-hundred-thousand-dollar comma. This was his first retainer and his last—but its intricacies promised to occupy him indefinitely, since the valuable comma was in the keeping of one J. Mendenhall Horsford, who had all the chips on his side of the table. Carman had immediately sprung into fame as counsel for the minority, much as a presumptuous snowball might become immortal by announcing its intention of stopping an avalanche. The news had given even the much-absorbed Horsford a moment of comedy relief.

"My boy," continued the haberdasher, "that shirt you are wearing ——"

"I'll tell you something about that shirt," said Carman; "I paid four dollars for your label on it. The label came off—and the price mark underneath was one-fifty."

"That was a very unfortunate discovery," agreed the haberdasher, not at all nonplused by the sudden venom in the tone of his friend. "Before that label came off you walked along the street saying: 'I am as good as the next man. I am better! I wear a four-dollar shirt.' It gave you confidence, poise, assurance of success! You lost that consciousness when you pried loose my label. You should never tamper with labels. My boy, your minority stockholders undoubtedly prize you highly. But you would flatter them by giving more attention to your attire. There is no flattery like dress. You should be a well-dressed man. Now, I call your attention to the gentleman over there."

And with a slight jerk of the thumb Wimple with professional pride and the air of an artist who has had a hand in the making of a masterpiece indicated the personage.

"What's he worth, on the hoof? As he stands? The overhead must be something enormous!"

The Marble Mausoleum From Which During Office Hours J. Mendenhall Horsford Directed His Share of the Nation

Wimple smiled over a pleasant thought. He lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"His custom pays my rent," said he. "By royal warrant I import his collars especially for him—he consumes a full crate each quarter. He likes Wilkins, that clerk. I do not! But he will have Wilkins. So be it."

Wimple resumed his smile. He inventoried his stock with arrogant satisfaction, his glistening show cases and expanse of plate glass looking out on the gorgeous avenue where all the world went by. This was a select emporium, where one so inclined could consume an annuity on cravats alone.

Young Carman was lost in a renewed study of the affluent one. Beginning at the personage's shoes—which undoubtedly were designed by Judith, or at least by Henkel—the lawyer's gaze moved upward to the imported collar. Even that science of physiognomy that extends below the chin, like that of specialized tradesmen of the Wimple variety, who had divided the material things of their craft into infinite minutiæ, could not pick a flaw. There are no degrees in perfection. The personage was well dressed, so well dressed, in fact, that even the consciousness of being clothed had vanished.

"It's a profession in itself," said the young lawyer. "What is he?"

"I don't know," said the haberdasher.

"Who is he?"

"I do not know," said the haberdasher.

"What! And yet you retain Wilkins to wait on him?"

Wimple's face took on the foolish look of a man eaten by baffled curiosity.

"He's been coming here for fifteen years," explained Wimple in an awed whisper. "Cash and carry. When we suggest he leave his address so we can send his things he grows very deaf and agrees with us that it is a beautiful day. If he came in a car I'd trace him through his number plates. I suspect that hackney is listed in the Stud Book. But unfortunately," said Wimple, drawing a long face, "registered horses are not required by law to display their numbers. It's rather irritating, Carman," confessed the haberdasher, "to have a golden goose moving round like that." He lowered his tone. "A man doesn't wear imported collars, Carman, unless he has got money," whispered the haberdasher. "A man doesn't have money without making a noise. You can't keep a million dollars quiet!"

He paused. The eyes of the pair raked the unknown.

"There's an idea for you, Carman!" said Wimple craftily.

"What?" asked Carman, catching the infection.

"Our unlisted millionaires! Did you ever realize, Carman, that there is a tribe of them—a tribe of unlisted millionaires hiding out like a dog with a bone? Their telephones are private—unlisted; they don't appear in the Society Bluebook. They keep out of social notes—God knows how! Even in the tax list they are represented by dummies. Isn't there meat there for a rising young lawyer, Carman?"

Wimple's face suddenly brightened.

"Our unlisted millionaires," he whispered. "But you should dress the part, my boy. Flatter them by clothes! Now here is a cravat—eight dollars. You can't duplicate these dyes, because ——"

"You are a great salesman, Wimple. Let me see that cravat."

To pay eight dollars for a cravat was ruinous at this period of the young lawyer's career. But he took the precious neckcloth and examined it critically. He carried it down the aisle to the door to note its perfections by daylight. The cash-and-carry personage chose this moment to depart. The clerk held the door ajar for him and escorted him across the pavement, while a second ran ahead like a courier to clear the way for the regal footsteps. The personage produced a cigar, tossing away the wrapper, a highly ornate affair. The wind snatched the eight-dollar cravat from the young lawyer's hands; and when he recovered it he had also recovered the ornate wrapper, neatly palmed.

"I'll take that," said Carman, going back to Wimple, "if you will guarantee the label."

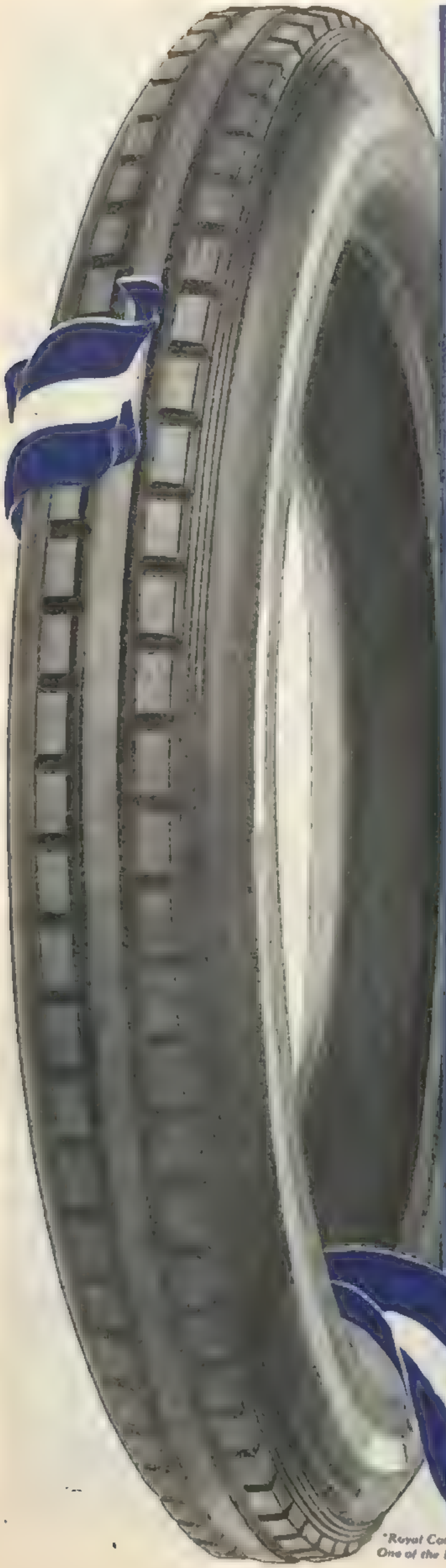
"It is not the label, my boy," said the haberdasher as he accepted Carman's crumpled one-dollar bills. "It is the consciousness of expense that counts. Now you can say to yourself: 'Yesterday I had fifty cents wound round my neck; to-day I have eight dollars! I am getting on in the world.'"

Jonathan Trigg entered the waiting brougham and arranged himself sedately among his boxes. He emitted several tremendous sighs, as if this business of being well dressed were a much more arduous task than is commonly suspected.

As he lighted his cigar he glanced back at the shop he had just quitted, with an uneasy eye, suggesting that it also was not without its dangers and alarms.

The old man on the box outside now executed a full circle with his whiplash. In the international signal code as adapted to the exigencies of Fifth Avenue traffic this was a command to the tide to halt. "Gangway!" said the whip. "We are about to swim across."

(Continued on Page 37)



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Four Delicious Flavors

PEP-O-MINT, WINT-O-GREEN, CLOVE, LIC-O-RICE

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY, New York

(Continued from Page 34)

A chorus of shrieking horns volleyed a threatened protest against this indignity. The whipcord continued to swirl. The wood face of the man on the box showed he was undaunted. The curvetting hackney, neck arched, stumpy tail rampant, conscious to the last hair of its superiority over mere imported motors, put down a polished boot directly in front of a multicylindered Italian that stood five feet at the radiator cap. The big Italian could squash the eggshell brougham and its insolent motive power like a bug. It did not. Instead it backed water, voicing sullen protest through its cut-out. This was the opening wedge. The prancing hackney made the most of it. There were three files of southbound traffic; one after another, this solitary member of the equine race forced them to give way. Horse in the shafts and man on the box, with his magic wand of a whip, held their noses high.

"That's what started the French Revolution," thought young Carman, the lawyer, who with other foot passengers had paused to watch this demonstration of the power of mind over matter.

The brougham containing the well-dressed man had now reached the still water in the middle of the street. The man on the box coolly selected a desirable position in the northbound stream; and prying it open, occupied it, receiving with an unbroken front the taunts that rose from the wheels of the surrounding twelves and double-valved sixes.

After they had progressed a short distance the man on the box said to the speaking tube at his elbow: "The young man with the necktie picked up your cigar wrapper, Jonathan."

The speaking tube said nothing in return. Jonathan, riding inside with the boxes, removed his cigar and began to blow vigorously, a habit of his of long standing. He seemed quite nonplused by this trifling information. Truth to tell—in spite of the correctness of his attire, in spite of the grandeur of his person below the chin—there was very little in the physiognomy above to inspire awe. Jonathan's features were bland, smooth and fat, with a vacuity that suggested arrested mental development, such as one might prize in upper servants but not expect in gentlemen who wore imported collars.

The brougham rolled on. The pace was that of a snail, with many a stop for semaphores. The man on the box made no effort to contain his contempt for this new breed of hard-faced mechanics, invaders of his own honorable calling, who boxed him in and liberally gassed him at every stop. It was beyond his powers of logic to divine why their masters should employ them to tool hundred-horse-power machines for this two-mile-an-hour promenade when a single hackney was more fitting and elegant.

At Fifty-fifth Street he made a disturbing discovery: The young man who had picked up Jonathan's cigar wrapper was the passenger in the public taxicab that stood cheek by jowl with him waiting for the semaphore to turn. Summoning all his presence of mind to meet this emergency the coachman gave the young man back stare for stare. When they started to move again the man on the box seized the first opportunity to put a line of traffic between the brougham and its pursuer, for he had no doubt the young man of the cigar wrapper was actuated by some criminal purpose. At the first convenient corner the hackney swung into the side street and went forward at a sharp trot; at the first avenue the brougham turned south at a rattling pace; at the first street it swung back to the avenue again. Thus having doubled on his trail the man on the box again pried himself into position, and content with his strategy resumed the promenade north.

The brougham turned its back on the park wall in the upper Seventies. Halfway down the block the horse of its own accord wheeled up in the sidewalk; a pair of doors opened as if spontaneously actuated by the mere sight of this steed, and instantly, as the equipage passed within, closed. It was one of those two-story brownstone stables which persist in occupying precious space in some of our most select squares. Most of the surviving structures of this ilk have taken on the odor of parvenu gasoline; this one still suggested ammonia and horse liniment to the nose of the passer-by.

Once safely housed our coachman made haste to disguise himself by the simple act of getting out of his brass-buttoned green coat, which inclosed him to the chin. Then he waited. Shortly his patience was rewarded by the sight of a young man who came to a pause on the opposite side of the street and inspected the stable critically. The sharp eyes of the coachman easily recognized the necktie which the young man now wore. The coachman smiled in a pleased way.

"Another cigar," he said cryptically; from which it might be inferred that this thing had happened before, and that it was not without profit.

When the street bell rang the coachman picked his way down the little dark hall to the door, which he opened on a crack and peered out. The young man with the new necktie explained that he was an inspector from the Water Department, inspecting taps. The coachman might have asked him for his badge of office, but he forbore. Instead he meekly piloted the young man down the hall into the carriage room. There he turned on the lights, illuminating the darkest corner. A boy with the care of a French polisher was flecking dust from the shiny panels of the brougham. Through a sliding door could be seen the proud steed undergoing inspection at the hands of a groom. As there was nothing else in view the young man perforce turned his attention to the various spigots.

"I'll have to put a violation on you for this one," he said, indicating a leaky tap. He took out a notebook and poising a threatening pencil asked: "What is the owner's name?"

"I am a new hand here," said the coachman meekly.

"Aren't you the coachman?"

"Not the head coachman, sir. Come round in the morning."

"All right; I'll take a look upstairs," said the young man.

Without a by-your-leave he mounted the little box staircase to the loft above. It was only a loft, except for an untidy room with two bunks for the grooms. There were piles of fodder, and an assortment of such odds and ends as collect about a stable. He went to the rear and rubbing a spot clean in the diamond panes of a window looked out into the back yard. The view was one of tight board fences, inclosing correct little gardens, for this one was of a very few squares in the city entirely surrounded by Blue-book families.

Now the expected cigar materialized, and the pair sat down for a lazy chat. The water inspector dilated on leaks; in one day, he said, a thousand dripping spigots would empty the Central Park reservoir. The coachman talked about horses and the flowery days when they were in full bloom. The cash-and-carry gentleman, if he were in hiding, must have lost patience before these two finished their cigars. But he did not appear; nor did the spigot inspector lead the talk in his direction.

Nevertheless, when the door closed on him and young Carman, the lawyer, started off down street he was saying to himself: "Wimple was right. That cravat gave me the necessary confidence."

But the well-dressed man was not in hiding. He had passed on through a garden gate to a kitchen door that opened for him in that flattering way some doors have for some persons. The kitchen itself was worthy of notice, but Jonathan Trigg gave it no attention—that would come later. It was all porcelain and brass and enamel; the several chefs and the half score women about, in crisp uniforms of service, lent the scene the aspect of a highly sterilized exhibition room in a modern canning factory. Even the raw food, at this moment, undergoing major operations at the hands of specialists, was of distinguished appearance.

Jonathan Trigg and his boxes marched on, paying no heed to the respectful, silent greeting accorded him by the kitchen. A boy in a billiard-cloth apron essayed to relieve him of his burden, but Jonathan brushed him to one side with a grunt. There was an automatic lift, but he chose to climb the broad stairs, ascending on tiptoe, with a peculiar rising and falling movement of the body, as if to exercise his arches or possibly take the stiffness out of his new boots.

He found himself puffing at the top of the flight, due to the weight for age he carried at the waistline. This was a sore point with Jonathan Trigg. No sooner did he divest himself of his coat and vest than he took down a tape measure and calibrated his girth. He made a terrifying discovery—forty-seven inches was the extreme limit of tolerance permitted him, and his waistline to-day measured forty-eight! This meant hours of grueling calisthenics, touching his toes with his finger tips—not a pleasing task at fifty-five. One way or another it was essential, if he wished to continue this mode of life, that he eradicate that extra inch of girth.

The Dinners of Jonathan Trigg Were Famous Among the Select Few Who Were Privileged to Partake of Them

You don't need to *guess* at the leather quality in your gloves if you just make sure that the above name,

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The very best skins used by glove makers are finally sorted into four to six grades of leather—Our "Hays" button is used exclusively on our "First Grade" leather gloves—so "Hays" means *best selected* leather.

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Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

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Write for "Styles of the Times"

The Gothic—

On his desk lay a neatly typed list of names. They were all great names. They were guests for dinner this evening. The dinners of Jonathan Trigg were famous among the select few who were privileged to partake of them. When it was a dinner for seven, as this evening, it was not, strictly speaking, a dinner for seven—but seven separate and distinct individual dinners. To the casual eye those seven soups, relishes, entrées, joints and pastries came out of one common kettle; those seven goblets of wine were of a common stock. Far from it. They were highly differentiated, in the hands of artists; so highly specialized, in fact, that each of the favored seven this evening would rise from that table with the flattering consciousness that this dinner had been prepared especially for the idiosyncrasies of his own taste, and the six others were mere supernumeraries. Hence the fame of Jonathan Trigg for dinners.

Transferring the slip to a pocket and getting into a jacket Jonathan in noiseless pumps started below. He visited all the rooms, one by one, and inspected each with the sweep of an eye. The tiniest flaw would have been visible to him. These rooms contained countless rare objects, some useful, some ornamental, all of great price; Jonathan Trigg knew them like a museum attendant. The same with the books in the library—original manuscripts, first editions, incunabula, all that signified bibliolatry—down through bankers' pamphlets, annual reports and the latest popular novels—each had its berth and could occupy only that spot. He had never seen inside any of them except by chance, but he was acquainted with their covers to the last item in the card index.

He gave his attention now to the window curtains, drawing the blinds until the mellow light of the drawing-room could just peep out through a tiny slit; the effect was calculated to give passers-by something of the savor of what was transpiring within. Jonathan inspected and reviewed the flunky at the door, impressing on that atom that this was a great occasion. All occasions were great occasions here. Over one of Jonathan Trigg's dinners the Rich Man's Panic of 1907 had been given its start in life; and at the same table, when the Rich Man's Panic gained momentum, the air brakes had been applied. The flunky at the peephole was instructed what Bourbons were to be admitted this evening.

Now Jonathan went below stairs, and submitting to the indignity of a billiard-cloth apron inspected the culinary arrangements. He sniffed here, tasted there, ruthlessly demolished a concoction in embryo. The starched chefs eyed him apprehensively, addressed him with a "sir"; the cohorts of women servants curtsied as he passed. The flunkies who with wax in their ears were to stand behind chairs were instructed individually. One man was to attend a gentleman deaf on the left side; another was to give heed to the wants of a guest blind in the right eye; a third had the care of one who was awkward with his fork hand and must be subtly assisted.

"It is time for us to dress," thought Jonathan, looking at his watch.

He used the royal plural with full intent. He retired to his closet and began getting out his clothes. Shirts, socks, suspenders, collars, coats, cuff links, studs—each in identical pairs. Two were to be dressed for dinner. Evidently two of identical girth—for Jonathan arranged the two piles indiscriminately at first. Later he seemed in some doubt as to the coats, changing them round about several times before making a final decision. Undoubtedly the same man might have worn either with the consent of the most discriminating tailor.

We say identical—but now we arrive at a point where the two piles must take opposite paths. The parting of the ways came with the neckties. One was of white lawn, the other of black silk. A valet appeared in response to Jonathan's summons and carried away the gentleman's accouterment identified by the white lawn tie. Jonathan proceeded to divest himself of his antepranDial and drew himself into his dinner clothes.

At this point Wimple, the butler, could he have looked on, must have fainted. For Mister Cash-and-Carry, after carefully balancing the ends of his black silk batwing tie, put himself into a spiketail coat!

Jonathan Trigg was fully aware of the humiliating combination to which he subjected his sartorial self. He sighed deeply and blew loudly as he surveyed himself in the mirror. It was his cross, borne patiently through life, that black tie. That black tie was a symbol of Jonathan Trigg and all he stood for—a little thing, but inexorable.

True, there were occasions on which Jonathan wore a white lawn tie. But then it was his lot to wear a jacket. In cruel candor it must be admitted that the reason he crisscrossed the sartorial unities in the trifling matter of black and white dress ties was that in his master's house he might never be mistaken for a gentleman.

Jonathan Trigg, for whose custom Wimple retained an undesired clerk; whom Carman, the lawyer, had this day shadowed to a stable—Jonathan was a major-domo. And a very valuable piece of furniture at that! He bought and wore his master's clothes, wore them long enough to take the harsh newness out of the seams for that abstracted personage; his master's shoes were fitted to Jonathan's feet, and worn there until they were old and soft enough to be friendly; and as for the larder and the kitchen, Jonathan was his master's very digestion—more, he was the digestion of his master's confederates as well.

Originally Jonathan had been discovered by a famous lawyer for this exacting master, only after the prolonged hunt accorded a lost heir. The order was for a human plaster cast, correct to the last millimeter, of J. Mendenhall Horsford, Wall Street banker, the Monsieur of the Bourbons of this republic.

That was fifteen years ago. During these fifteen years Fifth Avenue shop doors had opened ceremoniously for Jonathan. Purveyors of fabric, food and furbishings bowed and rubbed hands at his approach. Always he rode in a brougham; always he paid on the nail, with especially laundered money. Always he grew suddenly deaf and agreed that it was a fine day when he was asked timidly for his name and address. He knew full well some impudent ones among them had trailed his coach—to its stable. But he felt secure. Nevertheless, it was a waking terror with him that some horrid day his incognito among these fawning tradesmen might be pierced—that they might know him for the mere upper servant that he was.

He heard the front door open and shut, noises in the house. The Bourbons of the republic were beginning to arrive—for his dinners. Jonathan went down, proud and wooden to his utmost. One of the Bourbons stood there in the drawing-room passage, a wicked-looking man with pendulous jowls and red haws to his eyes.

"My man," said the gentleman, "have this wire filed before nine."

"Yes, sir; very good, sir," said Jonathan with great dignity, and he stooped to pick up the scrawled telegram and the five-dollar bill the gentleman let fall to the floor.

"Some day—somehow—somewhere——" Jonathan was thinking. But he made haste to banish the thought. Skirting the very edges of gentility as he did, tasting it, touching it, living it—it was the day dream, almost the belief of Jonathan Trigg that some day before he died he might be permitted to sit down to dinner in a tail coat and a white tie—be the real thing!

On the third Monday in December, on schedule, there was a great commotion in the Wimple emporium, much the same as there is on a stage when the curtain is about to go up. This stage was being set for Mister Cash-and-Carry's quarterly visit for a special importation of collars. Wilkins, the clerk, took up his position near the street door; other clerks diplomatically persuaded customers to withdraw to the rear, to leave a free and uninterrupted view. At three, punctual to the stroke of the clock, the shiny brougham drew up at the door and the splendid person of Mister Cash-and-Carry came across the sidewalk. Then transpired the oft-repeated scene.

As the door closed on Mister Cash-and-Carry's broad back, with two clerks carrying the boxes to the brougham, Wimple said fondly to himself: "My boy, those collars pay your taxes!"

The coachman swirled his whip as before, bisected the protesting tide of traffic, pried himself a place in the other channel and proceeded north. He exhibited the same contempt for the hard-faced mechanics at right and left of him; and at every stop these hard-faced mechanics, piloting their hundred-horse-power vehicles, returned the insolence with interest by liberally gassing man and horse.

At Fifty-fifth Street there was a long wait for the semaphore. The door of an adjacent taxicab opened; a young man faultlessly attired stepped down and across the intervening six inches of steerage way, and without a by-your-leave opened the door of the brougham and took a seat beside Jonathan Trigg.

Jonathan Trigg hugged his boxes frantically and blew vigorously with his mouth. He was about to call through the tube to the man on the box, but at this moment the traffic whistle sounded, the semaphore turned, and the man on the box had his hands full with his hackney.

The intruder said quietly: "Now don't be alarmed, uncle! This isn't a four-alarm fire or anything like that. Just a nice little friendly chat between ourselves."

If Jonathan heard, his only sign was a wild rolling of the eyes. The blow had fallen. He was about to be stripped of the mask he had worn with so much satisfaction for fifteen years!

"The truth is," said the young man in the same quiet tone, "I need a gentleman to preside at a dinner. I have known you for some time. I have watched you come and go. Mr. Trigg, believe me, I am not trying to flatter you when I say that never have I had the good fortune to encounter a man who in dress and manner more nearly fitted in with my idea of what a gentleman should be."

He paused to impress the sincerity of his words. His aspect was so friendly, so earnest that Jonathan Trigg unconsciously relaxed. Still he could not trust himself to speak. Instead he emitted a long sigh. He would not signal the man on the box for a few feet yet.

"I am in a position to make your fortune," pursued the tempter deftly. "To place you in the sphere where you rightly belong by physical qualities and training."

The major-domo eyed him doubtfully.

"It is necessary for me to imbue certain persons with belief in my wealthy connections," said the young man. "I ask your help, as a favor. In addition I will place in your hands means of making a fortune with me. The only price you pay is to sit at the head of my table as a distinguished personage. You will be absent from your duties one evening. You can contrive that, certainly, considering the reward. Think it over. Take your time. I have nothing but time."

And the young man drew his hat down over his eyes, put himself in an easy attitude and waited.

The brougham rolled on. A whirlwind of contending thoughts broke over poor Jonathan's mental map. Though his every instinct told him that the young man was a sharper of the most dangerous type—good-looking, well dressed, easy spoken—yet for a moment the major-domo could not resist visualizing the picture he conjured up—himself at the head of a table of distinguished company—in a white tie! His fancy lingered on it yearningly; he was tasting it to the full—when a sudden thought sent the chill of terror to the tips of his toes. What company of distinguished persons on the face of the earth could be brought together who did not know him, Jonathan—who had not seen him—in a black tie? He had designed dinners for them, bowed low to them, handed them their hats, accepted their gratuities. They would say to him: "My man, do this and do that!" They would humiliate him beyond bearing, as gentlemen have the way of doing with presumptuous menials. Jonathan shut his eyes. It was his fate to have been so perfect a servant that for the very men among whom he was ambitious to sit—in a white tie—he had become a permanent nonentity. He sat forward abruptly.

"No, no, no!" he cried vigorously. "Coachman! Peter! Stop!"

"Not so fast!" cautioned the young man, putting a hand on his sleeve. "Let us look at it from all angles. One dinner. That's all I ask. What is your position worth? A hundred and fifty a month and found. Very fine, I admit. When your master dies there will be five—ten—maybe twenty-five thousand dollars for you in the will. But where will you be when your master dies?" He turned on poor Jonathan a piercing eye. "I'll tell you," he hurried on. "You'll dry up and blow away about the same time. Any actuary in the country would make a bet on it. You two, master and man—you are peas in the same pod!"

"Who are you?" asked Jonathan determinedly, putting a hand on the speaking tube.

"My name is Carman—James Carman. You have never heard of me."

(Continued on Page 40)

"How Can I Offset the High Cost of Fuel and Labor?"

With coal always a tremendous item in plant operating expense—with competent operators commanding exceptional wages, and hard to get at that—it seems like a serious problem indeed to answer such a question. But there *is* a way to solve these and other power plant difficulties. It's the way by which scores of other keen executives have saved their firms thousands of dollars; it's by installing the

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This highly efficient, patented equipment saves fuel because its operation insures completeness of combustion. It puts the maximum of generated heat *in the boiler*, thereby saving a big percentage of the energy that in ordinary furnaces goes up the chimney. In other words, it gets the very last unit of heat out of every ton of coal, saving as high as 30% in comparison with hand-fired methods.

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"After operating the LACLEDE-CHRISTY STOKER for several years, we know the saving effected amounts to enough to make its use worth while, both because we get greater economy and have less trouble in handling firemen."—*E. H. Evans, Pres., Acme-Evans Company, Indianapolis, Ind.*

"The L-C STOKER we installed seven years ago enables us to use a cheaper grade of coal than we used in hand firing, and is a coal and labor saver from every viewpoint. One of its best features is the elimination of the smoke problem."—*S. H. Thomson, Pres., President Chemical Works, St. Louis, Mo.*

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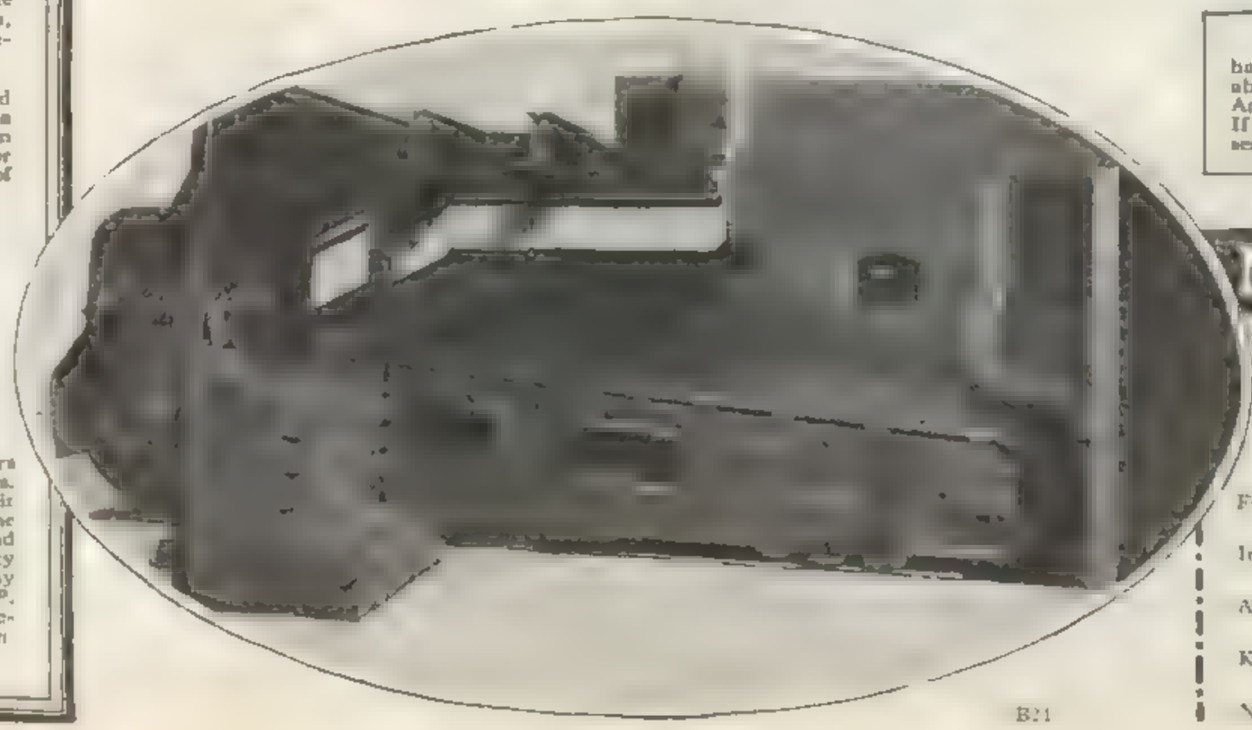
"We have had three of your stokers in operation for the past three years. They are very satisfactory in their ability to respond quickly to the varied loads they have to carry, and in bringing out the full H. P. capacity of the boiler. We have not had any smoke since installing them."—*P. Sutherland, Chief Engr., McDonagh & Shea, Winnipeg, Can.*



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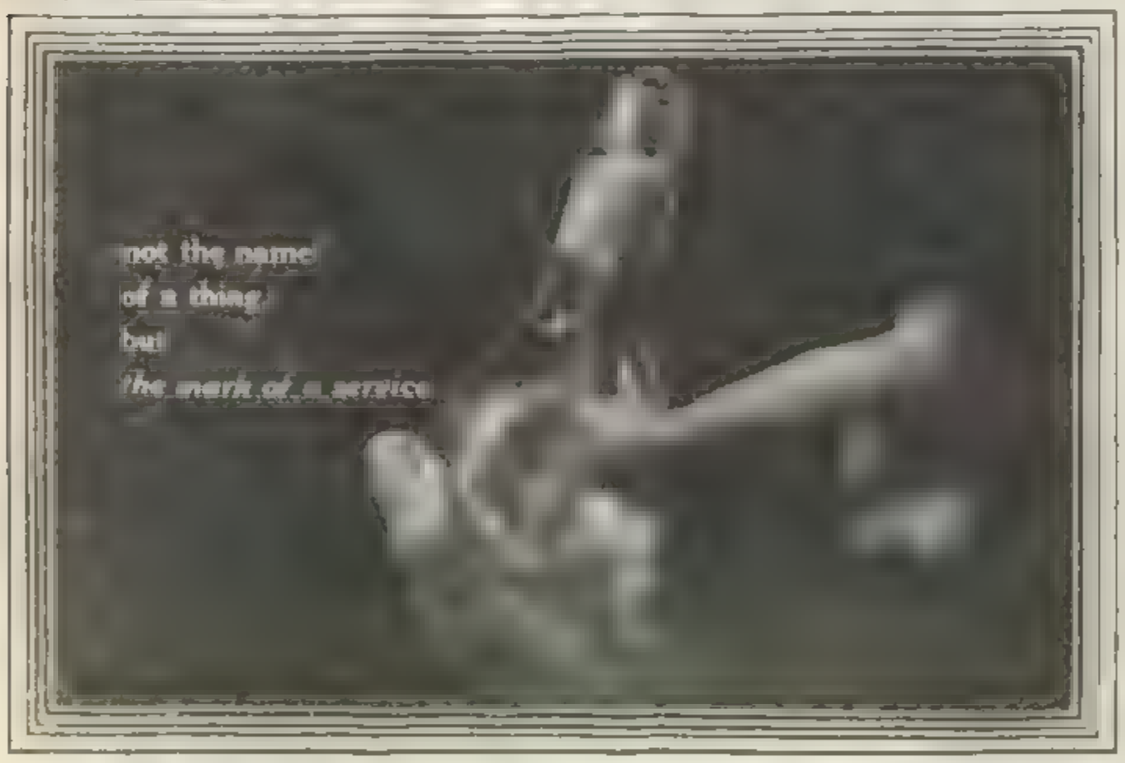

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A MAZDA Lamp for every purpose

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

"Yes, I have heard of you," said Jonathan slowly, courage now oozing back into his veins. The major-domo had an amazing jumble of disjointed facts in his noddle—odds and ends picked up while superintending dinners, or through a keyhole. He recalled it now how his master had spoken of Carman and a comma, whatever that might be, amid roars of coarse laughter. Like a well-trained servant he took his cue accordingly, relieved to find himself on solid ground again.

"Get out!" he roared, red-faced with rage. "Get out—or I'll call the police!"

"Pull up to the curb, driver," commanded the young man imperturbably. "Sorry," he said good-naturedly as he stepped out. "But you may think better of it later, Jonathan." And he softly shut the door.

In the fullness of his agitation Jonathan folded his hands across his stomach and closed his eyes. When he opened them he was in a stable. There was the odor of gasoline on the air, a fact that brought him to his senses with a jolt. It was not his stable! A coachman—not his coachman—and the amazing young man he had just put down in the avenue were talking to each other in low tones. Raising his voice to its highest pitch the poor major-domo now began to scream frantically for help. At this a man in the other end of the room who was testing a carburetor raced the engine, the roar of the exhaust drowning Jonathan's cries.

The amazing young man with a last whispered injunction to the strange coachman shook his hand warmly and passed out. With the slamming of the street door Jonathan's last hope fled. He turned beseeching eyes on his keeper—for in the agitated mind of the major-domo there was now no doubt that he was to be forcibly detained. Beyond this his wits refused to function.

"We have a long way to go," said the previous coachman, who had now drawn himself into mufti. "We must start at once."

He advanced upon Jonathan and took him by the arm. Had his reason served him the affrighted servant must have perceived that the desperado handled him with considerate gentleness. But to him it seemed that he was being hurled into the limousine. His guard promptly took a seat beside him, the car rolled out, and at the corner took its place peacefully in the north-bound traffic. Jonathan had once read in a yellow-covered book of just such a thing happening. It had seemed to him then very highly colored indeed. It seemed even more so now. Yet here he was, rolling along, with help on every hand if he dared but raise his voice. Yet so deep was his conviction that this villain beside him would strangle him at his first untoward move that he sat mute and trembling. They crossed the park in the Eighties and proceeded to the river drive. Some time later they emerged at Central Avenue, and increasing their speed soon put the city behind them.

This little-used back door of the metropolis translates the traveler immediately to an abandoned region of scrub timber and overgrown truck gardens that sprout only real-estate signs. Here within a stone's throw of policed streets was a waste of fen and glen in which Robin Hood might have hidden his band with impunity. An abrupt dip, and the car was out of sight.

An hour later it turned in at an ornate gate, rolled along a winding uphill drive and came to a stop under a portico.

An obsequious flunky was checked in the act of opening the limousine door by Jonathan's guard, who said in a significant undertone: "Now, Mr. Trigg, make your decision quickly: You can play the gentleman for a few hours, dine at the head of the table in rare company—or you can spend the night in the hostler's bunk in the stable."

Jonathan swallowed hard. The events of life had touched the zenith. Destiny had plainly stepped in. It was futile to struggle.

"Ah! I thought so!" said the other, patting Jonathan reassuringly, and they got down and went in.

The interior was spacious and perfect. One glance sufficed to assay the setting. Jonathan permitted himself to be relieved of his things, to be led through a bewildering succession of rooms. Finally they came to a billiard room, where several gentlemen were at play. So busy were the players clicking the balls about the green baize that they failed to note the entrance of the new pair.

"Oh, Evelyn!" said the guard; and a wasp-waisted young man with a ridiculously inadequate mustache dropped his cue and hastened to them. "It's very rare for Mr. Trigg to honor us—but you see we have been fortunate," he ran on easily. "Once or twice a year—and then his own wines and cuisine. Permit me to present the Honorable Evelyn Llewelyn."

"Haw! Really! Honored, I assure you!" said Evelyn, dancing for a moment, and returning to his cue. Others came forward.

"Castignac—from Montelias! You recollect Mr. Trigg?"

Castignac shook Mr. Trigg's hand with the grip of a stonecutter.

"And Martimus. I don't need to present him."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Martimus; and he whispered in Mr. Trigg's ear. "Later—when chance offers—a word with you—strictly private. About Little Steel."

Jonathan maintained a dignified reserve. A welcome interruption was a servant with a decanter of capital brandy, from which Mr. Trigg helped himself to a pantry portion. The guard whispered that Mr. Trigg's things were laid out, his bath drawn—and would he dress?

Jonathan started upstairs with his usual rising and falling gait. Suddenly he recollected himself and stepped firmly. He was no longer devoting his stair-climbing to the exercising of a master's new shoes. He was master himself now. He passed a hand over his eyes as if to wipe away any lingering doubt. A faint smile wreathed his urbane features and he was pleasurably conscious of a gentle warmth within.

At four-two J. Mendenhall Horsford, democratically unattended save for a stout stick, emerged from the marble mausoleum from which during office hours he directed his share of the nation.

"Mr. Horsford ——" began a young man stepping up to him.

"Eh?" roared the great man in a voice that caused passers-by to stop rigid in their tracks.

"May I ——"

"You may not!" snapped J. Mendenhall Horsford; and gripping his stick he started forward to his waiting equipage.

At this two loungers detached themselves from the group on the sidewalk and interposed their husky persons between the financier and his annoyer. The young man, like a clever end, went round the interference, and was at the great man's elbow as he reached the curb.

"I represent the minority ——"

Bang! went the limousine door; the car sprang forward, leaving the young man talking to a vacant spot. The two huskies laid hands on him and methodically patted him for hidden weapons. A barehearded clerk appeared and took charge of the situation.

"Come inside," he commanded peremptorily. "No rough stuff here!"

The little group fed itself into the hoppers of the revolving door of the Horsford mausoleum; and the crowd after a moment of vacant staring broke up.

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired the dapper functionary soothingly. He was the professional fixer of this establishment, a post requiring the tact of a diplomat and the sympathetic patience of an asylum attendant.

"There is no trouble," said the other in a surprised tone. "Merely one citizen of the republic endeavoring to hold converse with another citizen on a public street corner. I'd have saved him a great deal of unnecessary trouble if his convoy hadn't interfered. Does he always travel under guard like that?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" commanded the fixer sharply.

"My name is Carman. I am counsel for the minority stock ——"

"Oh, I see, I see!" interrupted the fixer with a hearty laugh.

He nodded to the two huskies, and as they faded away he winked at them as if to say: "Nothing violent here—merely foolish." Turning to Carman he asked silkily: "Is there anything I can do for you personally?"

"Yes, there is," said Carman. "Give your employer this card. I have been trying for three months to see him. Now he may send for me."

"No doubt he will," said the fixer solemnly; and with accurate aim he shot the

(Concluded on Page 43)

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION DIAMOND BRAND

Look for the trade-mark on the shell

Rich in Fuel Value

Walnuts head the list of heat and energy producing foods, containing about three times as many calories as beefsteak and over four times as many as eggs. The exact ratio of calories contained by walnuts as compared with other staple foods, is shown below:

WALNUTS	3180 calories per lb
Bacon	3090 calories per lb.
Cream Cheese	1885 calories per lb.
Smoked Ham	1875 calories per lb.
Beefsteak	1090 calories per lb.
Cream	881 calories per lb.
Eggs	695 calories per lb.
Mackerel	620 calories per lb.

Try These Recipes

Walnut Bread

One-half cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 4 cups flour, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 8 level teaspoons baking powder, a little salt. Mix the dry ingredients, then add milk. Let stand 20 minutes. Bake in a deep pan in a slow oven.

Walnut Pudding

Beat yolks of 3 eggs until thick and light colored. Add gradually ½ cup sugar, ½ cup soft bread crumbs, a scant ½ cup of farina, and the whites of 3 eggs, beaten stiff. Fold in ½ cup of walnut meats, broken in pieces, and bake in layers in slow oven 30 minutes. Put together, and serve with cream sauce.

Walnut Fruit Salad

Cut up 2 apples fine, 1 banana, 2 slices of pineapple, 6 marshmallows and ½ cup walnut meats broken up. Mix with a good oil or cooked dressing. Serve on a lettuce leaf

Sugared Walnuts

1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons water. Boil until it spins a thread, then put in about 2 cups walnuts and stir until sugar hardens on nuts. A little salt improves taste. Crack nuts in halves as much as you can.

Take a hint from Nature

It is more than a mere whim of appetite that prompts the busy squirrel to lay up his winter store of nuts—delicious as they are. Nature has endowed these hardy, active little animals with a sure instinct for just those foods which supply maximum heat and energy in the most compact form.

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Give walnuts the place they deserve in your daily menu. Serve them in different ways as suggested on this page. And be sure of getting the pick of the crop, always, by asking for Diamond Brand California Walnuts.

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This pure, white family soap cleanses quickly and with the thoroughness appreciated by particular housewives. In millions of homes **Crystal White** is preferred for every cleansing purpose—kitchen, laundry and household.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.—KANSAS CITY—SAN FRANCISCO

(Concluded from Page 40)

engraved card into a near-by wastebasket. It was a move fatal to the dignity of Mister Fixer, for instantly he found his wrist gripped in fingers of steel and his arm twisted excruciatingly in its socket.

"And we have seen the last of filing my affairs in the wastebasket in this office," said Carman coolly. "Pick it up! Take my word for it, you'll need it, and need it badly, before evening." The fixer, squirming with pain, meekly recovered the card. "Now before you summon your thugs," continued Carman, releasing his hold, "there is one thing I want to impress on you. I have tried by decent means to get a hearing with your employer. It seems that isn't the way he does business. Very well. I have forced the issue." Leaning nearer to the hypnotized fixer he said between his teeth: "I have forcibly removed his digestive apparatus!" As the startled clerk frantically reached for a bell: "No! I am not a madman. When the distinguished pirate who pays your salary awakens to his bereavement it will require all your intelligence to hold your job! Believe me, boy, I shall be your best bet! That is my address. I shall be at home all evening."

With this astounding peroration he turned on his heel and walked out. On the steps Carman paused to adjust his eight-dollar cravat; and as he did so he glanced up at the marble façade of the office building that housed the picaresque activities of J. Mendenhall Horsford.

"This atrocity belongs to me!" he said with conviction. Out of the tail of an eye as he started away in a taxi he saw a second taxi preparing to follow. That was as it should be.

At nine that evening the bell rang and Carman discovered the fixer standing on his threshold.

"A messenger bearing ill tidings, I suspect," said the young lawyer cheerily.

"Just a moment, if you please," said that person acidly. "In my business I sometimes have to swallow self-respect. I am doing so at this moment—and I can assure you it is damned bitter. I have come for you."

Carman took down his hat and coat, turned off the light and drew the door shut behind him. The pair entered the car at the curb and proceeded in silence.

Some time later, out of the darkness, the fixer announced to the invisible enemy: "My private opinion is you are destined for a trip up the river. I fervently hope so, at any rate."

"Your private opinion doesn't enter here," said Carman tartly; and they completed the journey in silence. As they ascended the steps of the Horsford mansion a sober person in austere black was coming out.

"Ah! Doctor Bumpus! How is your distinguished patient this evening?" inquired the young lawyer in his most solicitous tone.

The great physician, specialist in royal aches and pains, glowered savagely at this impertinence and passed on. By no trick could this astute practitioner be induced to admit that his visits were professional. Outwardly he practiced the deception that his distinguished patients, like the early Georges of England, were immune to the vulgar distempers.

Inside they passed immediately to the upper regions and were admitted at once to the Presence. They entered a large room lighted obscurely by a fire on the hearth and a tall floor lamp that inclosed in its dull rays a great wing chair; in the chair amid billows of dressing gown sat J. Mendenhall Horsford, his pasty, sullen features at this moment giving truth to the grotesque caricatures by which he was known throughout the country.

"This is the ——" began the fixer in an irresolute tone.

"Whitney," snapped the financier, "get out!"

"Yes, sir!" replied the fixer; and with a sigh of relief he faded out of the scene like a cinema ghost.

Carman held his ground and waited. Nothing happened. The figure in the chair was seething internally, seemed about to erupt; but seconds went by with no action. In this brief spell of quiescence the young man took stock of the situation like a gambler scanning the nibs of his cards for the last time before pushing in his stack.

During the months he had been studying this great man, seeking some vulnerable spot, Carman had almost come to the conclusion that some sort of revelation had been accorded J. Mendenhall Horsford and his class. Certainly this man, if he kept on his course, tampering with commas here, knocking heads together there, would soon own the earth. That outworn, grotesque doctrine of trusteeship of wealth seemed to have survived in this person. Horsford firmly believed he had been put on earth to function with his brain, not with his stomach. His physical well-being was merely the motive power under the bonnet, and he had a high-priced specialist to care for it. So far as mortal man is able to delegate the sensations of heat, cold and hunger, and personal comfort and the common affliction of taming new apparel to another, the proud J. Mendenhall Horsford had delegated these functions without reserve to the simple Jonathan Trigg. The inspired colossus had worked out the idea in utmost detail. Like all great ideas it required its peculiar tool; and this tool had been found in the person of Jonathan. Now for the last fifteen years Horsford had achieved as near an approach to existing as a dissociated mentality as is given mortal man to exist this side of the River Styx. In fine, Jonathan was his Siamese twin.

And this evening the dissociated mentality had arrived home to find that this other self, this indispensable utensil in his domestic economy, was mysteriously missing. Jonathan was *non est*. Alarm, concern and choking rage succeeded each other, and the awe-struck household was put through the third degree, to no purpose. In the capable hands of Whitney, the hovering fixer, a wild scurry for the missing major-domo turned up nothing more tangible than an inebriated coachman with a very inadequate historical sense.

Then, Bumpus! Horsford was refusing food, as a mad dog refuses water, and the physician realized that now the continuation of specie payment of the world rested on the efficacy of his skill. He fed his patient one of his famous bismuth pills, and behind a fluorescent periscope he watched the luminous ball bob about in the august interior. Clear as a bell! No obstruction! Bumpus gave it as his verdict that Horsford could eat an ox, and should.

"Get out!" roared the tortured dissociated mentality.

If Bumpus had fed his luminous pills to Horsford's mind instead of his stomach he would have found the obstruction there. It was habit. In sight of food J. Mendenhall Horsford was as helpless without his Jonathan as a Chinaman without chopsticks. Meantime the fixer's aching brain had been laboriously fitting two and two together, with a sudden illuminating sense of Carman's cryptic message. Horsford, scoffing the idea that this infinitesimal worm would dare such sacrilege, nevertheless relished the idea of a fresh victim. And here was Carman.

Carman felt his blood change to ice water as the baleful eye in that flabby countenance slowly consumed him. But now, when by all tradition he should have exhibited classic violence, the poison of rage had sapped his strength and left him an exhausted volcano. When he spoke it was slowly, and almost with petulance.

"Where is my servant?"

"I don't know," said Carman with admirable courtesy.

"Eh?" The very glasses on the mantel fell to tinkling with the volume of tone that now suddenly emerged, as passion momentarily conquered weakness. This was more like it. "You blackmailing shyster!" snarled the great man. "You boasted to my man that you had operated on my alimentary tract, didn't you? So you don't know where my servant is, eh? What do you mean, you young blackleg?"

"We will begin at the beginning," said Carman.

"Answer me!", bawled the dressing gown.

"Very well," said Carman. "I am holding your precious Jonathan in escrow ——"

"You you "

"Calm yourself. I don't know where he is. But I can produce him in an hour," said Carman. "Now if you are willing to listen to me I believe we can effect this transaction very satisfactorily, in the family—by a gentlemen's agreement. As an alternative you can send me to jail—and continue on your diet of bismuth balls."

The face in the dressing gown contorted with involuntary nausea.

"Say what you have got to say!" growled the financier, gnawing at his doubled fist. Carman drew up a chair and seated himself at the dressing gown's elbow.

"I represent the minority stockholders of the M. & S. Producing and Refining Corporation," he began. A rumble greeted this announcement. "You, Mr. Horsford, represent the voting trust of the corporation. Unfortunately a comma has been misplaced in the wording of the stock certificates, through a ah er— printer's error. It now reads: 'By a majority of the stockholders voting,' comma. It should read: 'By a majority of the stockholders,' comma, 'voting,' and so on. Very insignificant. But it happened recently that the lease was terminated, not by a majority of the stockholders but by a majority of such stockholders as were given the privilege of voting a rump meeting. Now my clients are the minority, who weren't given a chance to vote. That comma, Mr. Horsford, represents a matter of four hundred thousand dollars. A very insignificant matter. We would like it rectified."

"What's that got to do with my servant?" demanded Horsford. "Do you know what it means to tamper with my digestion—my digestion?"

"A mere correlation of ideas," replied Carman smoothly. "You kidnaped my comma. I kidnaped your digestion. I am willing to exchange one for the other. Just an instant," he cautioned as the dressing gown gave signs of a terrific inflation. "There is always the alternative of jail and bismuth, you know. But I have not quite finished. For three months I have been trying to bring this matter to your attention, and have failed. There was only one way left to fight. I looked for your vulnerable point. And I found it. Two, in fact. First, your digestion—Jonathan. Second, your abhorrence of ridicule. I think you will admit I hold the cards. If I go to jail you will feed on ridicule as well as bismuth. If I go to jail the morning papers will carry a headline something like this: 'Panic in Wall Street. Horsford Loses His Cook!' Here is my proposition: A cook for a comma."

Horsford's shaking hand traveled along the table and the fingers fumbled at the catch of a silver case. He tripped it open.

"Have a cigar," he growled.

Carman helped himself, and almost reverently he removed the ornate wrapper and transferred it tenderly to a vest pocket. It was a mere trifle. But trifles have upset history. If a horse had not stumbled on a bridge Napoleon would have been victor at Waterloo. If Jonathan Trigg on the occasion of a quarterly visit to the Wimple emporium had not carelessly tossed away a cigar wrapper Carman, the shave-tail lawyer with a comma for a case, would never have uncovered the Siamese-twins existence of the great J. Mendenhall Horsford. That brand of cigars with its highly decorative wrapper was the exclusive property of the financier, the cigar he smoked at public banquets, where also he ate his own food and drank his own wines.

The air of the room seemed gradually to lose its tension. Into the fierce eyes of Horsford there gradually crept a touch of peace, almost of humor. From time to time he looked at the preoccupied young man. After all, what was a comma compared to a Jonathan! Finally he actually stretched himself and yawned.

"I have a place in my office for an alert young man," said Horsford. "One with a long life in front of him, for repentance."

"And the comma? A mere proof reader's error, I assure you," said Carman.

"It is transposed. You may take my word for it."

"Thank you, sir. I will," said Carman, rising briskly. "Now to effect my part of the contract, if you will excuse me, sir ——"

And he passed out, meeting the scowl of the hovering fixer with a bland smile. At the first corner he telephoned and jumped into a car. At the Circle he was joined by a young man of his own age. They left town by Central Avenue, and shortly entered a big gate and drew up at a portico.

"I say!" said Carman, taking stock of his surroundings, which showed gorgeousness even in the night. "You did him extremely well, didn't you?"

"Merely rented by the day," explained the other. "You have no idea how these rich people are flattered when we ask for the loan of their interiors. This pile is the September home of Breckenridge Danforth. He is in Pinehurst now. I arranged with his man to pay a hundred dollars to Mrs. Danforth's pet charity for twenty-four hours' interior-location work. But come inside."

They entered, and caught the sound of gentle subdued revelry. They passed through glittering rooms to the banquet hall. They peeped in through the hangings. A distinguished party, some of them asleep, sat at the board, in various informal attitudes. At the head was Mr. Trigg, smoothing his white lawn tie as he held earnest whispered converse with a red-faced personage dressed to the nines.

"Jonathan!" called Carman sharply.

Through force of a lifetime of habit Jonathan Trigg sprang to his feet, crying: "Yes, sir; yes, sir."

Then he recollected. Overcome with confusion he staggered to the door. The guests had risen and were staring after him in amazement.

"Your master needs you," said Carman in a low voice. "We must start at once."

"Yes sir," agreed Jonathan dully. He rubbed his eyes as if making an effort to wake himself up. Then leaning over he whispered: "Was it—ah—quite satisfactory, sir? It was a most—ah—engaging—ah—evening, sir."

"Quite!" assented Carman; and he looked queerly at his confederate.

"What's the damage?" he asked.

"Say ten dollars a head," said the other. "Studios are shut down on account of the epidemic, and with the eats and everything it's quite a windfall."

He took the sheaf of bills from Carman, and passed round the table handing each guest his quota; he gathered his party together with a few sharp commands, and a few minutes later he was herding them into an automobile outside.

Jonathan stood spellbound.

"Was he—ah—paying off the—ah—gentlemen, sir?" he asked faintly.

"Gentlemen?" said Carman. "Did you take them for gentlemen? They were moving-picture supes—hired for the occasion—fillers-in—extras."

The major-domo's jaw dropped.

"Actors!" he cried aghast.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said Carman, smiling. "Come, Jonathan, on your way."

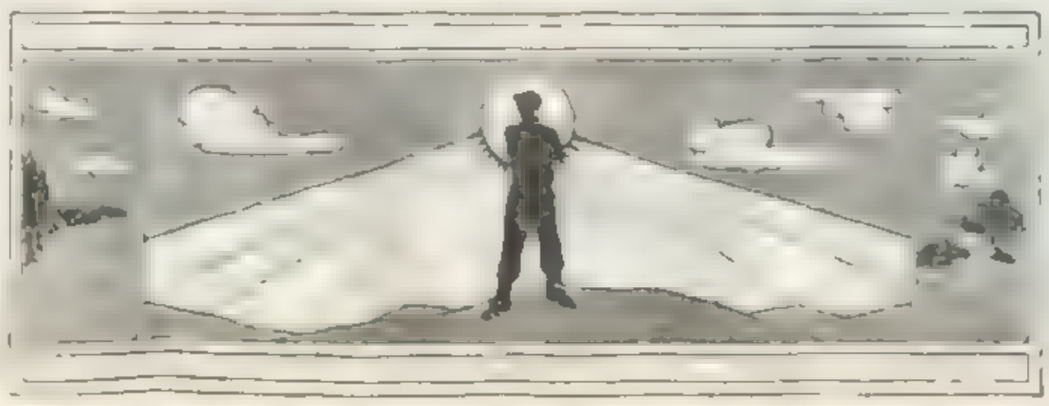
Jonathan was painfully silent throughout the drive. When they reached the Horsford mansion Carman passed him an envelope.

"That's your recompense, Jonathan," he said not unkindly. "Those shares were worth eighteen cents on the curb last week. To-morrow they will sell at eighteen dollars on the Big Board. You have acquitted yourself well, Jonathan. Thank you."

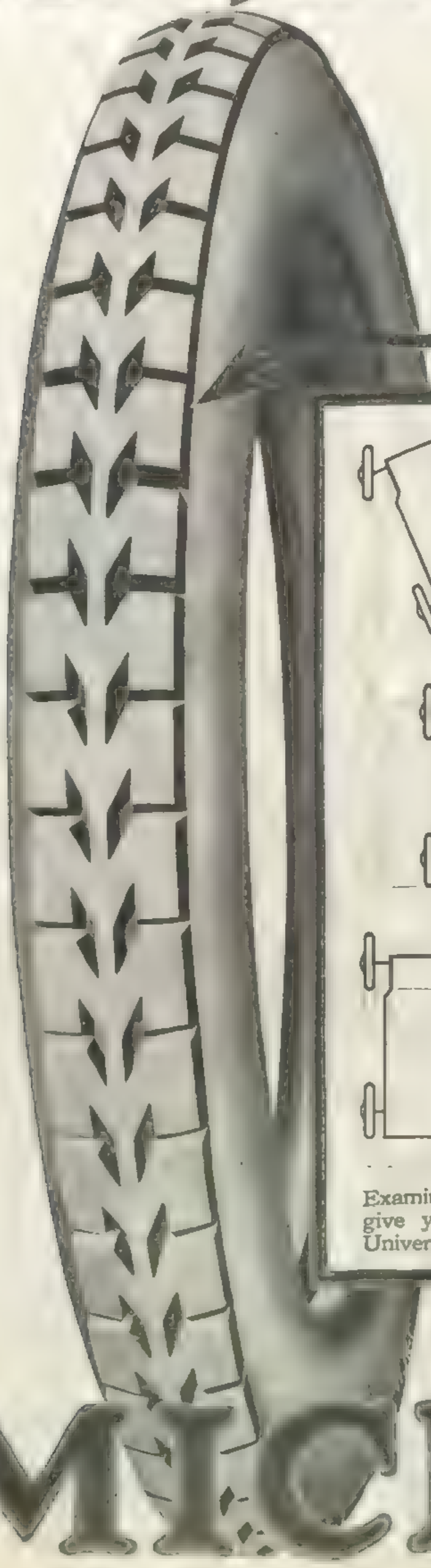
Jonathan before answering looked about to see if they might be overheard. Then he asked in a whisper: "And you—you don't think—they suspected me, sir? That I really wasn't a a ——"

"Not at all!" ejaculated Carman emphatically. "You looked the part to the manner born."

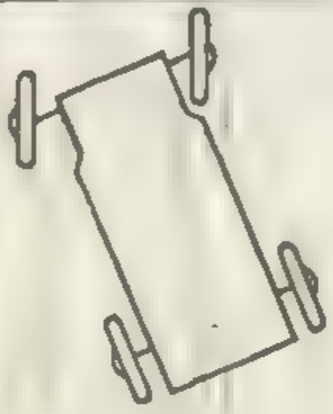
A sigh of satisfaction escaped the major-domo, and it quite took the bad taste out of Carman's mouth. Jonathan glanced up at the house and padded swiftly down the avenue. As Carman rolled by the side street he saw the faithful major-domo feverishly inserting his key in the stable door.



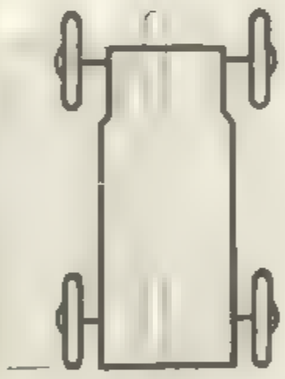
A Unique Non-Skid Tread



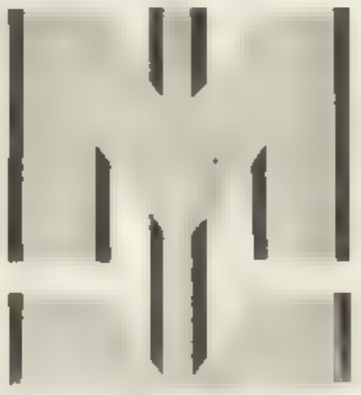
— Sharp Edges of Michelin Universals Directly Oppose Every Skid

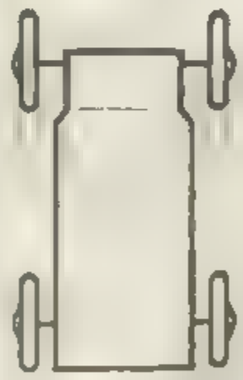


Diagonal Edges Prevent Diagonal Skids

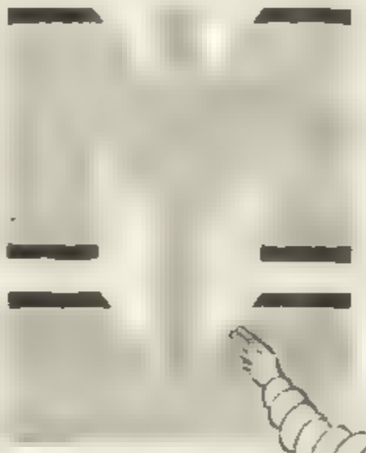


Longitudinal Edges Prevent Direct Side-Skids





Lateral Edges Prevent Forward Slipping



Examine the treads on the tires you are now using. Do they give you the all-around protection you get from Michelin Universals? If not, is it unreasonable to ask you to try Michelins?

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, Milltown, N. J.

Canadian Headquarters—Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world

MICHELIN

The Poets' Corner

Reveille

THE spring has come to New England
And the daffodil dares the snow;
And the crocuses grow golden
Where the tulips flame arow;
And the frail windflower trembles
In the cloud light after rain
And is it the east wind's whisper
Thrilling the heart of pain?

The spring has come to Virginia
And the high tides leap to the flood;
The wild dogwood's in flower
And the maple's red in the bud;
And the little blue-eyed Marys
On the green banks all amass—
Oh, is it a bird's wing fleeting,
Or a shadow on the grass?

It is spring on the hills of Georgia,
And the wild plum sheds its flower
Where the haw's pale buds are breaking
In the gusty southwest shower;
And the darkies' weird chant's ringing
With the pain of a long-gone year—
And why the hush in their singing,
And what is the voice they hear?

Spring on the plains of Texas,
And out of the chaparral
A wild bird flying and trilling,
And its wild mate's answering call;
The high wide winds a-bluster
Where the wheat fields stretch in the sun—
And what is the echo passing
When the white, bright day is done?

Whisper and voice and shadow
Out of the Great Unknown!
With the year's first bugle blowing,
Oh, they come back to their own!
To the land they loved and died for,
That all its years should be free;
The host of our dead is stirring
In those green graves oversea.

Oh, never they sleep so soundly
That the call of the spring's unheard!
In a company vast they have risen
At the first wood-note of a bird,
For even in far Picardy
They know that the spring has come,
And silently, softly as summer light
Are the boys all marching home!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Sometimes You Get an Orderly

BEFORE I fell a victim
To the wiles of Spanish "flu"
I'd gathered from the posters,
And certain movies, too,
That when it came to nurses
You always woke to view
Some peach from Ziegfeld's Follies
Who slipped the pills to you.

I've read the artful fiction
About the angels fair
Who sat beside your pillow
And stroked your fevered hair,
And made you kind of careless
How long you lingered there
In the radiant effulgence
Of a lovely baby stare.

That may be true in cases,
The way it is in plays,
But mine was no white lady
Of lilting roundelays;
For while I was a blessé
The nurse who met my gaze
Was Private Pete Koszolski,
Who hadn't shaved for days.

—Lieut. John Pierre Roche,
87th Division, A. E. F

Nostalgia

THE wind came o'er the sea this morn
And touched me on the lips,
And my ears were filled with whisperings
From old adventure ships;
From old ships and gold ships,
And the west sun sinking slow;
A young heart that was my heart
Full many a year ago.

There came the pungent odor and
Tired perfume of a town
Where the coral streets were blinding white
As the blazing sun shone down,
A spicy smell and an incense smell;
And a far-off coolie's cry:
An old quest and a bold quest
Under the southern sky.

Small wonder that the memories
Woke in my heart the fret,
The dumb, dull, dormant longings for
The days I can't forget—
The rare days and the fair days,
And the song that stirred the sea,
A brave heart and a young heart
That was once the heart of me.

What wonder that these eyes were filled
With a blinding rush of tears
As they visioned through their wistfulness
The dreams of olden years:
The sweet dreams and the fleet dreams,
The dreams that would not stay—
Though a wild heart was a child heart,
And the dear world made for play!

—Edmund Leamy.

Mandragora

I USED to see your candle lit at even
When all the boats were beating in from sea,
And all the vagrant stars were out in heaven,
And in the east the shining Sisters Seven
And wish the candle had been set for me!

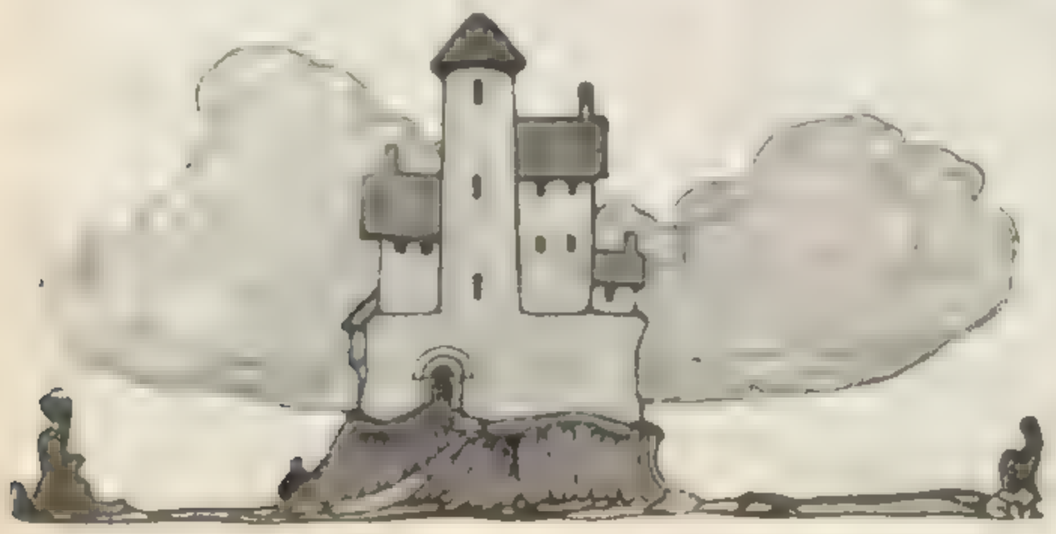
I used to hear the old songs you were singing,
Of kisses kept for years in memory;
Old songs so vibrant with wild passion ringing
They set a wandering lad's wild hopes to winging
I used to wish you'd sing those songs to me!

And then one day like wine unto the weary
A little song came bubbling to my heart;
A little rune of love and longing dreary,
A little verse with plaintive notes, and eerie,
Of souls that having touched must kiss and part!

I used to wonder through the dusk and listen
If on your lips one note of mine might be;
Or if its sadness made your lashes glisten,
Or if some thought of me the song should christen—
I used to dream you'd sing my song to me!

Strange dreams of days that have so long been ended!
And who was there to whisper or to see
That from your window, by the rose you tended,
You leaned to let the dusk hide all the splendid
Dear smile you kept—and kept in vain—for me?

—Mary Lanier Magruder.



Bonbons are ready again

Delicate, creamy—as delicious as ever. Although they had to stop making bonbons for many months during the sugar shortage, the Huyler's candy-makers did not lose their superior cunning. Now, once more, every Huyler agency and store is offering regularly the before-the-war assortments.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's NEW YORK

67 Stores - Agencies almost everywhere

In Canada-many agencies-factory and store in Toronto

EYE injury is a constant menace to the chipper, the riveter, the grinder, the truck driver, the men who must face the intense heat and blinding glare of furnaces—as well as those who meet eye risks in other ways.

For every one of these men there is a Willson goggle that affords correct, *and comfortable*, eye protection.

The Willson patented *safety flange* helps to keep glass from flying toward the eye should the lens be broken by a powerful blow.

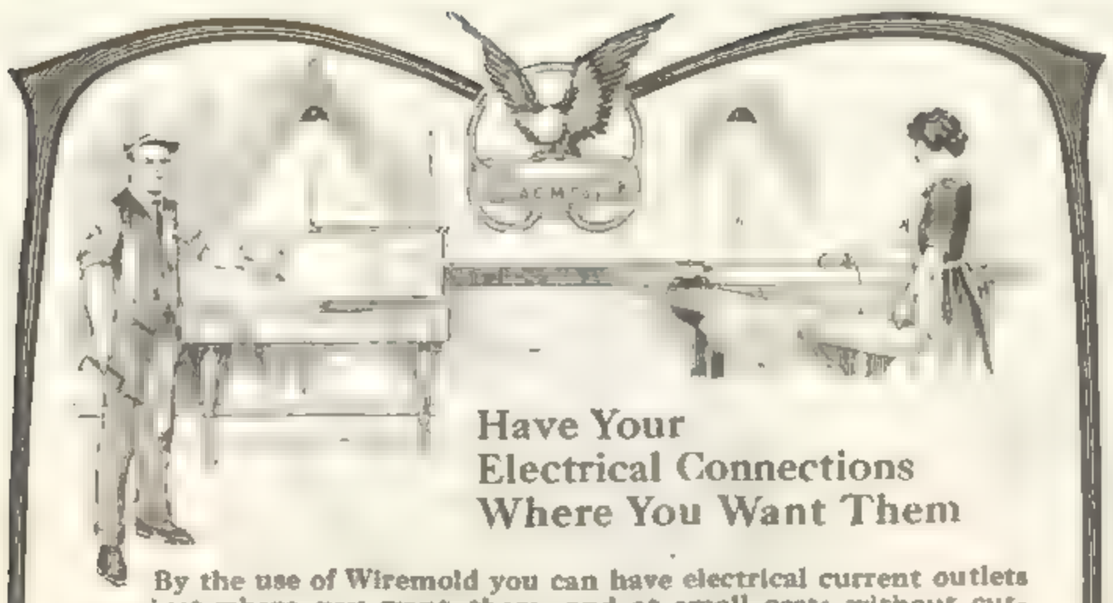
Our Industrial Service Department is at the command of factories, railroads, shipyards and other industrial plants. We will investigate conditions, without obligation on your part, and recommend the types of Willson Goggles that your men need.

Goggles for every need—in work rest or play

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.

Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870

Canadian Office, 23 Scott Street, Toronto



Have Your
Electrical Connections
Where You Want Them

By the use of Wiremold you can have electrical current outlets just where you want them, and at small cost; without cutting into the walls or ceilings or tearing out woodwork.

Wiremold is a metal raceway especially designed to protect and neatly conceal surface wiring. It is easily and quickly installed and costs, on the average job, 35% less in labor and 43% less in material.

In your home Wiremold will bring light into that dark corner. It will also bring the connections for your electric cleaner, washer, iron, percolator or toaster to just the place you want it.

Wiremold fittings are standardized to fit attachments for all commonly used electrical devices.

Ask any good Electrical Contractor-Dealer about Wiremold.

You cannot appreciate Wiremold until you see it. We will send you a sample section, also catalogue and installation manual showing many model installations, free of charge.

The American Conduit Manufacturing Co.
New Kensington, Pa.

Makers of

"Galvanite" — "American" — "Wireduct"

and

WIREMOLD

A Surface Conduit—Not A Metal Molding

Runt Seeds
Grow Runt Plants

If you plant healthy seeds from vigorous ancestors, the next generation, under proper conditions, will usually reproduce all the fine qualities of their forebears. Runt seeds will reproduce their inheritance.

FERRY'S SEEDS

are from plants that, to our knowledge, have been carefully bred since the days of their early great-grandparents. To make doubly sure that these ancestral virtues are unimpaired, every season's crop of Ferry's Seeds is tested by actual growth in our trial gardens. The Ferry label is seed insurance.

Plan your garden now. Write today for the Ferry 1919 "Seed Annual." It is free. Ferry Dependable seeds are sold by dealers everywhere.

D M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.
(and Windsor, Ontario)

SWITZERLAND, THE ECONOMIC BUFFER STATE

(Continued from Page 13)

files who, with his group of associates, has loyally maintained the integrity of the society's obligations to the Allies.

Before I leave the S. S. S. it is interesting to state that, not to be outdone by the Allies—and being the world's prize imitators—the Germans organized a similar institution to prevent any articles or materials exported from Germany into Switzerland from being reexported into Allied countries. There was little provocation for this procedure, for the simple reason that with the rape of Belgium the ban on German goods started in Allied Europe. Beginning with 1915 the great bulk of German goods exported into neutral countries was for propaganda purposes only. But this is a later story.

Diplomatic Trickery

Coincident with this ban came Germany's studied campaign of annoyance to the Allied interests in Switzerland. One incident will show how it worked. France, like England, was unprepared for war. She had to have ammunition and she ordered it wherever it was possible to get it. The Swiss watchmakers are the best fuse manufacturers in the world. They were not averse to making the enormous profits that war expediency suddenly created. The result was that the French gave orders to various factories. Germany determined to block this game in the future. She hastily placed orders for shells with the remaining Swiss concerns. She had no idea of using the shells. Her purpose was to queer these factories with the Allies. She knew perfectly well that just as soon as a Swiss factory accepted an order for German shells, which meant that it did business with the enemy, it was put on the Allied black list. Germany went farther. Almost without exception she canceled these contracts almost as soon as they were put into work, which practically left the Swiss manufacturer high and dry. He was not only in bad with the Allies, who would have renewed their orders continually until the end of the war, but he found himself in some instances with idle machinery and a burden of ill will that was a distinct liability. The German was anything but an altruist.

The organization of the S. S. S. put a stop to a great deal of open German buying in Switzerland. Germany had to have the stuff; she could not get it by fair means so she adopted foul, which was no great strain on her conscience. This leads us to the German economic preparation for the future in Switzerland, which bears directly on the present hour, when the world is wondering what she is going to do for raw materials.

Though Germany began to buy enormously the moment that the war began, it must be said to the credit of the Swiss that before a year passed they officially put a stop to the unrestricted movement of these materials into the empire. The Germans kept on buying, and this means that their immense hoards began to pile up. Warehouse after warehouse became packed to the roof with cotton and wool.

By every art known to diplomatic trickery Germany sought to release these stores, which, as the war dragged on and the blockade pressed, became more and more necessary to the economic and war life of the Fatherland. The value that Germany placed on these materials, even as far back as 1916, is best expressed in the official circular issued by Michaelis, later German Chancellor, and transmitted to the imperial German purchasing agent at Berne. The document in full was as follows:

"MINISTRY OF WAR
"BERLIN W 66 den 12, 11, 1916.
"Leipzigerstrasse 5

"In the negotiations with the Swiss Government the permit for the exportation of the German wheat yarns and cloths was not accomplished. Nevertheless in the trade agreement of September 23, 1916, the assurance of the Swiss Government was given that such German property would not be requisitioned, commandeered or in any way taken by force, and at the cessation of hostilities it is forthwith to be released.

"Due to this state of facts the War Office suggest to you that you hold your yarns and cloths now stored in Switzerland until the end of the war or to sell the same in Switzerland. The first might be preferably recommended in the interest of the promotion of the trade which is to be set going again after the war. However, a preparation or reworking into clothes for export might come into consideration. But if for peculiar reasons a sale must be effected, the representation of the War Office of the Ministry of War in Berne is authorized, if the owner so desires, to aid in such sales in order to guard against the possibility that the prices be lowered by sudden and urgent offer and the owners thereby suffer loss. The War Office of the Ministry of War makes no special charge for this.

"In case you are inclined to make use of this suggestion it is requested that you make a statement of the price limit at which you desire to sell your goods and it will be endeavored to secure for you the best possible offers; but it is called to your attention that according to the enactment of September thirtieth by the Bundesrat a fixing of the highest price limit for inland trade is anticipated for cotton cloth and cotton yarn; what this limit will be is until now not known.

"The storage certificates to be had in Berne and the appropriate authorities are at your disposition. Should you prefer to continue to hold your goods it is recommended that you report same in Berne in order that the goods may in every case be designated to the Swiss Government as German property.

"Yarns in any number are no longer to be exported.

"By order of "[Sig.] MICHAELIS."

I reproduce this circular for various reasons. One is to show that the immense amount of raw materials piled up in Switzerland is for the after-the-war reconstruction. Another is to indicate the cunning of the German mind. In the first paragraph appears the phrase "at the cessation of hostilities it is forthwith to be released." The Germans construed this to mean that they could get the stuff as soon as the armistice was signed. The pro-Ally feeling in Switzerland is that "the cessation of hostilities" means the signing of the Peace Treaty. If the latter construction prevails, as it doubtless will, Germany's come-back will be somewhat delayed.

Mysterious Buying

You get some idea of the extent of German buying in Switzerland when I say that the accumulated stores are valued at nearly two hundred million dollars. Very little of it was bought openly during the past two years. The Germans had their stool pigeons in the shape of Swiss, Austrian, Polish or Dutch buyers, who not only bought the material in the names of firms in Switzerland, Holland and Sweden but who resorted to every possible expedient to annex material for the Germans.

These buyers were called "Schiebers." Their pockets were lined with German money and they bought right and left; and sometimes in mystifying fashion, as this incident will show:

In a certain prosperous Swiss town a merchant had ten thousand francs' worth of women's blouses. One of these Austrian Schiebers came in and said: "I hear you have some blouses to sell."

"Yes," was the reply.

"What do you want for them?"

The shopkeeper, who had no desire to sell them, replied: "I'll take twenty-five thousand francs."

"I'll buy them," replied the buyer.

The shopkeeper protested that he could not deliver them, whereupon the buyer said: "All I want is a receipt. I'll send for them after the war."

The significance of the episode was simply this: The Austrian was buying for a German house that wanted to have an available stock immediately after peace. These blouses will go forth into the world with German labels and bearing the message that German trade is on the job. It is

(Continued on Page 50)

BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

Beaver Board the Dining Room
and You'll Want it Throughout the House

One Beaver Board room in the house and you'll want more. For the new home, for remodeling or repairing the use of this knotless, crackless manufactured lumber will settle the question of walls and ceilings once and for all time.

Building the dining room with Beaver Board will first prove the versatility of this good building material. It will show how Beaver Board lends itself to the most decorative of ceiling treatment, how completely the larger panels cover full sections of the upper wall and finally how it meets modern decorative demands in the side walls.

With different effects in each room, ranging from contrasting panels to the delicate effects in bed rooms and bath, there are no limitations when you choose Beaver Board instead of lath and plaster.

Beaver Board is a product of the forests. From the pure fibres of the white spruce it is built up into large sturdy panels ready to be nailed to the studding of new buildings or directly over old cracked and papered walls. Taking the place of both lath and plaster gives economy. Having an ideal surface for painting and decorating, which gives a final result as durable and lasting as the wood work, is more economy. The fact that you will never have the wall and ceiling job to do again is "economy plus."

Our Department of Design and Decoration will gladly prepare plans and color suggestions for a complete house or any single room. "Beaver Board and its Uses" is a worth while book that's sent upon request.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
10 Beaver Road **Buffalo, N. Y.**

UNITED STATES BRANCHES
Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and San Francis-

110 Wall Street, Beaverdale
Ottawa

AUSTRALIA
340 Kent Street
Sydney, N. S. W

Victoria and Harris Streets
Wellington

Manufacturers also of Beaver Greenboard & Beaver Blackboard
Distributors in principal cities, dealers everywhere

A view of the new Libby farm kitchen at Blue Island, Illinois

And now—a Libby *farm* kitchen!

Situated in the heart of thousands of acres of fertile farm lands—the largest food plant of its kind in the world

To package foods right where they grow—to capture and seal in their flavor at the moment they are freshest and finest—

That is the ideal of Libby chefs, the ideal that explains the perfection of the dishes they prepare.

That is why you will find Libby fruit kitchens out in the midst of the famous orchards of the Golden West, pineapple kitchens in Hawaii, salmon kitchens in Alaska. That is why Libby kitchens for the packaging of meats are in Chicago, where America's finest meat-producing animals are sent to be dressed.

And now comes this newest Libby kitchen—situated at Blue Island, Illinois, in the heart of thousands of acres of some of the richest farm land in the United States.

An airy, sunlit building of concrete, brick and glass, spotlessly clean and sanitary, and supplied with the most modern equipment for the scientific preparation of foods. It is a huge structure with over a half million square feet of floor space—the largest food plant of its kind in the world. Transportation facilities are unusual, the plant having a ready outlet over practically every important railroad out of Chicago.

At this plant Libby chefs prepare and package a great variety of foods, among them salad dressing, mustard, apple butter, jellies, pickles, olives, sauerkraut, pork and beans, and tomato products.

We should especially like to have you try Libby's Apple Butter—an unusually tempting delight as Libby chefs prepare it. Your grocer has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 502 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Apple butter! Rich, thick, creamy apple butter! How long has it been since you have enjoyed it? The moment you catch the spicy fragrance of Libby's Apple Butter, the moment you taste it, you will say it is the work of master chefs. Order a package today—see how the Libby ideal of flavor has improved this good old-fashioned dish

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Junius B. Wood and George Pattullo

THE slight, graceful creature with his hand on his hip is Junius B. Wood, war correspondent. Once an unsuspecting acquaintance mistook the initial "B" for Brutus, and now the daisies wave above his resting place.

Wood probably knows more about the A. E. F., and more of its officers and men personally, than anyone outside of the General Staff in France. He comes from Chicago and admits it—still thinks South Halsted Street is prettier and more soothing to the soul than Riverside Drive.

Because he trailed Pershing's army in the Mexican campaign and won $1.80 in a poker game at Dublan he sports a service ribbon, and not an M. P. in the A. E. F. dare take it off him. In addition, he now wears two chevrons denoting twelve months on the Western Front. A farsighted, shrewd, grouchy, companionable Old-Timer, a redoubtable competitor but the staunchest of friends—that is Junius. In addition, he works harder than any correspondent in captivity. Every time a rising young journalist essays to take a fall out of Wood, the others gather round expectantly, with their hearty jeers and floral wreaths all ready for the misguided youth.

This photograph was taken in the Château-Thierry sector. The fat party in the picture is George Pattullo.

Forrest Crissey (With His Dog)

An Autobiography

I WAS born too long ago at the very buckle of the pie belt in Stockton, Chautauqua County, New York. As a boy my taste for farming—which later developed into my most expensive vice—was confined to pumpkin pies, maple sugar and wild strawberries. The largest thing on the farm was the kitchen wood box. Next in size and unpopularity came the churn, which seemed about as big as a cement silo. Either of these rural instruments of torture was guaranteed to produce violent stomach pains on sight. The greatest grief of my childhood was not being allowed to keep a dog. Having seen a buck sheep working a treadmill which turned a neighbor's churn I offered to accept a goat as a substitute for the desired dog, but this diplomatic concession was cruelly denied.

At twelve I learned a lot about human nature—for financial misfortune sent us West to make a fresh start. That trip to Marengo, Illinois, was made a pilgrimage of agony by the acute consciousness that I was firmly attached to a pair of red home-knit mittens connected by a cord of twisted yarn. I thought those mittens and a large lump in my throat were the only things I brought with me to the West.

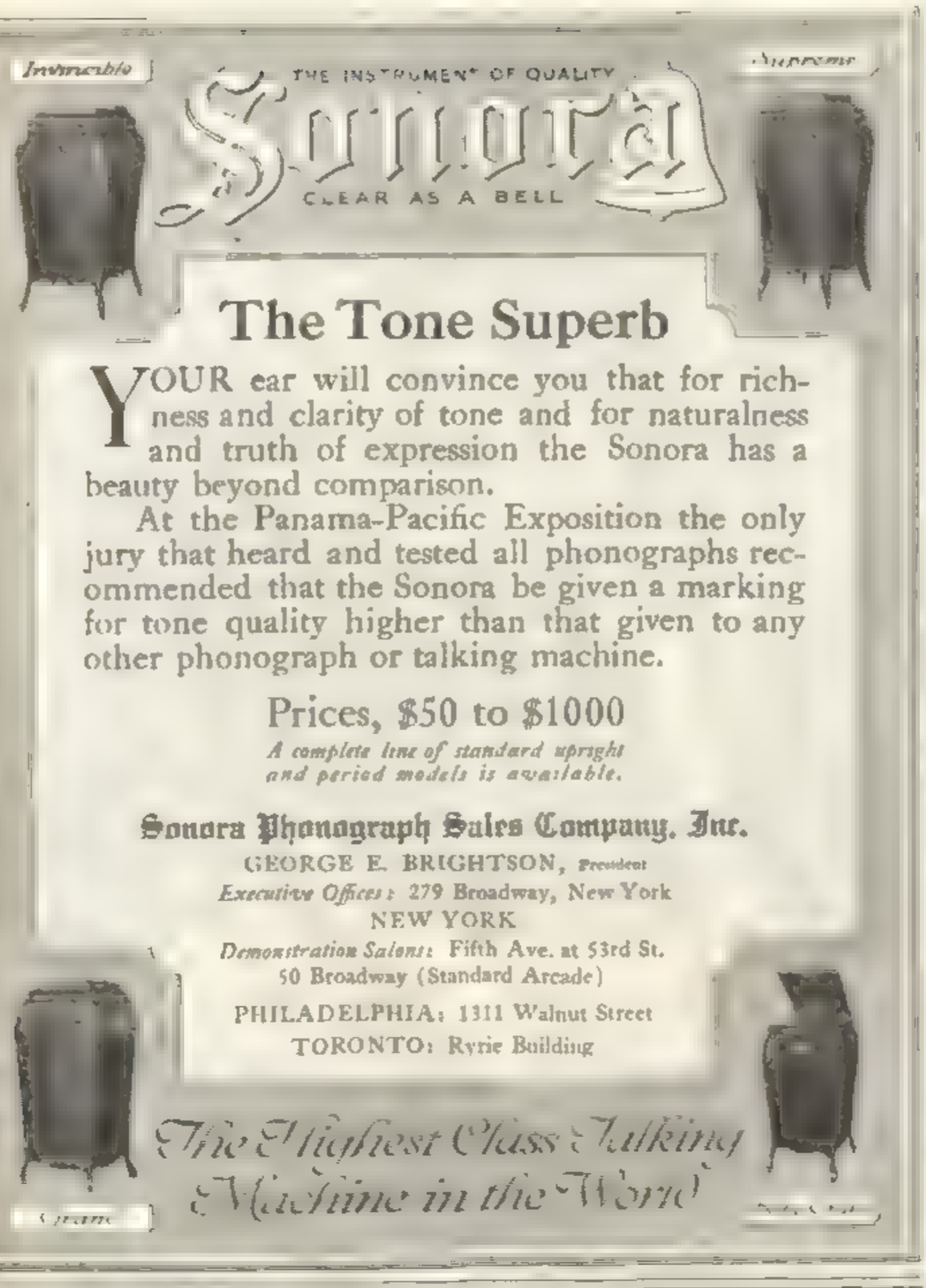
But I was mistaken, for about the time I began to experiment with a razor I discovered that I had also brought from old Chautauqua a bundle of boyish memories as fresh as when I had unconsciously packed them away. These vivid specters prodded me for expression and finally found embodiment in a series of short stories which appeared alongside Mr. Dooley on the editorial page of the Chicago Evening Post.

(Concluded on Page 72)

Harry Leon Wilson

HARRY LEON WILSON would not talk about himself, so it was necessary to call upon Ma Pettengill for information concerning the author of Bunker Bean, Ruggles of Red Gap and other popular contributions to humorous fiction. Having first produced the "makings," the dear lady spoke as follows: "Oh, him? Why, a right pleasant sort of a body, but kind of quiet. Not much of a talker, but when it comes to listening, he's the ace of aces. He can sit for hours saying nothing at all in the most companionable way in the world. Writes books and plays and pieces for the magazines. But wears his hair short like a regular person and to look at him he might be anything but literary. Most writing people talk too much anyway, and when they sit down to write, the stuff has all run out over the spillway and the reservoir is dry as the state of Oregon.

"Been an editor, too, I hear; but shucks, a body can hear anything these days! And if he was an editor he got bravely over it."



The Tone Superb

YOUR ear will convince you that for richness and clarity of tone and for naturalness and truth of expression the Sonora has a beauty beyond comparison.

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition the only jury that heard and tested all phonographs recommended that the Sonora be given a marking for tone quality higher than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine.

Prices, $50 to $1000

A complete line of standard upright and period models is available.

Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, Inc.

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

Executive Offices: 279 Broadway, New York

NEW YORK

Demonstration Salons: Fifth Ave. at 53rd St.

50 Broadway (Standard Arcade)

PHILADELPHIA: 1311 Walnut Street

TORONTO: Ryrie Building

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

They Have 5000 Reasons To Smile

And Each Reason Is a Silver Dollar

COURTRIGHT HAWLEY, Sr., earns the 5000 dollars every year—spending and saving them especially for Courtright, Jr., who naturally thinks he has the finest "Daddy" in the world.

The Hawley smile is famous throughout the Dakotas, which Hawley covers for us. In small Dakota towns, he finds it easy to maintain a *daily average* of twenty yearly subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His salary and commission profits on this business exceed

$5000.00 a Year

Hawley says he barely "scratches" his territory to get his yearly quota of orders, and proves it by appointing many local representatives for us himself!

But, with most of our unmarried "Hawleys" still in France, we still need more workers. The mid-winter rush is upon us. Business was never so good. If Hawley—among strangers—can average 20 Curtis orders a day in eight hours, *you* can get 2 a day in your spare time—*at home among friends*. And for even 2 a day your profits for a month will approximate $30.00—$7.50 a week for an hour a day—$1.25 an hour!

If you want more money, you will want our cash offer NOW. To get it

Mail This Coupon Today

The Curtis Publishing Company
845 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:—I am interested in your offer to representatives. Please send me your proposition at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 46)

a typical revelation of the German hand in Switzerland.

Despite the fact that it was legally impossible to get the raw materials into Germany the Germans looked ahead to the moment that peace would release the Teutonic industry, and the great new world-trade competition would begin. Stores of the material segregated in Switzerland will be used during the next year in the German-owned factories in Switzerland. As I have pointed out on more than one occasion, the mark, "Made in Germany," which for a time will be the brand of a commercial Cain, will be succeeded by the stamp, "Made in Switzerland"—if the Germans can get away with it. A neat little scheme is being framed up in Switzerland, however, to frustrate this camouflage, as you shall presently see.

Meanwhile we can turn to what is in many respects one of the most picturesque and remarkable evidences of German commercial subterfuge that the war revealed. In all my four years' study of the methods by which the Germans obtained material for war purposes I have yet to discover an episode that ranks with this in ingenuity and daring.

The Tale of the Lorraine Shirts

To get the setting we must go to the little Swiss city of St. Gall, which is the center of the embroidery industry of the world. In peacetime its annual exports amount to more than forty million dollars, of which a third comes to us. At St. Gall you get the one real evidence of America in Switzerland, for the reason that twenty million dollars of American capital is invested in her embroidery factories. As you walk down the streets you can see the names of New York houses on the walls and windows. In the comfortable business men's club—one of the best in Switzerland—you can hear American talk to your ear's content.

Since St. Gall's activity depends almost entirely upon cotton the war interfered with the even tenor of her productive way. Export limitations added to her troubles. One of the first restrictions prohibited the export of plain cotton cloths into Germany. The reason was that plain cotton cloth could be easily used for war work, and more especially in the manufacture of Zeppelins. The only cotton goods that could be sent into any of the Central Powers had to be embroidered. Keep this fact in mind because it bears directly on the point of the story I am now to unfold.

For years there had been a moderate manufacture in St. Gall of an article of feminine underwear known as the Lorraine shirt. In that mysterious phraseology, which is like so much Greek to most unmarried men, it is technically called a "combination." In the ordinary course of underwear events—and because the shirt must be short—it never measures more than three feet in length. At the top of the garment there is usually an embroidered design of some kind. The garment gets its name from the fact that it is made on a Lorraine machine.

Just as soon as the embargo was clamped down on the export of plain cotton goods into the enemy countries an activity in Lorraine shirts suddenly developed. During the first quarter of 1917 more than three hundred thousand pounds of these shirts went across the frontier into Germany.

This was not surprising. Everybody knew that the consumption of goods in the empire, due to war needs, had been great. No one paid particular attention to the steady stream of boxes that went out of St. Gall, all filled with these shirts.

All goods from Switzerland into Germany are subject to a customs examination. When these cases of Lorraine shirts began to come along in constantly increasing numbers the Swiss border authorities perfunctorily opened a box, saw that it contained underwear with embroidery at the top, which met the wartime requirement, and passed on the whole lot without any further investigation. As the flood of Lorraine shirts increased one Swiss customs officer, more conscientious than his mates, began to smell a mouse. He said to himself: "These German women who are complaining about the pinch of war are certainly using up a great many pieces of embroidered underwear. What is the meaning of this extraordinary demand for Lorraine shirts?"

When the next batch came along he decided to make a real examination. The shirt on the top was made according to regulation size. It was neatly folded and was the usual plant for the unsuspecting customs officer. When the vigilant official dug down into the case he discovered that every other shirt was exactly twenty-five feet long! Even the giants that our old friend Gulliver found in his travels could not have worn them. Every other case in this consignment was filled with these same fantastic garments. As a result of this amazing deception Germany got more than two million yards of cotton cloth for her war work every month.

Now the particular reason for this performance was that Friedrichshafen, the center of Zeppelin manufacture, is on the shores of Lake Constance, which is only a few miles from St. Gall. A hundred thousand yards of cloth was needed for every Zeppelin. Thus through the device of manufacturing what purported to be Lorraine shirts the material for twenty Zeppelins was smuggled into Germany every thirty days. I need scarcely add that the moment the fraud was bared the German supply of cotton cloth suddenly decreased. The Swiss restricted the length of Lorraine shirts to eighty centimeters, and one picturesque system of smuggling came to an end.

This extraordinary episode—and it represented merely one kind of smuggling that went on between Switzerland and Germany—was made possible, first, by the cupidity which knows neither rank nor cause; second, by the war-born German industrial enterprise planted throughout Switzerland as the cornerstone of a new world trade. Here we reach the crux of the whole German economic penetration, which is to-day one of the principal assets of the defeated empire now struggling for rehabilitation.

We can get a concrete manifestation of it without leaving the domain of the Lorraine shirt. Before the war St. Gall's only rival, both in the manufacture of embroidery machines and in embroidery output, was the German town of Plauen. Just as soon as the war broke, her industry ceased, because practically all the cotton stocks in Germany were commandeered for actual war needs. Plauen did not sit with folded hands bemoaning the loss of her principal business. She did a characteristic German thing. She moved Plauen to St. Gall. This is not a figure of speech. She actually transferred her embroidery machines over onto Swiss soil. They worked day and night to produce the Brobdingnagian Lorraine shirts that I have just described.

Other German Deceptions

The shirts represent merely a wartime expedient. These German factories are making "Swiss" embroideries to-day, and just as soon as the markets of the world are open they will be on sale. More important than this is the fact that when their home industries are reëstablished their product will also be hawked about as "genuine Swiss" embroidery. The most inferior German output will have the Swiss label, will be sold as the Swiss article, and will serve to give German goods an opening that they would not have if they flew their own colors.

Germany duplicated this procedure with cotton gloves. Chemnitz, in Saxony, is one of the headquarters of this industry. The Germans moved their glove machines to St. Gall and sent over hundreds of German girls to work them. These factories with their workers will never go back. If the Germans can possibly get away with it they will sell these gloves everywhere. The world that will refuse to buy German gloves will be buncoed into buying these "Swiss" gloves made by German workers on German machines in Switzerland.

In this matter Germany showed her usual trade ingenuity, as an incident concerning a well-known German buttonhole silk will show. This silk is sold throughout the world, especially in England, and is known by a certain characteristic trade-mark. During the second year of the war the manufacturers turned their business over to a competitor at Basel, who filled all the orders. It developed that the unwound silk was being sent from Germany into Switzerland, rewound, packed in the original package, and stamped "Made in Switzerland." This is one reason why a certificate of origin will have to be required on all foreign goods hereafter.

(Continued on Page 53)

Science Has Perfected This Wonderful Boiler

FROM the brain of Science all the wonders of modern civilization have emanated.

Without the infallibility of scientific principles no wireless would be carrying our messages across space; no unseen electric current would be supplying light and power; no internal combustion engine would be driving bird-like aëroplanes above the clouds in defiance of Nature's laws.

* * *

In many ways Science has brought comfort, health and economy to the modern home.

One of the greatest of scientific achievements for home comfort is now perfected—the Weil-McLain Scientific Combustion Boiler.

In this boiler, Scientific Combustion has finally been perfected. It is the result of over 28 years of research and study. Scientific men have supplemented the efforts of expert mechanics. Results that 10 years ago were undreamed of, have been accomplished.

Weil-McLain Scientific Combustion Boilers produce heat scientifically. Each and every one of the major parts is scientifically proportioned to the other. This perfect balance and scientific unity of operation is absolutely essential to Scientific Combustion.

There are no exaggerated features. For Science has proved that such features, often exaggerated as "selling" points, disturb the functioning of the boiler. This often causes faulty combustion and a costly waste of fuel and heat.

Fuel gives off its greatest energy in this Scientific Boiler. Gases contribute a share of heat units usually wasted. A delightful even heat is carried to the rooms—which is easily and accurately controlled.

Thus new standards of comfort and economy in home heating are raised by Science. New fields of winter health are opened up. Science has again eliminated guess-work and waste. Home heating is made as certain as electric lighting.

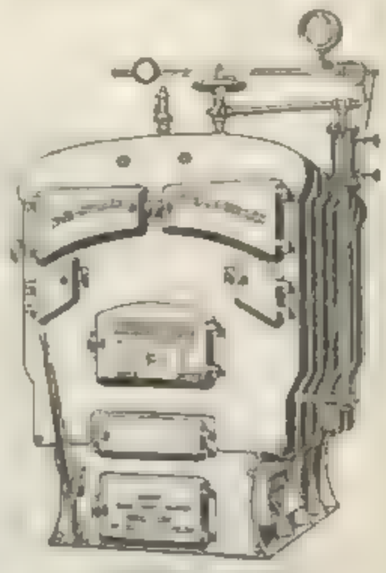
ROUND TYPE
Burns any grade of fuel
This boiler made for Steam, Vapor, Vacuum and Water Heating; suitable for bungalows, residences and small apartment buildings.

If you are contemplating a new home, or building, or the replacement of your old heating plant, you will gain by investigating this remarkable scientific boiler.

Write today for interesting illustrative catalog which fully explains scientific combustion. We will include name of heating engineer in your territory who will serve you.

Weil-McLain Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Canton, O.
Manufacturers of Boilers and Radiators

Weil-McLain
SCIENTIFIC COMBUSTION
BOILERS



SECTIONAL TYPE
Burns any grade of fuel
This boiler made for Steam, Vapor, Vacuum and Water Heating; adapted for apartment, factory, office, school, theatre and public buildings.

Another Shortage of Super-Sixes

MANY times during the past three years, premiums have been paid for prompt delivery of Super-Sixes. We again confront a similar condition.

No open car models are to be built for some time. The present limited factory production is concentrated on closed models for which there is immediate demand.

$2,200 for the Seven-Passenger model gives it a distinctive value

Spring is only a few weeks off. No Hudson dealer has enough cars to meet the first few days' requirements when spring buying gets under way.

Men are getting to realize that situation. They are buying their open cars now. They take no chances on deliveries in the face of the known limited stocks, and the fact that the factory will not be able to resume full production before June.

It isn't hard to understand the cause for this situation, peculiar and we believe exclusive to Hudson in the fine car class. It is due entirely to the value of the Super-Six as gauged by its performances, its reputation, its endurance and its cost.

There is nothing fictitious about its value. It has never been necessary to stimulate its sales by manipulating its selling price. Its price has not even been influenced by the measure of its performance. Had that been so, then it should be the highest priced car in the field, for hasn't it established every worthwhile record?

What other car has equaled it?

Super-Six prices are based on costs. The present price of $2,200 for the seven-passenger phaeton, thousands of owners will tell you, is the best value on the market.

And those same owners will advise you to order your Super-Six now.

Production is limited and sales at this early season equal the present output.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

60,000 Super-Sixes are now identified by the White Triangle

(Continued from Page 50)

We have now entered the realm of the most significant of all the German wartime economic activities in Switzerland, and the one that bears directly on the future. The moment that Germany realized that she was doomed to defeat she inaugurated an intensive campaign of penetration that was a marvel of organization. As in Holland, merchandise became propaganda. Despite the pinch of necessity at home, both for war and social needs, she kept on supplying the Swiss market with every conceivable kind of commodity. New branches of German firms sprang up in all the cities and towns. The newspapers and periodicals were flooded with advertisements of goods that could never be delivered. The whole idea was to keep the German industrial name unfurled and goodwill going.

Wherever I went I found the offices of the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd Steamship Lines not only open but flaunting their advertisements. At Zurich, for example, the North German Lloyd has imposing offices on the Bahnhofstrasse, which is the main street of this "little Berlin." On the window was painted this inscription: "Bremen—New York—via Southampton. Ocean journey, 5½ days." At the moment that this invitation glittered in gold letters before the Swiss populace the ocean journey described was about as feasible as the passage of a fat German through the eye of a needle. An insuperable handicap like this did not disturb the Teuton. The window inscription had been there in peace days; it proclaimed one little phase of German world authority, and it remained as a piece of Teutonic publicity.

It was precisely like the sign of the Hamburg-American Line that I saw in the window of its offices in Madrid, which set forth the name, tonnage and world route of every one of its steamers, despite the fact that at that moment scores of them were either sunk, carrying American troops or interned in Allied ports. Until the last six months of the war these tactics greatly impressed the neutral. Likewise they kept the German machine going, and so far as office organization is concerned there will be no dislocation when the time comes to resume business.

Swiss Watchmakers Blackmailed

Throughout the war Germany made every effort to control the Swiss cotton-goods industry. Switzerland had a considerable export business with Holland and Scandinavia. The goods had to pass through Germany on the way to the consumer because the Rhine is the great highway to the sea. At once the German authorities said: "We cannot let you ship these goods through Germany. Why not let us have them for our own use?" This procedure did two things: It kept the Swiss trade from expanding, which met the German desire; and it also added to the German stores.

Still more arrogant was the attempt of the German Watch Dealers Society to dominate the Swiss watch industry. As most people know, one of the principal articles of Swiss export is her watches, which go to every section of the world. One important customer is Holland, who reëxports these watches to her numerous colonies. Just as soon as the war began the Germans saw a good opportunity to control this whole export business. They delayed the transport of these goods, which, like the cotton articles for Holland and Scandinavia, had to pass through Germany. The natural result was that the Dutch stocks dwindled. When Holland protested to Germany she got a communication from the German Watch Dealers Society, which said: "Give us your orders for Swiss watches and you will be given the assurance that your merchandise will reach you without any annoyance or delay."

The German object was quite clear. It was set forth in an official statement by the Federation of Swiss Watchmakers, which declared:

"The difficulties and annoyances which Germany raises in the transit of our watches to neutral countries and even to nations allied with the German Empire have an importance which leaves no doubt. Germany wants to get hold of a part of the watch market by compelling the Dutch wholesale dealers, and others as well, to place their orders not directly in Switzerland but through intermediate German agents. The latter will take for their payment a well-proportioned commission and by this process will help to strengthen the German rate of exchange. To carry out their plan they make adequate transit depend upon the use of German agents."

The Federation of Swiss Watchmakers made such a protest to Germany that this scheme of blackmail—it was nothing less—failed. The significance of the performance is that it gives another evidence of German cunning, which must be reckoned with now that reconstruction has arrived and Germany will test every resource to restore her battered prestige.

I have said that Germany made every possible sacrifice to get and hold Swiss trade during the war in the hope that the goodwill thus obtained would continue with peace. I could give countless evidences. Two, however, will suffice. Despite her desperate economic plight she furnished one million dollars' worth of mains and insulators for the electrification of the Swiss railways during the spring of 1918. The remarkable feature of this purveying was that Switzerland tried to get this material in France, England and the United States without success. The only country who would supply her was her next-door neighbor, then face to face with scarcity of supplies at home and an embargo abroad. I cite this episode to show that whatever her handicaps Germany will make a surprising stab at reconstruction.

The Hub of European Travel

The city of Zurich wanted to build a bridge, and invited bids. To the great surprise of everybody the only bidders were Germans.

When someone asked a Swiss contractor why he did not compete he replied: "To compete with the Germans would be ruinous. They are determined to get the business."

One more illustration will show that with the end of the war in sight and defeat inevitable the German manufacturer was looking ahead. The manager of the Zurich branch of an American machinery firm showed me a postal card that he had just received from a German house at Mannheim offering a complete line of small tools. It stated: "As soon as the war is over we shall be in a position to serve you. We advise you to book your orders now."

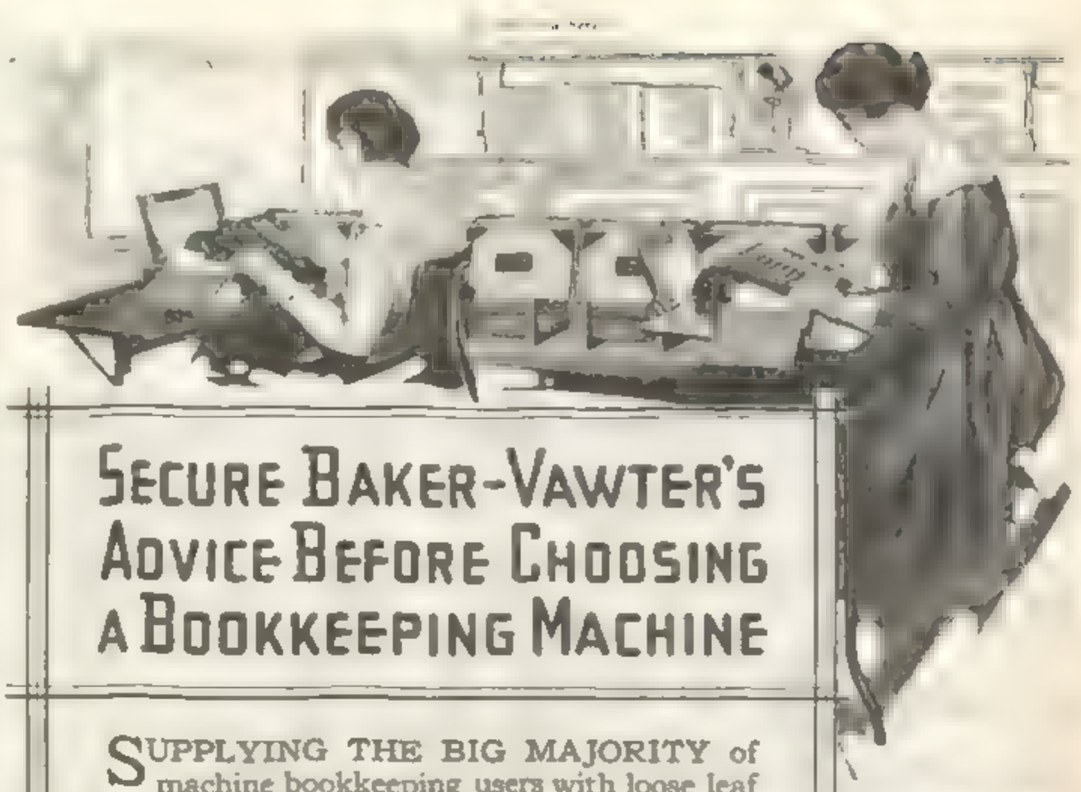
That Germany regarded Switzerland as one of her most important economic bridgeheads after the war is evidenced nowhere else quite so convincingly as in Basel. This enterprising city on the Rhine, whose population of 150,000 includes 40,000 Germans, is the hub of Continental travel. Of all Swiss towns it is second only to Zurich in importance, being the center of the industries in silk ribbons, chemical products and machinery. With the exception of Frankfort-on-the-Main it was visited by more tourists in peacetimes than any other European city, for the reason that most of the tide of travel flowing south from Germany scatters from this point to Switzerland, France and Italy.

Germany has used Basel for social and economic penetration and it will be one of her principal strongholds during these years of restoration. With that uncanny foresight which helped to make her industrially great she has a plant ready for business. Its nerve center is the great Badische Bahnhof—the Baden railway station—which presents the remarkable spectacle of a vast German terminal built on Swiss soil. Through its immense freight station comes all the German coal for Switzerland.

One day last November I walked out and took a look at this towering, ugly, typically German mass of brick and stone. It was like a vast morgue. Despite the fact that no passenger's footsteps echoed through its immense waiting rooms everything was spick and span, ready for the first train to come puffing in with its load of German visitors. This station is bound to be an important factor in the German rehabilitation, for the reason that with the starting up of German industry it will teem with German merchandise. The army of German agents, propagandists and citizens generally in Basel will see that it is passed on.

Within sight of the station I saw a succession of immense brick warehouses. They were so jammed with bales of cotton that the staple had burst through some of the windows.

I asked an American who accompanied me about them, and he replied: "They are



SECURE BAKER-VAWTER'S ADVICE BEFORE CHOOSING A BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

SUPPLYING THE BIG MAJORITY of machine bookkeeping users with loose leaf equipment qualifies Baker-Vawter Company to focus a ten times greater experience upon the determination of your requirements.

BAKER-VAWTER
BINDERS, TRAYS, LEAVES, STATEMENTS

are efficient team-mates for *all* bookkeeping machines. Impartial judgment can thus be rendered relative to the type of machine which would function best for you. Without obligation, inquire through nearest factory:

Benton Harbor, Mich.
Holyoke, Mass. San Francisco, Cal.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers
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Another of THE BIG MAJORITY using Baker-Vawter Machine Bookkeeping Binders, Leaves, etc., is Hadley-Neely Company, Wholesale Fruits and Produce, Sioux City, Iowa.

TRADE BEST VALUE MARK

No. 155 of a Series

Trailmobile
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Fast Hauling at Low Cost

The Motorless Motor Truck

Thousands in Use

SIZES
1,250 lbs
1,500 lbs
2,000 lbs
3,000 lbs.
4,000 lbs
7,000 lbs
10,000 lbs
Also semi-trailers
Bodies for every business

QUICK delivery and better service to customers—double results from one driver and one truck—the lowest delivery cost he has ever known.

Those are the reasons why Theodore Rechtin, a dealer in building materials at Evansville, Ind., is enthusiastic about the Trailmobile and why he says he will never try to get along without one.

Like other owners he has had no trouble with the Trailmobile and no repairs have been necessary. The light truck and Trailmobile are faster than a heavy truck would be. First cost for the Trailmobile is low, and interest and depreciation charges are unimportant

The Trailmobile is built like a truck to carry full loads at motor vehicle speeds. Tracks perfectly without sidesway. Lasts for years.

The Trailmobile proposition is as attractive to the dealer as to the consumer. Trailmobile distributors are doing an ever-growing profitable business. British and European representation desired.

Write for booklet, "Economy in Hauling"

The Trailmobile Co. 503-[illegible] E. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

Good roads are preserved by reducing the load on each wheel

Contractors to the U. S. Government

Not just an *artist's* pencil—

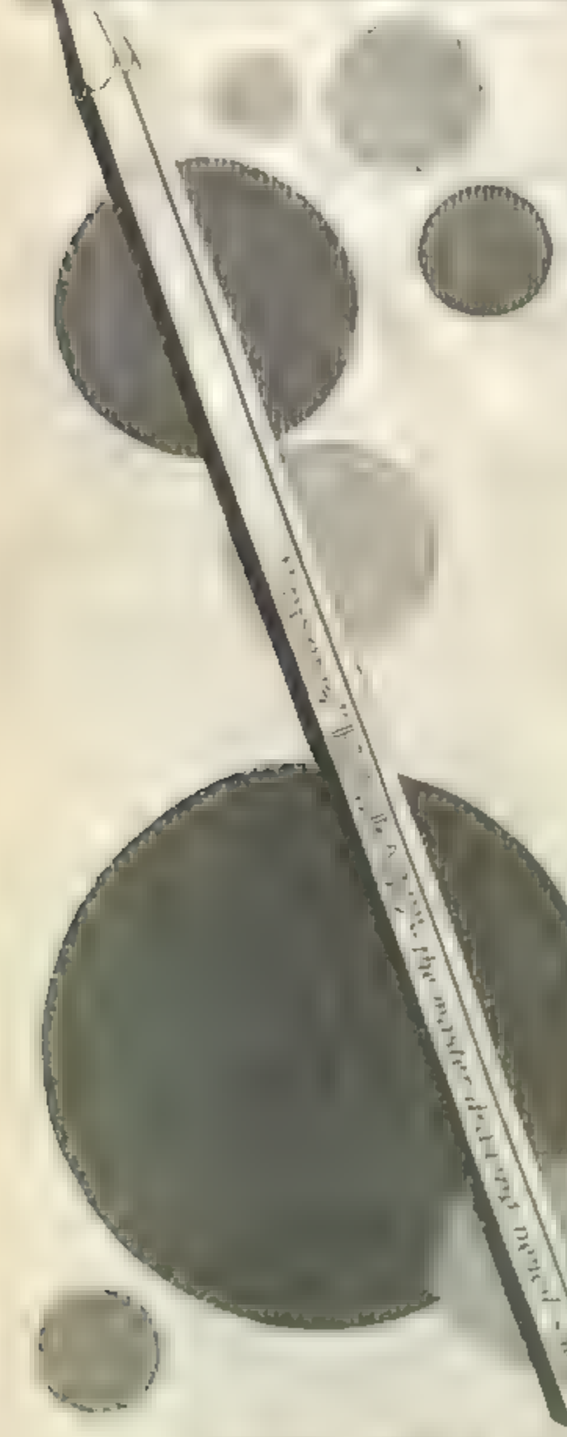
Nor merely a *draftsman's* pencil—

Nor only a general *business* pencil—

But—
a pencil that eases and quickens work for *everybody*

DIXON'S ELDORADO

"the master drawing pencil"



is an *American Achievement* in pencil making. Leads delightfully smooth, scientifically graded, and exceptionally long wearing. The Eldorado makes for genuine economy.

Made in 17 degrees

9 H (hardest), 6 B (softest), H B (medium) for general use.

Get a trial dozen from your dealer, or send 10c for a full length pencil mentioning your dealer's name and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard, or very hard lead is desired.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

Dept. 8 J *Established 1827* Jersey City, N. J.

Canadian distributors, A. R. MacDougall & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

all German warehouses, and the cotton you see is part of the immense hoard that the Germans have piled up in Switzerland. Germany owns these warehouses and they will fit into her commercial scheme after the war."

Basel is of peculiar interest to us now, because the German dyestuffs that were formerly shipped by way of Hamburg and Antwerp will come out through the great Baden station. During the past eighteen months the German dye makers, conscious of the growing British and American independence of them, have transferred hundreds of their formulas to Basel manufacturers, who will export them under Swiss labels if it is possible to do so. Some of the Swiss dye manufacturers, however—and there is a considerable colony at Basel—have a union to prevent this camouflage performance.

It all gets down to this: If we are to protect our trade-marks and prevent the dumping of an immense amount of German stuff masquerading under Swiss titles, let the Allied world keep its eye on Basel.

Bulwarking the whole German commercial offensive in Switzerland is a perfectly organized banking system. Credit—that lifeblood of business—is theirs in almost unlimited quantities. Not only are the German hooks fastened into many Swiss financial institutions but the Germans have what practically amounts to their own bank in Zurich. This is the Bank for Electrical Undertakings. Though housed in a Swiss building on the main street of the leading Swiss community, it is German to the core. Part of the chain of German-controlled banks in a dozen countries, of which the great Banca Commerciale Italiana of Milan is the Gibraltar, it is the dynamo behind a far-flung Teutonic industrial enterprise.

This Zurich bank is really the Zurich branch of our old friend the "A. E. G.," the German electrical-machinery octopus whose tentacles reach out all over Europe. Together with the Banca Commerciale Italiana it controls the telephone and other public-utility systems throughout Italy, and the tramways and electric-lighting system in Constantinople. Because it operates under a Swiss charter it is able to underwrite German institutions everywhere in the world. A whole new era of activity for it is just beginning.

If you have the slightest doubt about the real nationality and purpose of the Bank for Electrical Undertakings just take a look at the personnel of the board of directors: Heading the list is Arthur von Gwinner, Germany's foremost financier and codirector with Helfferich of the all-powerful Deutsche Bank of Berlin. Next comes Dr. Walther Rathenau, president of the A. E. G. Other well-known German industrial and financial figures on the board are: Herbert Gutmann, director of the Dresdner Bank in Berlin, one of the four famous "D" banks; Prof. Bernhard Salomon, the scientific head of the A. E. G.; and Hugo Landau, one of the great commercial experts of Berlin. From this imposing array of Germanic commercial genius you can readily see how much opportunity for control is vested in the Swiss directors.

The Market for Stolen Goods

None of these economic foundations for future trade could be reared without the human—or shall I say the inhuman—element. In no other neutral country is the German personality so active as in Switzerland. Nor is this entirely due to the large German-born and German-speaking population. It results directly from the Teutonic desire to harness Helvetia to the German economic organization.

No matter where you go you almost stumble over a German salesman. To show you the extent of this campaign I have only to say that of 6440 traveling salesmen who visited Switzerland in 1915, 4747 were Germans, 1513 were French, eighty-seven were English and three were American. There is much food for thought on the part of American exporters in these figures.

The German has wormed his way into hundreds of Swiss stock companies. In order to escape observation these German interests usually do not aspire to representation among the officers but seldom fail to intrench themselves on the boards of directors, where the real influence lies. More dangerous than this, however, is the tendency of the German element to penetrate in Switzerland to those control[illegible] protection of Swiss [illegible]. In this and this is not so easy, for the reason that a special act of Parliament must be passed for each new citizen. It is a long and complicated performance not without a good deal of publicity. In Switzerland it is easier. That is why the incident that I reported at the beginning of this article is so significant. There will be hundreds of thousands—millions if possible—of new Swiss citizens during the next five years.

Since I am dealing with this human element let me emphasize a fact that I have often stated before: In every neutral and Allied country where I saw and conversed with German prisoners of war I invariably found them studying languages. Most of them were more eager to master English than any other tongue, but thousands were also wrestling with Spanish. This language study was inspired by the German authorities. It is a well-known fact that Germany expects to recoup some of her fortunes in Spanish-speaking lands.

I place the capstone on the monument of German abuse of Swiss hospitality by saying that, not content with seeking to prostitute Swiss trade and Swiss institutions generally, the Germans have used Switzerland as the market place for their war loot. The headquarters of this traffic is Geneva. Here, with the aid of Bulgarians, Turks and renegade citizens of Allied countries, the robber barons have established quite a brisk trade in church vestments, family plate, jewelry and even securities—all wrested from the unhappy inhabitants of Belgium and Northern France. When it was impossible to get this booty out of Germany in the ordinary channels—a great deal of it was segregated at Frankfort—the German war profiteers used aëroplanes. There is enterprise as well as shamelessness in the German idea of the fruits of war.

Efforts Toward Self-Protection

Do not think that little Switzerland has sat back calmly and taken her large and almost continuous dose of German economic medicine without a protest or determination to fight back. When Germany went to war she unmasked herself and her methods before the world. Out of this knowledge both neutrals and belligerents have welded a powerful weapon for defense. If Germany can put over her old trade tricks it will only be because she is stronger and continues to be more cunning than the rest of the world.

Throughout Switzerland, even in that section which speaks and thinks German, there is a growing desire for economic independence. For one thing, a movement has been organized by leading Swiss manufacturers to forestall after-the-war competition in foreign-made goods fraudulently described as "of Swiss origin." A national trade-mark for genuine Swiss exports has been created. This trade name is "Spes," a word coined by taking the initial letters of "Syndicat pour l'Exportation Suisse," the cooperative association to which the trade name belongs.

The syndicate concedes the use of the name Spes only to "products of the Swiss soil, products of the Swiss mining industry or merchandise having undergone in Switzerland manufacture or modification such as to confer on it a new character." To obtain the right to use the name Spes on his goods the manufacturer or exporter must become a member of the Syndicat pour l'Exportation Suisse. To become a member of the Syndicat the person desiring the protection of the trade name Spes must prove the genuine Swiss character of his product. It is not enough for the goods to have been produced or to have undergone manufacture on Swiss soil. In addition the manufacturer or producer, if an individual, must have been of Swiss nationality before July 1, 1914, or have been nationalized for at least ten years. In the case of share companies the president and two-thirds of the board of directors must be of Swiss origin or Swiss citizenship, and at least two-thirds of the capital stock must be Swiss. All these facts must be set forth on the application for membership in the syndicate, and the claims of the applicant are carefully investigated by the directors of the syndicate before membership is granted.

Membership in the syndicate does not confer upon the member the right to use the mark Spes. If he desires to use it he must make a special application and sign a special agreement. After all these formalities have been met the use of the mark

(Concluded on Page 86)

National

A *performing* Sedan? Well, they took about two hundred of ours fresh from the factory testrooms, and without special preparation put them in France on the route between GHQ and the Front. If you have ever seen a General travel, or know what the roads are when the artillery has done with them, you can imagine the service these cars have had. Our pride is, that what had been done in the National workshops in peace, could not be undone by habitual hardship in war. The National you own will never be called upon to give half as much as these already have given, and, were it necessary, are ready to give again.

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(Concluded from Page 54)

Spes is authorized. Its use does not prohibit the member from using his private trade-mark if he has one. The use of Spes on products of inferior quality, the sale of which might tend to injure the reputation of the trade-mark, is strictly prohibited.

No other feature of this new Swiss economic freedom is of such world-wide importance as the determined effort to internationalize the Rhine. For years Germany has regarded Rhine traffic as her particular property. Every restriction placed upon it had one object in mind, and that object was the diversion of trade and trade authority to herself. The Rhine is vital to Swiss import and export, for the reason that the great mass of raw materials for Swiss factories is unloaded from ocean carriers at Rotterdam and sent up the famous river and its tributary canals in canal boats. Swiss exports go out the same way. Germany's control of all this Rhine traffic has been cruel and selfish. Now that she is beaten the Swiss feel that the Allied Powers should regulate transport on the Rhine and eliminate it as a bargaining asset for the discredited Fatherland.

A kindred project is for the canalization of the Rhone, which would give Switzerland a salt-water outlet at Marseilles by way of Lyons. If American capital wants to help Switzerland free herself almost completely from Germany, and more especially the Rhine monopoly, this canal proposition offers an opportunity because it will require a lot of money. What the Swiss want on the Mediterranean is a free port like Hamburg.

Swiss industry, which furnishes Niagara Falls with turbines and the London Underground with equipment, so wide is its field, is emerging from the war revitalized. It has discovered who its real friends are, and America is revealed as one of them. Study it and you find that it is both striking and picturesque. Take, for example, the great Saurer establishment at Arbon, which is known throughout the world. Here Adolph Saurer, the Grand Old Man of Swiss industry—who rose from forge hand to high authority—is intrenched like a feudal lord. He looks like a combination of Walt Whitman and Santa Claus, and though well beyond eighty he still goes through his mills every day with a word of greeting for his army of employees.

The Captains of Swiss Industry

I spent a day with him last October. He lives in a fascinating seventeenth-century house with mullioned windows that look out on Lake Constance. To the left and right are Germany and Austria, while straight ahead on a clear day you can see the famous little town where Zeppelin realized his dream of aërial travel. The residence is in the midst of the works. To it Mr. Saurer came as a poor young man, and here he has remained while the industrial city with its whirring wheels and pounding hammers literally grew up about him. Nowhere in the world perhaps could you see such a combination of an almost mediæval and patriarchal dignity linked up with the hum and throb of modern industry.

Accentuating this contrast is Hippolyte Saurer, a live and progressive manufacturer who will succeed his father as head of the establishment and who is the coming industrial leader of Switzerland.

Of the same mold is Emile Reichenbach, head of an immense embroidery establishment at St. Gall. He is a type of the energetic, wide-awake Swiss captain of capital who saw from the start that the salvation of the world and the integrity of trade lay in an Allied triumph.

Representative of the younger Swiss business group and a self-made man of the American brand is Charles J. Bruppacher, head of one of the great private banks in Zurich, whose quarters are a marble palace that would do credit to Fifth Avenue or lower Broadway in New York. He began as an obscure clerk; to-day his interests are almost universal. His long period of training includes service in London and Paris. The Swiss bankers are thorough.

Even that powerful body of Swiss sentiment which has been friendly to Germany is seeing the light. I have in mind E. Schultess, former president of the Swiss Confederation, member of the Federal Council and the real boss of the country. When I talked to him in the stately Parliament building at Berne the German tangle had set in. I was amazed to hear him express himself in terms of friendship and admiration both for America and for her Allies. Coming from him it was a significant utterance.

That Swiss industry is roused to the necessity of economic independence of Germany is evident. Shipping affords an illuminating case in point. When William Jennings Bryan was Secretary of State he gave the world a laugh when he solemnly invited Switzerland "to send a warship to help open the Panama Canal." Switzerland did not own even a seagoing bathtub. This jest is now to be reversed. The new commercial spirit is reflected in the organization of a shipping syndicate which has contributed a fund of twenty million dollars to charter or build a merchant marine that will fly the Swiss flag. Seven million dollars of this was underwritten by the chocolate trust. The syndicate expects to acquire some of the ships now being used for the Belgian relief.

What are the American opportunities in Switzerland? Being an industrial country she affords no great market for finished goods except agricultural machinery. But she could do business with an American bank or with the branch of a foreign-trade corporation patterned after the British Trade Corporation, which is absolutely essential for the safeguarding and developing of our new world trade. We proved to Switzerland during the dark days of the war that we were ready and willing to feed her without exacting the compensations that Germany extorted from her on the top of usury. We may well follow this up in a big business way.

For the last I have saved the interpretation of a German activity in Switzerland that drips with menace for the rest of the world.

A Strainer for the Melting-Pot!

To Switzerland there flocked during the final six months of the war those mercenaries of unrest and discord who plot under the black banner of Bolshevism. No one need be told that this hideous movement was framed and financed by the Germans. I was in Petrograd when Lenine first opened his Pandora Box of trouble. I have found its poisonous fumes in half a dozen countries since that time. Nowhere did they penetrate more deeply in some respects than in Switzerland.

All last summer Switzerland was inundated with Bolshevik propaganda. It was more than a coincidence that the short-haired women and the long-haired men, all Russians, who established their revolution factory at Geneva associated almost exclusively with the German agents there. Together they intrigued for social and industrial upheaval in Switzerland. Their funds were unlimited. On the first of November it was estimated that not less than ten million rubles were on deposit in various Swiss banks to the credit of these Bolshevik agents. The bulk of it came from one source—Germany.

The whole burden of this Bolshevik propaganda was summed up in a single sentence: "Unless the war ends at once the world will be plunged into a Bolshevism that will mean widespread economic disaster." It was a crude German trick to force peace. The Swiss workers were intimidated and a nation-wide strike developed. The government adopted strong measures, however, and it was checked before it had done much damage. But the virus had been injected into the industrial body and it is still working.

The universal danger to-day lies in a Bolshevism that is the avowed enemy of credit, capital and order. What happened in that little nation is likely to happen in the United States unless we rear a bulkhead against the tides of discredited humanity that will soon beat upon our shores. If we do not convert that well-known melting-pot of ours into a straining pot we shall find ourselves facing some of the troubles that have beset Switzerland. They lurk wherever men labor and desire to be prosperous.

Behind this Bolshevism is the German propagandist. If his task is made futile and the world of trade stemmed against him he will unfurl the slogan: "Rule or ruin." Having failed in a war of masses it is not beyond him to instigate a war of classes.

Let us take no chances.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic reconstruction of Europe.

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REPRISAL

(Continued from Page 4)

He showed them an inscription on the back:

"*A Jules, pour marquer les heures d'un amour qui ne cessera pas quand le temps même cessera, de sa Marcelle.*"

"To Jules, to mark the hours of a love which will not cease when Time itself shall cease, from his Marcelle."

He stared at them like a lunatic.

"My wife!" he cried. "My wife! Oh, Marcelle! Marcelle! Where are you? Where are you?"

The others also had risen to their feet. A tense silence followed upon the wild cry.

The battalion commander touched the doctor's arm.

"*Mon ami,*" he said gently, "can we help you?"

The erstwhile somber eyes of the doctor blazed down upon him, as though searching for a mortal enemy even in this friend. Then, with a distinctly apparent effort of will, the anguished man mastered himself.

"Listen!" he said. "This clock was a present to me from my wife. It was a love marriage, ours; we loved, she and I ——" He broke off, his eyes blazing again. Then with a gesture of the hand, as though he put that from him, he continued: "Before the war I was in practice at Cambrai. We lived out of the town, in a country house such as this. In August, 1914, I was mobilized. They sent me to Lorraine. I left my wife at home, believing her to be safe. You know what happened. The enemy swept over that part of the country. Trench warfare began, and my home, all I cared for in the world—my wife—was in the German lines. I never saw her again. I could never get any news. I waited four desperate years—and then, when we advanced, I went to find my home. It simply did not exist—it was a heap of bricks with a trench through it. My wife—no hint!" He pressed a hand over his eyes, then stared once more at the clock. "And now—I find this—here!"

Again there was a tense silence. The battalion commander broke it at last.

"Interrogate the woman," he said briefly. "She must know something."

"It is a pity her husband is dead," said the captain with grim humor. "We could have the pleasure of condemning him by court-martial, after he had confessed—whatever there is to confess."

The doctor's face set hard. He replaced the clock on the mantelpiece and wrote a few words on a page of his notebook.

"I am going to have the truth," he said, tearing out the page and folding it up. "Ring the bell, my dear Jordan."

An orderly appeared. "Take this to madame," said the doctor, "at once."

The orderly departed. The three men waited, two of them tingling with the excitement of this unexpected drama, the third standing with compressed lips and eyes that seemed to be frowning into a world which transcended this. He was certainly oblivious of his companions in the fixity of his thought. At last his lips moved.

"Marcelle! Marcelle!" he murmured. "My love! I am going to know—and, if need be, to avenge!"

At that moment the door opened and the frail little figure of the German woman appeared upon the threshold.

"*Meine Herren?*" she said, in timid inquiry.

The doctor looked up. His companions marveled to see the expression of his face change to a smiling courtesy. But there was a glitter in the usually somber eyes which spurred their hardly-repressed excitement.

"Will you have the kindness to enter, *gnädige Frau?*" said the doctor. His voice was suave, but there was a note in it which his companions, although they did not understand the words, recognized as compelling. The German woman glanced at him apprehensively and obeyed. The doctor drew up an armchair for her close to the fire.

"Will you not seat yourself, *gnädige Frau?*" he asked, still in the suave voice with the undertone of command.

She inclined her head speechlessly and sat down. They noticed that her hands were trembling. The doctor motioned his companions to resume their seats. He himself remained standing, his back to the fireplace, his form hiding the clock on the mantelpiece from the eyes of the woman, had she looked up. He smiled at her in a reassuring manner as she waited dumbly for him to state the reason for his summons.

"We are very much interested in your collection of porcelain, *gnädige Frau,*" he said smoothly. "It is French, is it not?"

A sudden expression of alarm flitted into her eyes, was banished. She nodded her head.

"*Ja—ja, mein Herr,*" she answered hesitatingly. She moistened her lips. Her hands gripped each other tightly upon her lap.

The battalion commander and the captain observed her with a quickened interest. Despite their ignorance of German, the word *Porzellan* gave them the clew to their comrade's opening question.

"It is the result of many years' gradual acquisition, I presume?" he pursued, in a casual tone.

She shot an upward glance at him from under her eyebrows ere she replied:

"*Ja—mein Herr.*"

"It is well chosen," said the doctor. "I congratulate you on your knowledge and good taste. Perhaps you would explain some of the pieces to us—pieces I do not recognize?"

She looked up at him with wide and innocent eyes.

"I cannot, *mein Herr.* I know nothing about porcelain. It was my husband's collection. I keep it in memory of him."

There was an accent of sincerity in the last phrase which drew a sharp glance from the doctor.

"Ah," he said quietly. "He was killed, was he not?"

Her eyes filled with tears, her mouth twitched.

"Killed in one of the very last battles, *mein Herr.*" She drew a long sobbing breath and looked wildly at him. "*Ach Gott!* Do not remind me! Do not remind me!" she cried. "He was all I had in the world—everything—everything! You do not know how good and kind and loving he was! And now he is gone—he will never come back—never—never! And I loved him so!" She broke down into sobs, hiding her face in her hands.

The doctor waited until the crisis had subsided. A diagnosis of hysteria formed itself in his professional mind.

"So you have no real interest in this collection?" he inquired. "Would you sell it?"

"*Ach nein—nein!*" she answered. "I keep it in memory of him, my Heinrich, who loved it so. I feel him here when I dust it and care for it." She looked wildly round the room. "I feel him here now!"

The doctor nodded his head in courteous assent to a possibility.

"Did he inherit it?" he asked casually, as though merely pursuing a conversation which could not, in politeness, be allowed to cease on a note of distress.

She shook her head.

"Ah, he bought it?"

She moistened her lips nervously ere she replied:

"Yes."

"Before the war?"

Her face hardened as she answered again: "Yes."

There was a moment of silence, and then the doctor changed his position slightly before the mantelpiece.

"And this pretty clock?" he asked, pointing to it. "Did he buy that also?"

She stared at it, then nodded her head. "*Ja, mein Herr.*"

"So! That is curious. I am particularly interested in that clock, *gnädige Frau.* Can you remember where it was bought?"

She hesitated, ventured a scared glance at him, and obviously forced herself to speech. The two officers involuntarily bent forward in their interest.

"No, *mein Herr.*"

She glanced round as though seeking an opportunity for escape.

The doctor repeated his question in a level tone of authority, his eyes fixed on her.

"You are sure you cannot remember where that clock was bought, *gnädige Frau?*"

"Quite sure." Her breast was heaving. She half rose from her seat. "Why do you ask me all these questions? Let me go! Let me go! You have no right to question me like this! I—I tell you it was bought—it was all bought!"

The doctor stepped forward with a quick movement, seized her wrist and forced her back into her seat.

"I beg of you!" he said in a voice that compelled obedience.

She subsided, trembling in every limb. Her eyes followed his every movement with the fascinated attention of a frightened animal.

The doctor came close to her, and from her point of view glanced up to the mantelpiece. Then, stepping back, he arranged the candles so that the face of the clock, seen from her position, was a disk of bright reflection.

Without a word but with a deliberation which awed even the watching officers by its inflexible though mysterious purpose, he turned to her once more, and, with the gently firm touch of a medical man, posed her head so that she looked straight before her. Paralyzed under his masterful dominance, she submitted plastically. She was too frightened to utter a sound. Only her eyes widened as she saw him produce a heavy revolver.

"Now, *gnädige Frau!*" he said, and his voice, though passionless, was intense in its expression of level will power, "do not move your head! Look up—under your eyebrows. You see that clock? Look at it—continue to look at it! If you take your eyes off it for one fraction of a second I shall shoot you dead! You are looking at it? It marks a quarter to eight. When it strikes eight you will tell me quite truthfully how you came by it!"

He ceased. The young woman, her face white with terror, her mouth twitching, her nostrils distended, sat motionless, staring up under her eyebrows at the face of the clock.

There was a dead silence in the room. The minutes passed.

The young woman did not move a muscle. Her wide-open eyes fixed on the clock, she seemed to stiffen into a cataleptic rigidity.

The doctor put aside his revolver. He approached her, took one of her wrists and lifted her hand from her lap. It lay limply in his.

"You are feeling sleepy," he said in his level, positive voice. "You are going to sleep. My voice is sounding muffled and far-away—but you will still hear it. You are losing the sense of your surroundings—but you will still see that clockface. You cannot help but see it. And when it strikes eight you are going to tell the truth." He dropped the hand, which fell lifelessly again upon her lap.

The young woman sat motionless as a statue. Her breathing changed to the deep respirations of sleep, although her eyes remained wide open.

The clock struck eight. At the last of its thin, silvery notes the young woman shuddered. Her lips moved.

"My husband sent it to me," she said in a toneless, dreamy voice.

"When?" asked the doctor.

"In 1915."

"From whence?"

"From the Front."

"Do you know the place?"

"No."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"And all these other things?"

"My husband sent them to me."

"From France?"

"Yes."

"How did he become possessed of them?"

"He took them out of houses."

There was a pause in which the young woman did not move in the slightest. She appeared like some oracular statue waiting for the next question.

"Why did you lie to me?" asked the doctor in his level voice.

"Because you would have thought my husband a thief, and I am so proud of him!"

"Can you be proud of him, knowing that he was a thief?"

"Yes," came the dreamy answer. "It was not his crime. He sent these things to me because I asked him for them and he loved me."

"You asked him to send you these things? Why?"

"Because all the other officers' wives were having things sent to them."

"So! Your husband would not have taken them if you had not asked for them?"

"No. He took them only to give me pleasure. He never thought of anybody but me. That is why I love him so—why I shall always love him."

The doctor bit his lip and hesitated for a moment.

"You do not think your husband would have offered violence to a woman in the house where he got this clock?"

"No, he loved me too much. He never thought of any woman but me. I am sure of it. He was an ideal man, my Heinrich, always gentle, always loving, always faithful." She paused a moment before continuing: "It is cruel of you to make me realize how much I love him!"

The doctor stood over her, contemplating her, his brows wrinkled in a puzzled frown. His comrades looked at him inquiringly. He ignored them. The young woman, having ceased to speak, remained motionless and upright on her chair. The only sound in the room was the ticking of the clock.

Suddenly the doctor's brows cleared in an evident decision. He lifted the young woman's hand again as he spoke in his level, positive voice. His face was very grave:

"You are asleep. But you are going into a very much deeper sleep, a sleep so profound that it takes you far out of this time and place. Nevertheless, you will remain in touch with me and you will hear my voice. But everything else is going from you. You are now released from the limitations of this body. You are on a plane from which you can enter into any time and place that I shall command."

He dropped her hand and, with his fingertips, closed the lids over her eyes. Her body still remained upright in its trancelike rigidity.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"Nothing," came the dreamy answer.

"Where are you?"

"I do not know—I—I am nowhere, I think," she said with hesitation. "I—I—oh, do not keep me like this!" There was a new note of anxiety in her voice.

"Wait a moment," said the doctor. He turned to the mantelpiece, took down the clock, placed it on her lap, and clasped her hands about it.

"Now," he said in his quiet, tense tones, "you are in touch with that clock. I want you to go into the time and place when that clock had another owner—before your husband had it. Focus yourself upon it. Go into the room where it stands."

The young woman's eyelids twitched flickeringly, but otherwise her rigid attitude was unmodified.

"Yes"—she said in a slow and doubtful tone; "yes ——"

"What do you see?" asked the doctor. His lips compressed themselves firmly after the words, the muscles of his lean jaw stood out in the intense effort of his will to keep his emotion under control, to avoid an unconscious suggestion of ideas.

"I see a salon," said the young woman dreamily, "a salon with French windows opening on to a lawn. There is a grand piano in it—and a young woman seated at the piano. She is dark—young —— Oh, she is very beautiful! She keeps on looking at the clock—the clock is on the mantelpiece between two bronze statuettes. She is expecting somebody ——"

"Yes?" said the doctor, crouching over her, his fists clenched in a spasm of supremely willed self-control, his breath coming in the quick gasps enforced by that tumultuous beating of the heart he could not command.

"Yes? Go on!"

"She hears a footstep—she jumps up from the piano. A man comes into the room—a civilian. She throws her arms about him and kisses him. She leads him across to the mantelpiece and takes up the clock. She puts it into his hands—she is showing him something on the back of it, something written! They kiss again. They are in love these two—how she loves him! I can feel that—I can feel her love vibrating in me!" She paused dreamily. "I know what real love is—and she loves him like that."

"The man?" asked the doctor, his eyes wild. "The man? Describe him!"

"His back is turned to me. I cannot see his face —— Ah, he turns round! The man is you!"

The doctor looked as though he were going to recognise. His companions watched him fascinated, computed, mystified, trying to guess at the drama their ignorance of the language hid from them. He mastered himself with a mighty effort.

(Concluded on Page 62)

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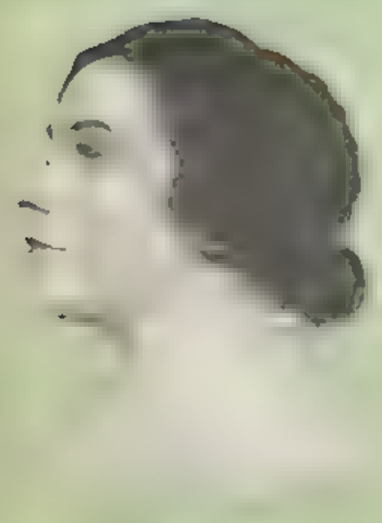

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To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company

(Concluded from Page 59)

"Yes," he said. "You have the place right—but not the time. Go on a year—more than a year! Go on to the time when this clock passed out of that woman's possession!"

"More than a year!" she repeated dreamily. "I—I must sleep—I cannot." She was silent for a few moments. "Yes—yes—I see the room again. The young woman is in it. She is seated at a little table—writing. She looks up —— Oh, how sad and pale she is! But she is still very beautiful. I am so sorry for her—she is so unhappy—and she is still in love, I can still feel it vibrating in me. She is picking up a photograph—she kisses it—it is yours!—she kisses it again and again. Why are you not with her? I feel that you are a great distance off—she does not know where you are. That worries her, because she loves you so." She stopped.

"Go on," said the doctor sternly. "What do you see next?"

"She puts away her writing hurriedly. She is frightened of something—someone is coming, I think—yes! The door opens—a soldier—no, a German officer! Oh, she is frightened of him, but she is brave! She stands up as he comes toward her. She draws back from him—he is between her and the door. He puts out his hands, tries to hold her. *Ach!*"—her voice rose to a scream—"it is Heinrich!"

"Go on!" commanded the doctor. "Go on! What do you see?" His voice was terrible in its inexorability.

"Oh, no, no!" she whimpered. "No! Don't make me see! Don't make me see! I don't want to—I don't want to—— *Ach*, Heinrich, Heinrich!" Her voice came on a note of anguish. "I cannot bear it!"

The doctor frowned at the rigid figure with closed eyes that began to sway slightly to and fro upon its chair. Her face was drawn with a suffering beyond expression.

"See!" he commanded. "And tell me what you see!"

"Oh!" she moaned, "you are cruel—cruel! I do not want to see! I do not want to look!"

"You must!"

"Oh!" Evidently she surrendered helplessly. She commenced in a fatigued, dreary voice: "They are there together—the two of them! That beautiful woman—— Oh, I hate her now, I hate her! *Ach*, Heinrich, have you forgotten me?" It was as if she called to him. "He does not hear me. His eyes are fixed on the woman." She continued in short panting sentences uttered with increasing horror. "She is retreating from him, farther and farther back. He is following her. Oh, something terrible is going to happen—it is in the air—I feel it—something horrible! What —— Ah, he is trying to kiss her! My Heinrich! Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful! Oh, don't make me see any more! Don't make me see any more! He has got her in his arms—she is struggling—Oh I can't look—I will not look! Oh, Heinrich, and I loved you so!" Her voice fell from the scream of a nightmare to a plaintive moaning. "Oh, no more—no more! I can bear no more!"

"Look! Look to the very end!"

The doctor's comrades shuddered at his aspect as he crouched over her, seeming as though he were trying to peer with her eyes into some scene of horror they could not even imagine.

The young woman's face was a mask of agony.

"Oh, you torture me," she moaned; "you torture me! I see, and I do not want to see—oh, I do not want to see!"

"What do you see?"

"They are struggling together! She fights desperately—what a wild cat she is! He is pinning her arms to her sides with his embrace—she throws her head back, back, to escape him—Ah! She has broken away! She runs to the table—What is she going to do?" The seer's voice rose in acute alarm. "*Ach*, a revolver! Oh, no, no!" The ejaculation was a vehement and agonized protest. "*Heinrich!* Oh, leave her—leave her! No, he laughs at her as he follows—and she is so desperate. Ah, he has got her up in a corner—he has seized her again—she is crying out—it is a name—she cries it again and again."

"What name?"

"I hear it! *Jules!—Jules!*—that is it—*Jules!* Oh, what a tone of despair!"

The doctor closed his eyes and swayed. Then, mastering himself with a superhuman effort, he said hoarsely:

"Go on—to the end!"

"I cannot see plainly—they are struggling still. *Ach!* The revolver! She has fired! I see the thin smoke in the air. What has happened? He has her in his arms—he stumbles with her. Ach, she is dead! She has shot herself. He stretches her out on the floor—he is bending over her. *Ach*, Heinrich, Heinrich, you have broken my heart!" She wailed as if from the depths of a wretchedness beyond all solace. "You have killed my love forever! I hate you, I hate you, I hate you as long as I live—I hate myself for having loved you! Faithless, despicable brute!"

She finished in a tone of fierce vindictiveness, a resentment, at once horrified and implacable, of unforgivable wrong.

But the doctor no longer heeded her. Hands to his brow, eyes closed, he reeled away from her.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he groaned. "Marcelle, Marcelle! How shall I avenge you?"

He glanced at the now silent and still rigid figure of the young woman. Tears were trickling down her cheeks from the closed eyes. Her trance was unbroken. She sat still nursing the clock.

Then, with a deep breath, he drew himself erect. The jaw that expressed his powerful will set hard again. His two companions looked with horror upon the dreadful pallor of that face from which two fierce eyes blazed. A little laugh broke from him. It was a sickening mockery of mirth.

"*Mes amis!*" he said. "You asked me a little time ago what I thought of the policy of reprisals. I ask you that question now. That young woman, in a hypnotic trance, has just described to me, as though she had seen it acted before her eyes, the suicide of my wife. She killed herself rather than be outraged by this woman's husband. In her waking life the young woman is, of course, totally ignorant of the event. In her waking life she adores the memory of her dead husband as of a perfect and faithful lover. Now, in her hypnotic state, she loathes him; her love has turned to bitter, jealous hatred. She despises him. In fact, she feels toward him just as she would have felt had she witnessed the scene that destroyed my life's happiness. It rests with me to call her back to waking life totally ignorant of her husband's crime, adoring him as before, or to leave her in an agony of shattered love. Virtually, her husband murdered my wife. Her memory of him is the only thing that I can touch. Shall I leave it sacred?

"Or shall I, justly, kill it? What do you say? It is a pretty little problem in reprisals for you!"

His comrades stared at him in horrified astonishment.

"But," cried the battalion commander, "are you sure ——"

"Look at her!" replied the doctor.

The young woman still sat rigidly upright. Her face was drawn with anguish. Heavy tears rolled ceaselessly from under the closed eyelids. She sobbed quietly in a far-off kind of way that was nevertheless eloquent of an immense despair.

"She sees what happened?" queried the captain in an incredulous and puzzled tone.

"Three years ago. She is looking at it now," asserted the doctor. "She sees her husband bending over my dead wife. Come, *messieurs*, let me have your verdict!" He seemed to be experiencing a grim, unhuman enjoyment at their evident recoil from the terrible problem he offered them. "I must wake her soon!"

"And if she wakes, knowing?" faltered the captain.

"She will probably kill herself. She has been living in an intense love for the idealized memory of her husband. The revulsion will be overwhelming."

The battalion commander interposed:

"But, *mon cher*—a suicide—that goes beyond ——"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Her husband drove my wife to suicide!"

"It is terribly logical," murmured the young captain, "but"—he glanced at the unconscious figure in its mysterious and awful grief—"one needs to be God to indulge in logic to that point."

"And yet we are but men," said the doctor, "and the problem is there before us—must be solved at once! In my place, what would you do?"

The battalion commander rose. He went up to his comrade and looked him in the eyes.

"*Mon cher*," he said solemnly, "God forbid that I should ever be in your place! I do not know."

The doctor turned to the young man. There was a terrible smile on his lips.

"And you, *mon cher Jordan*?"

The captain rose also. He also read the hell in the doctor's eyes. He shook his head and shuddered.

"*Mon ami*," he replied. "I should go mad."

The doctor nodded grimly.

"The terrible thing is that I cannot go mad," he said. "I am still sane. So you both decline the problem?"

The two officers shook their heads, not trusting themselves to speech.

The doctor turned away from them and covered his face with both hands. He reeled to the mantelpiece, leaned against it. They saw his body shake in the intensity of the nervous crisis which swept over him.

"Marcelle!" he cried. "Marcelle! If you are a living spirit, counsel me! Shall I avenge?"

The watchers turned to the entranced woman as though involuntarily expecting a reply through her from that mysterious region where her soul was in touch with the long-past tragedy she had revealed. She still wept silently in that awful sleep which was no sleep. But no word passed her lips. Only the clock she held upon her lap struck one silvery note, marking the half hour.

At the sound the doctor turned from the fireplace and took up the clock. He gazed with a passionate intensity upon the inscription on the back.

"Marcelle!" he murmured. "Our love ceases not when Time itself shall cease! Though you are dead, that still lives, that was not murdered! I understand, *ma bien-aimée*, I understand!"

He put the clock gently upon the mantelpiece and turned once more to the rigid, waiting figure.

His comrades watched him, spellbound, keying themselves to deduce his decision from the tone of his voice when he should speak. His stern face was set in an unfaltering resolve they could not penetrate. He lifted her hand.

"*Gnadige Frau*," he said—and the level, passionless voice gave no hint to those ignorant of the language of the purport of the German words which followed—"when you wake from this sleep you will entirely forget the hideous dream through which you have passed. You will never remember it, waking or asleep. You will think of your husband as you have always thought of him—faithful and loving. You will completely resume your normal life. You will not even be aware that you have slept. It will seem to you as if you had only just sat down in this chair. But when you wake you will present me with the clock upon the mantelpiece. You will feel an overmastering impulse to do this, and you will obey it. Now"—he wiped the tears from her face and blew sharply upon her closed eyelids—"wake!"

The two officers watched her, fascinated. Would she shriek? What terrible paroxysm would be the expression of a heartbroken despair? Or had he —— They held their breath.

Her eyelids flickered for a moment, and then, with one deep sigh, her eyes opened. She smiled round on them.

"*Meine Herren?*" she said in her voice of timid inquiry. Then, fixing her eyes on the doctor: "You sent for me?"

The doctor looked at her gravely.

"The commandant desired me to assure you, *gnädige Frau*, that you need be under no apprehensions during our stay here. We consider ourselves the guests of a charming lady and we hope to leave only a pleasant memory behind us."

His companions marveled at the strength of will which could enforce so complete a normality of voice and feature.

The German woman smiled up at him, a pathetic little smile.

"You are very kind, Herr Doctor; please convey my thanks to the commandant." She made a little movement which drew attention to her black dress. "My—my husband in heaven, if he can see you, will—will bless you." Her eyes filled with tears. "Please excuse me!" she said with a pretty little gesture of apology. "His memory is all I have—I cannot help bringing him into every act of my life."

"Love need not cease with death, *gnädige Frau*," replied the doctor. "One hopes that those we loved still watch over us, though we cannot see them."

She smiled again.

"He had no thought but of me, Herr Doctor, and I have none but of him. I see you understand," she finished in a tone of involuntary sympathy. "You also have loved?"

"*Ja, gnädige Frau*," he replied with a grave and enigmatic smile. "I also."

Her eyes went past him to the mantelpiece, rested with a curiously fixed expression on the clock. Suddenly, as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she jumped up, took the clock from the mantelpiece and thrust it into the doctor's hands.

"Please accept this!" she said appealingly.

The doctor fixed his grave eyes upon her.

"Why?" he asked.

She stammered, evidently at a loss for her reason.

"Because—because I want you to have it—because I feel, I do not know why, that you have protected me from something ——" She stopped, puzzled by her own words. "That is absurd, I know!" she exclaimed. "But it belonged to two lovers, Herr Doctor. You, who understand love, will value it, I know. I—I feel you ought to have it!"

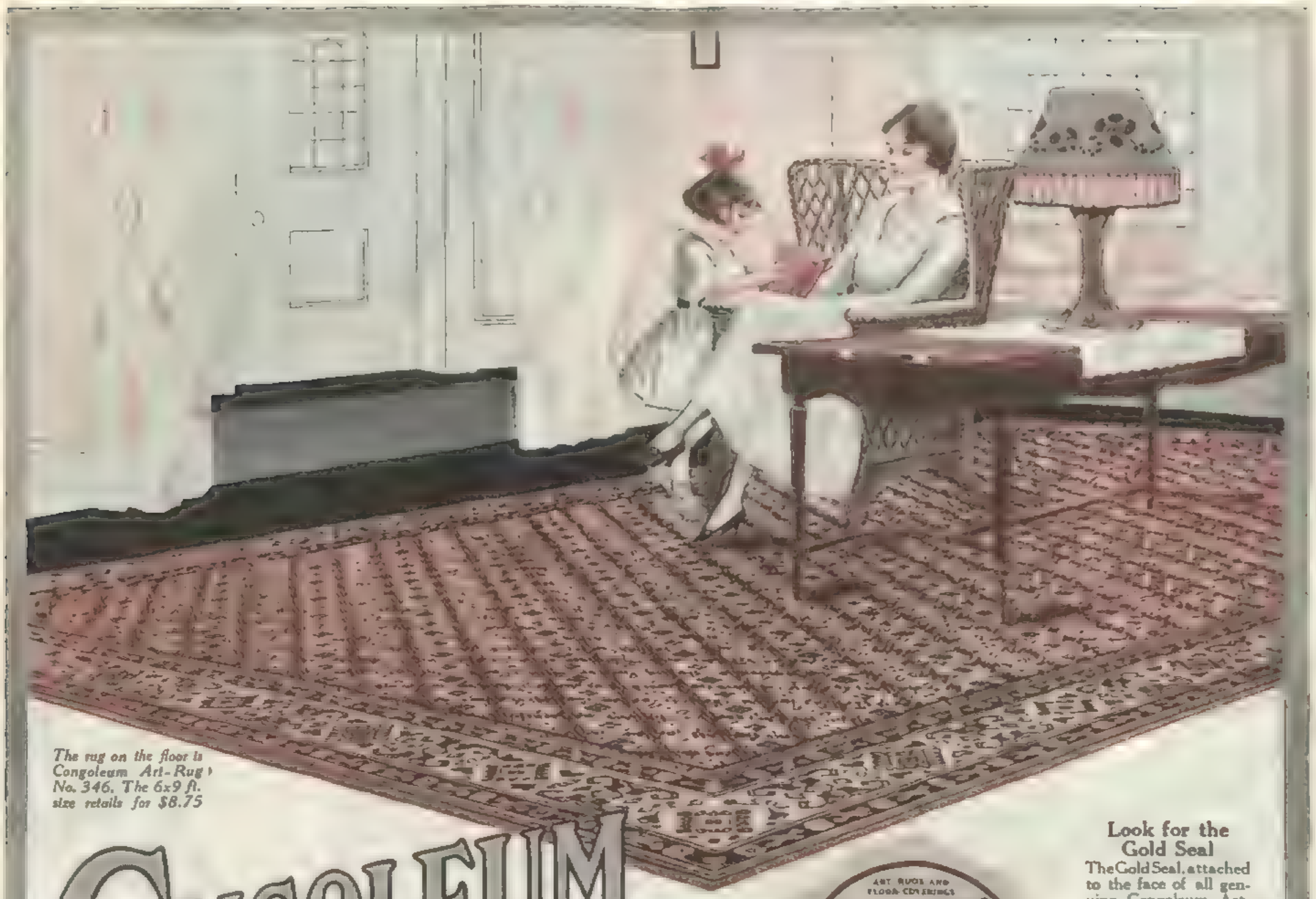
She left him standing with it. Then she turned to the other officers with her appealing little smile and bowed slightly in farewell.

"*Gute Nacht, meine Herren!*" she said, and went out of the room.

The doctor stared after her, his face deadly white. Suddenly his body broke and crumpled. He sank down to his knees by one of the chairs, still clasping the clock in his hands.

"Marcelle!" he cried, his head bowed over his recovered love token, his body shaking. "Marcelle! Have I done right? Have I done right?"

The battalion commander touched his subordinate on the shoulder. Both tiptoed silently out of the room.



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6 x 9 feet	$8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
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This un-retouched photograph shows the splendid condition of these 36 x 6 Goodyear Dual Tires after traveling past the 18,000 mile mark on a 3½ ton truck owned by the Boss Manufacturing Company, Toledo, Ohio.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Quality In Plain Sight

"THE appearance of our Goodyear Solid Tires shows their excellent condition after covering more than 18,000 miles in 23 months of service. They certainly are built to give long service."—Boss Manufacturing Company, makers of gloves and mittens, Toledo, Ohio.

THE un-retouched photograph opposite this page affords visual evidence of the ability of Goodyear Solid Tires to weather long, arduous service and still come up smiling.

Six of these huskies started to work as the original equipment of a 3½-ton truck which hauled its first load for the Boss Manufacturing Company of Toledo on November 29, 1916.

Operating over a minimum of 30 miles daily, this bulky transport has carried huge quantities of bales filled with army gloves. And these loads have approached narrowly the truck's 7,000 pound limit.

Plowing along underneath, the Goodyear Solid Tires have had to bear the brunt of these top-heavy burdens in addition to the weight of the truck itself.

After approximately 23 months of this service, all of these tires—like the two in the photograph—still have smooth, thick treads, promising more thousands of miles beyond the round 18,000 they have delivered thus far. Observe that the rubber, in the doughty Goodyear Solid Tires shown, still exhibits real vitality. Also note that their treads have worn down smoothly and evenly, meaning that no rubber is being wasted.

Then mark the fact that despite the great cargoes carried and the enormous strains endured, these tires offer no signs of chipping or separation from the steel base.

The service given by Goodyear Solid Tires in this particular case furnishes a good example of the durability of these tires under proper conditions of equipment and care.

Users of Goodyear Solid Tires, men and firms who get mileages like this, cash in on the notable improvements which Goodyear has effected in solid-tire manufacture during years of constant test and inventive effort.

They also are in position to take advantage of Goodyear Truck Tire Service as rendered at the hundreds of carefully selected stations, found in all the leading centers where trucks are used.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

WHEN STRANGERS MEET

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

DID you ever notice that animals won't stand for anything unusual in another of the species? Tie a red rag to a chicken's tail and the entire scandalized poultry yard will have a fit.

Rub mud on a sheep's face and, no matter if that old ram has been boss of the flock as far back as sheep memory reaches, the whole woolly community will immediately jump him and butt him into an early grave.

By the same token, let a man come out on the street in certain districts wearing a silk hat and the populace will climb up on his neck and ride before he has gone half a block. Yes; human animals are exactly the same as their barnyard cousins; and that's why I always will maintain that Marmaduke P. Chisholm had no right to come to Sandstorm wearing such a name.

Clint Peters and I were down at the station unloading an ore wagon the evening when Marmaduke P. Chisholm came to town. We saw him when he stepped down to the sandy platform and cast about him a slow smile of—of —— We couldn't define it—Clint and I; but it seemed somehow to be insulting; and, whatever it was, it roused within us instinctive antagonism.

And that, too, is an attribute common to all animals. A dog will meet a strange dog and hate him at first sight; maybe he'll be great chums with the next dog he meets. It can't be explained; but there is within us all, dogs and men, a mysterious something that makes us like or dislike another of our kind at first glance. Dogs and men, that mysterious something rules our choice of friends. And when Marmaduke P. Chisholm came up to where Clint and I were sweating over the dusty ore, and smiled that smile we didn't understand, and asked us the way to the hotel ——

When he did that we wanted to climb down and stick a cigarette in his eye; but we didn't. We acted like gentlemen and gave him the information he asked. Of course he didn't follow it. Had he done so, he would have brought up in Death Valley, or maybe the south foothills of the Funeral Range; and this story wouldn't have been written.

I suppose Clint and I should have felt mean and guilty over the way we had acted toward this stranger within our gates; but we didn't. More than that, we both hoped he'd lose his way and starve miserably to death somewhere between the station and Jake Bauer's saloon. For we didn't like him; that was all there was to it—we didn't like him! He was a good-looking young fellow, perhaps two or three years older than we were—Clint and I were nineteen—but he wore a Panama hat and a white linen suit and tennis shoes, and we sensed, by that smile of his, he thought the desert was a joke.

"I can lick the son of a gun anyway!" said Clint after a long silence.

"I'll bet you ten dollars I lick him first!" I said, and glowered moodily after the erect young figure striding up the street toward Uncle Jimmie Pepple's hotel.

"I'm going to do it now, while he's fresh in my mind," said Clint, and started away; but I restrained him.

"Let's let him get rested up first," I said. "We want him to be in good condition before we start in to change his map. Let's treat him kindly for a while and then he can't say we took advantage of him."

"I'll treat him kindly!" said Clint bitterly. "If he grins at me that way again I'll just naturally pull his backbone out and beat him to death with it!"

II

MARMADUKE might have got by with it at that if he hadn't horned in on our social affairs before he even got acclimated. You know a community won't stand much from an outsider until he has been a resident long enough for it to forget that he was once an outsider. Unless you are a native son you want to speak low and step high and wide for a while after you first arrive in a strange town, or somebody will probably bestow half a brick upon you when you're not needing it.

So, when Marmaduke P. Chisholm calmly preempted Ethelinda Mangus he committed sacrilege, lese majesty, treason, malfeasance and about every other crime in the calendar. He even appropriated Sunday evenings—which holy hours belonged to Clint Peters and me by divine right. Together we had been calling on Ethelinda Mangus every

"He Doesn't Fight Fair!" Said Clint. "He Goes to College Out There in the City and He Learns Tricks"

Sunday evening for a year. There was a tacit understanding between us that Ethelinda belonged to us jointly, and somehow or other neither felt any jealousy.

But when Marmaduke P. Chisholm waded in Clint Peters and I boiled and seethed.

Impudence? It was his middle name! We felt sure that no matter what else might threaten him in the way of bodily affliction Marmaduke never would have to consult a nerve specialist.

You see, when old Jerry Mangus went prospecting up in the pine country and died of mountain fever, he left Ethelinda entirely alone in the world, with no money and no job. Jerry had made no provision for Ethelinda at all, simply because he hadn't been expecting to die; which was natural in a man of forty, weighing two hundred pounds, and able to lick any man between Neenach and the Panamints.

So, that being the case and Sandstorm thinking a whole lot of the girl, we all got together and landed Ethelinda in charge of the public library. And, in order that one may view clearly our attitude in this matter, it may be well to explain that Ethelinda was about the only eligible girl in Sandstorm at the time; hence she was very valuable—especially to Clint and me, who claimed her out of the vast egotism of youth.

And then along comes this here Marmaduke P. Chizzleum—that's the way we pronounced it—along comes Marmaduke and takes her away from us. And he's only two weeks in Sandstorm! You can see how serious the thing really was.

"I can't understand why Ethelinda allows him to stick round!" I said one evening after Clint and I had been going over the melancholy affair. "Seems to me she'd give him the gate somehow and not let him keep all her old friends away."

"She hasn't any father, poor girl!" said Clint sadly. "If she had a father I bet he'd take that Marmaduke P. Chizzleum and drive him head first into the ground like a wire nail!"

"Well, she hasn't any father," I sighed; "so there's no use wishing."

Clint had been thinking deeply.

"Maybe we could be a father to her," he suggested hopefully. "Somebody ought to."

"I—I don't believe I know how it's done," I doubted. "Being a father to a pretty young girl—it's going to be a hard job, Clint. Bound to be!"

"We've got to learn," said Clint positively. "We've got to get him away from Ethelinda before he worries the poor girl to death. Maybe we don't know all about being a father to a poor, persecuted orphan girl, but we can learn as we go along. Me, I'm going to practice on Marmaduke P. Chizzleum. I'm going to start in by knocking his nose so far out of plumb that when he gets the grippe he'll sneeze in his own ear."

We walked up the street together later in the day; and as we turned the corner by Eddie Brown's hardware store we came suddenly face to face with Marmaduke P. Chisholm, walking with Ethelinda Mangus. Meeting them suddenly that way, Clint and I were confused. Marmaduke lifted his Panama hat gracefully and Ethelinda smiled and bowed to her two old friends.

Embarrassed, I fumbled and failed to get hold of my own hat until the couple had passed me. Clint fared worse than I; in reaching for his headgear he was nervous and overzealous, and pushed it off his head. The wind did the rest; and my whole body tingled with sympathetic shame to see poor Clint chasing that infernal hat down the sandy street before the eyes of the world.

In all honesty I must confess that Marmaduke P. hadn't done a thing to enrage us.

He had bowed very politely, as a gentleman must who encounters other gentlemen—friends of the lady with whom he is walking. But Clint and I had behaved like clowns. We knew this; and the knowledge of our clumsiness, together with the recollection of Marmaduke P. Chisholm's graceful behavior on that occasion, infuriated us beyond all reason. We didn't say much, but we went back down the street to a secluded place and stuck round, waiting.

Along toward the middle of the afternoon we saw Marmaduke walking along the street alone. As he came up to us Clint stepped casually out in front of him.

"Hello, Marmalade!" said Clint, and grinned—a grin that was a worse insult than the offending travesty.

Marmaduke stood fast. He turned somewhat pale, but his eyes never left Clint's eyes.

"Marmaduke," he said in a low but firm voice.

"Maybe you didn't hear me when I said it," said Clint in a smooth patient way—like a teacher laboring with a very dull child. "I said Marmalade." He moved in a little closer.

Still the other young fellow didn't change his position and his eyes never left Clint's eyes.

"Marmaduke," he said again, and Clint blew up. Clint is mighty hot-tempered.

"Damn you!" he said, breathing hoarsely. "Who are you, anyway, to come teetering into this camp and swaggering round like you owned all Sandstorm Butte? When I tell you a thing, it goes—d'ye hear? When I speak everything in this neighborhood holds its breath till I get through! I'm a he-wolf; and I'm hungry! Why I don't thump you in the stomach with my finger and kill you outright I don't know; but I warn you I'm not a patient man. Do you get that, Marmalade?"

Still Chisholm stood fast and waited, his eyes level with Clint's angry, inflamed eyes.

"Marmaduke," he said for the third time.

"You're a liar!" bawled Clint, and swung a smashing blow for Marmaduke's head.

The head wasn't there when the blow arrived, and the next instant they were all over the street. Suddenly something happened and Clint went to the sand like a sack of meal.

Chisholm stood over him until he opened his eyes. Then he spoke. But all he said was "Marmaduke!"—and waited.

"Maybe you're right!" said Clint presently. He spoke in a weak, shaken voice.

Chisholm turned away, wiping certain red streaks from his own face; for in a mix-up—even a short one—such as he had been in with the husky desert boy he was bound to get something for himself. But after taking a couple of steps he hesitated and then came back.

"The middle name," he explained politely, "is Percy." And then he went away.

III

"HE DOESN'T fight fair!" said Clint. "He goes to college out there in the city and he learns tricks. If he'd just stand up and swap wallops I'd soon turn him into a pulp and paint the wide desert with him. But he won't do it. What's the use to try to lick a jack rabbit?"

This was nearly three weeks after the fight in the street, and Clint and I had been getting sorer and sorer with

(Continued on Page 70)

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This Man The

You, like others, have followed many great industrial advancements.

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The pneumatic tire has made the automobile of today possible; it has been improved and perfected in many ways; but it is still the cause of seemingly unavoidable trouble.

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Alabama Tire Repair Co.
Montgomery—[illegible] Montgomery St.
[illegible] Tire Co.

Arizona

Clifton—Sidebotham Overland Co.
Chas. E. Sidebotham
Douglas—912 F Ave
Douglas Service Station
Phoenix—431 N Central St.
Prescott—217-19 N. Cortez St.
A. E. Gage
Tucson—231 E. Congress St.
Rockwell & Sons

California

Los Angeles—522 West 9th St.
International Sales Co
Oakland—2201 Broadway
Joseph Berget
Redding—Mathew Patterson
Sacramento—1009-1011 14th St
R. C. Hauxwell
San Bernardino—236 E St
Arrowhead Garage Co.
San Diego—110 C St.
International Sales Co.
San Francisco—250 Van Ness
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
San Jose—150 E. Santa Clara
R. R. Keck
Santa Barbara—134 E. Haley St.
California Tire Co.
Santa Cruz—9 Walnut Ave
Keller Sweeney Vulc. Co.
Vallejo—500 Capital St.
F. B. Gerick

Colorado

Boulder—[illegible]
Colorado Springs—[illegible]
Fort Collins—113 W. Oak St
Motor Accessories Co
Fort Morgan—
Eachus & Van Buskirk
Grand Junction—635 Main St
A. A. Wester
Greeley—915 8th Ave
Weld County Tire Co.
Longmont—457 Main St
Auto Tire & Repair Co
Pueblo—217 N. Union Ave
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
Sterling—3rd & Poplar Sts
The Logan Auto Co

Trinidad—162 E. Main St
More Mileage Tire Co

Delaware

Wilmington—223 W. 13th St.
Robt. B. Elsey

Florida

Daytona—[illegible]
St. Petersburg—1300 9th Ave. N.
John T. Good
Tampa—2212 Florida Ave.
Smith's Vulc. Shop

Georgia

Atlanta—345 Peachtree St.
Int. Rubber Sales Co.
Augusta—540 Broad St.
Augusta Half Sole Co.
Columbus—113 10th St.
More Mileage Sales Co.
Macon—620 Poplar St.
Drane & Tucker
Rome—3rd St
Int. Rubber Sales Co.
Savannah—444 Drayton St.
Wallis Sales Co

Idaho

Boise—9th & Hancock Sts.
Idaho Tire & Rubber Co.
Caldwell—614 Main St.
The Service Tire Co.
Idaho Falls—343 C St.
A. A. Braniwell & Co.
Lewiston—
Kaddatz Tire & Vulc. Co
Twin Falls—Twin Falls Vulc. Co.

Illinois

Bloomington—109 So. Main St.
Schlueffel & Co
Champaign—545 N. Hickory
Chicago—1840 Michigan Ave
The Gates Co
Joliet—[illegible]
Peoria—[illegible]
Springfield—[illegible]

Indiana

Delphi—Eagle's Vulc. Shop
Evansville—210 Upper 5th St.
New Process Vulc. Co.
Indianapolis—203 N. Del. St.
[illegible]
Fort Wayne—2002 Calhoun St
More Mileage Sales Co
Richmond—1134 Main St
Harry H. Tolleson

South Bend—132 E. Jefferson
Taylor's Tire Shop

Iowa

Algona—304 S. Dodge St.
Mr. F. J. Hass
Armstrong—Mr. F. R. Van Duser
Boone—925½ 6th St
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
Burlington—209 N. 5th St
[illegible] Service Co
Carroll—W. [illegible]th St
[illegible] Tire Co.
Cedar Rapids—[illegible] Second Ave
[illegible]
Centerville—113 E. Van Buren St
Earl L. Roberts
Charles City—99 S. Main St
Wing & Powers
Clinton—Andrew Payseu
Des Moines—409 W. 9th St
More Mileage Tire Co.
Dubuque—262 8th St
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
Eagle Grove—Wm. Braumann
Knoxville—E. C. Wilson
Leon—J. W. [illegible]
Marshalltown—35 N. Center
Gates Half-Sole Tire Station
Missouri Valley—
Valley Tire & Repair Co
Muscatine—
Service Tire & Vulc. Co
Nevada—[illegible]
Newton—
[illegible] Vulc. & Welding Co.
Ottumwa—[illegible]29 E. Main St
John B. [illegible]
Red Oak—400 Third St.
Maloney & Kerrihard Co.
Sheldon—812 3rd Ave
Sheldon Tire Repair Co
Waterloo—106 W. 5th St
Webster City—Parkhurst Auto Co.

Kansas

Arkansas City—127 N. Summit
Heathman Bros.
Atchison—812 Com'l St.
J. A. Fletcher
Beloit—202 Mill St
Behrend Tire Hospital
Emporia—618 Com'l St
Haynes Hdwe. Co.
Great Bend—A. R. Friedeman
Hiawatha—Frank Case
Holton—401 New York Ave
Holton Tire & Battery Co
Humboldt—J. L. Black
Hutchinson—106 Sherman St. E
More Mileage Tire Co

Independence—113 S. Pa. Ave.
Buckles Bros.
Iola—209 S. St
South St. Garage
Leavenworth—4th & Choctaw St
The Vulc. Tire Palace
Lyons—Naden Tire Shop
Pittsburg—110 S. Bdwy.
Beal Tire Co.
Pratt—W. F. Zimmerman
Salina—219 N. Santa Fe
Interstate Vulc. Co.
Topeka—111 E. 7th St
More Mileage Tire Co.
Wichita—227 Lawrence Ave
Johnson Bros. Auto Sup. Co.

Kentucky

Danville—So. 4th St
Int. Rubber Sales Co.
Lexington—227 Main St. E
Int. Rubber Sales Co
Louisville—301 W. Broadway
Smith-Price Tire Co.

Louisiana

Baton Rouge—335 Greaves St
R. C. Strain, Jr.
Shreveport—112 Crockett St.
W. R. Montgomery & Co.

Maryland

Baltimore—1049 N. Cathedral
W. F. Yingling & Son
Cumberland—94 N. Centre St
General Tire Repair Co.
Westminster—297 E. Main St
Vernon A. Chrest & Bro

Michigan

Battle Creek—195 W. Main St
I. E. Alderdyce
Cadillac—213 N. Mitchell St
F. H. Manning & Son
Detroit—15 Duffield St
Durand—217 N. Saginaw St.
Dodge & Stanhope
Escanaba—401 Ludington St.
The Northern Vulc. Co.
Grand Rapids—509 Division, S.
[illegible]
Greenville—110 N. Lafayette
A. P. Steffenson
Kalamazoo—218 W. Kalamazoo
C. M. Field Tire Co.
Lansing—106 N. Cedar St.
[illegible]
Marquette—111 W. Barage Ave.

Minnesota

Austin—130 W. Mill St
H. H. Rockenbeck
Blue Earth—J. F. Barnes

Duluth—115 E. Superior St
R. E. Harris & Sons
Ely—L. W. Phillips
Fairmont—
Martin County Tire Co
Faribault—403 N. Cent. Ave.
G. A. Dreblow & Son
Hibbing—910 3d Ave.
Hibbing Vulc. Co
Ironton—Brewer's Vulc. Works
Marshall—R. P. Moore
Minneapolis—1003 Nicollet Ave
Fred G. Klein
Mountain Lake—J. R. Wall
Rochester—118-124 N. Bdway.
Geo. A. Dreblow & Son
St. Cloud—23 St. Germain St
Beebe Bros.
St. Paul—185 W. 6th St
Belle Tire Sales Co.

Mississippi

Columbus—604 College St.
Columbus Tire & Vulc. Co
Hattiesburg—
International Auto Co.
Starkville—L. F. Jackson

Missouri

Brookfield—Hixson & Tenney
California—Hull & Ferguson
Cameron—200 So. Chestnut St.
J. L. Baron
Carrollton—Sebastian Tire Co.
Carthage—309 E. Fourth
E. A. Parkhurst
Chaffee—R. E. L. Tire Service Co.
Chillicothe—707 Locust St.
[illegible] Vulc. Co
Columbia—911 Broadway
Cotton Service Co.
Dexter—Dexter Tire Works
Hannibal—704 West Broadway
Jefferson City—103 W. High St.
Capital Garage
Joplin—5th & Wall St
The New Way Tire Co.
Kansas City—211 E. 14th St.
W. S. Weyer
Kirksville—216 N. Franklin St
More Mileage Tire Co.
Macon—307 E. Main
[illegible]
Moberly—511 Reed St.
J. H. Nebergall & Son
St. Joseph—1800 Frederick Ave.
[illegible] Garage
St. Louis—1909 Locust St.
Cooper Higgins Sales Co.
Sedalia—210-12-14 W. 2nd
H. H. Kroencke

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Created Half-Sole Tire

Gates has made possible 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of a single set of tires—he has taken much of the worry out of driving by putting a practical end to puncture trouble—and still the Gates Half-Sole Tire costs only ½ the price of an ordinary tire.

Is it any wonder that today more than 350,000 American motorists are using Gates Half-Sole Tires and that the largest business houses in the United States have grasped this saving?

To you and to every car owner this creation, the Gates Half-Sole Tire, means a saving of ½ in cost, and more—it means better tire service for everybody.

If you are a car owner it will pay you to investigate. The coupon below will bring you "The Answer" to your tire problems in an attractive and novel way.

There are now over 800 authorized service stations of Gates Half-Sole Tires in the United States. The list below gives the names of those in the larger cities. Besides these there are stations in hundreds of small towns.

Springfield—407 W. Walnut St
Unionville—
Drummond-Cromer Co
Webb City—211 Daugerty St
T. [illegible] Triplett

Montana

Anaconda—114 W. Com'l Ave
Anaconda Tire Shop
Bozeman—Park City Tire Co.
Butte—45 E. Galena St
W. J. Trudgen & Co
Dillon—Dillon Tire & Rubber Co.
Great Falls—516 First Ave. S.
International Half Sole Co.
Helena—13 Placer Ave
Thomas Travis
Lewistown—2[illegible] W. Main St
G. G. Grier

Nebraska

Beatrice—623 Court St
Paul W. Fischer
Crete—Crete Tire & Repair Co
Grand Island—C. A. Lee
Hastings—[illegible] N. Lincoln Ave
W. A. Peatrick
Kearney—
Kearney Rubber & Auto Co.
Lincoln—1630 O St
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
McCook—Earl A. Porter
Nebraska City—1120 Central Ave
Ted Schmidt

New Mexico

Albuquerque—524 W. Central
Beatright Rubber Co
Clovis—Jno. F. Taylor
Deming—303 S. Gold Ave.
Gilpin Rubber Works
East Las Vegas—12th & National
Santa Fe—Santa Fe Motor Co
Tucumcari—P. B. Hendethte

North Carolina

Charlotte—404 S. Tryon
I. R. Sales Co. Inc.

New York

Buffalo—1019 Main St
Tire Mileage Renewer Corp.
Geneva—293 N. Main St
McGreevy Sales Co.
Jamestown—[illegible] Price St
Lawson & Bruage
Ossining—22 Spring St.
Slater & Tiffar
Syracuse—541 S. Salina St
Woods & Boynton
Watertown—127 Franklin St
B. M. Rogers

Ohio

Bellevue—The Bellevue Tire Shop
Bridgeport—Fred Havlicek
Canton—216 4th St. N. W.
Gates Half Sole Service Sta.
Cincinnati—127 E. 9th St.
Ipr. Rubber Sales Co.
Cleveland—1938 Euclid Ave.
Jackson Tire Co
Columbus—[illegible]55 N. Fourth St.
[illegible] Tire & Repair Co
Dayton—137 E. 3rd St
Dayton Rubber Sales Co
Greenville—304 Broadway
Lephart Tire Co
Hamilton—4th & Maple
Int. Rubber Sales Co
Lima—122 W. Wayne St
Lima Tire Repair Co
Newark—17 N. 4th St
Newark Tire & Repair Co
Portsmouth—Gallia & Ottner Sts.
Portsmouth Vulc. Co
Steubenville—153 S. Court St
F. F. McCracken
Warren—11 W. Market St
Dilley Bros
Youngstown—122 S. Phelps St
The Quality Tire Co

Oklahoma

Altus—107 S. Main St.
Altus Tire Co
Alva—429 Barnes Ave
Robert Freeman
Bartlesville—315 W. 4th St
J. R. Colson & Son
Commerce—South Main St
Gates Half Sole Tire Station
Pawnee—Pawnee Tire & Gas Co
Shawnee—224 N. Broadway
Shattee Tire & Supply Co.
Tulsa—224 E. 2nd St.

Oregon

Baker—1834 First St
Intermountain Tire Co
Corvallis—108 N. 2nd St
A. G. Reid
The Dalles—517 W. 4th St
Gates & Co.
Eugene—[illegible] Willamette St
Lewis Wilkinson
Hood River—[illegible] 1 St
Heights Garage
Klamath Falls—539 Klamath Ave
Ferris & Dixon
La Grande—
C. R. Leighton & F. E. Ormet
Lebanon—Frank Doolittle
Marshfield—222 Central Ave. W
Medford—132 S. Riverside
Riverside Garage
Oregon City—509 7th St.
Smith's Tire Shop
Pendleton—639 Cottonwood St
Bradley Tire Shop
Portland—70 Sixth St
J. S. Hutchinson & Son
Salem—[illegible] S. Commercial St
S. S. Montgomery

Pennsylvania

Bradford—Reliable Garage Co
Carlisle—E. High St
C. V. Cooper
Connellsville—[illegible] Charles St
W. L. Stem
Duquesne—36 N. First St.
John H. Ring
Erie—237 E. 12th St
Clouse Vulc. Station
Homestead—605 Amity St
Dean & Crowe
Johnstown—641 Railroad Ave
T. O. Gutelius
Kingston and Wilkesbarre—
Leigh Motor [illegible]
Kittanning—270 S. McKean St
D. E. Ackard
Lebanon—9th & Maple
O. P. Smith
North East—Int. Rubber Sales Co.
Oxford—511 Broad St
Edwin F. Kirk
Pottstown—150 High St
Pottstown Auto Agency
Pottsville—448 N. Centre St
Reading—718 Washington
The Eagle Vulc. Co
Rochester—438 Penn. Ave.
Fred Smith
Scranton—314 Adams Ave.
R. B. Marshall Co
Sewickley—[illegible] Chodwick St
Davis & Lyon
Somerset—Somerset Vulc. Co
Uniontown—16[illegible] Arch St
Sala & Wertzer
Vandergrift—136 Washington Av.
E. R. Welsh Garage
Washington—219 S. Main St
Miller & McQuay
West Brownsville—Ollie McMullen
York—261 W. Market St
Chas. M. Hochberger

South Carolina

Anderson—Earl & Maxwell
Columbia—1906 Main St
S. L. Miller & Son
Greenville—The Cash Sales Agency

South Dakota

Huron—831 3rd St., East
N. H. Mahowald
Sioux Falls—Huey & Abele
Watertown—J. M. Mahowald

Tennessee

Chattanooga—412 Market St
Int. Rubber Sales Co
Jackson—114 W. Main St
Int. Rubber Sales Co
Knoxville—301 W. Church St
National Tire Co
Memphis—128 Monroe St
Int. Rubber Sales Co

Texas

Austin—106 E. 15th St.
Capital Tire Co
Cleburne—113 W. Chambers St
The Lain Tire Co
Clifton—Clifton Rubber Co
Cuero—205 Gonzales St
Cuero Vulc. Plant
Dallas—2125 Main St
Jensel & Wurtele
Edna—Carpenter & Williams
El Paso—404 Myrtle Ave
Walter Hudson
Gainesville—106 N. Dixon St
Wilcox Vulc. Plant
Galveston—516 [illegible] St
Morgan & Cattles
Hillsboro—108 Church St
Houston—Furr & Spencer
McKinney—[illegible] N. Chestnut
[illegible] R. Ford
New Braunfels—511 San Antonio
Kropp Auto Co.
San Angelo—7 N. Chadbourne
Mark McCarley
San Antonio—630 Main Ave
International Rubber Co
Sherman—Peoples Tire Co
Taylor—110 W. 4th St.
Taylor Vulc. Co
Temple—So. 2nd St.
H. R. Pickens
Waco—725 Franklin St
International Rubber Co
Watahachie—111 W. Main St
Southwestern Distributing Co
Yoakum—507 Irvine St
Stahl's Garage & Mch. Shop

Utah

Manti—Economy Tire Co.
Ogden—2374 Hudson Ave.
M. W. Miller
Richfield—Borg Brothers
Salt Lake City—134 E. Brdway.
Western Rubber Sales Co
Spanish Fork—
Spanish Fork Co-op. Inst.

Virginia

Danville—Carroll Tire Co
Harrisonburg—168 S. Liberty
W. H. [illegible]
Lawrenceville—A. H. Turner
Petersburg—[illegible] S. Wes[illegible] St.
[illegible]
Portsmouth—517 Effingham
Bland[illegible] & Stroud

Washington

Bellingham—112 Grand Ave.
R. E. White
Bremerton—[illegible] 04th St
Kitsap Motor & Tire Co
Chehalis—Twin City Auto Co.
Colfax—120 Main St.
Root & Dahl
Ellensburg—514 N. Pearl St.
W. L. Eaton
Mt. Vernon—[illegible] 2nd W
W[illegible] & Hayes
Seattle—[illegible] 1 Ave. S.
W[illegible] Wheel Inc.
Spokane—[illegible] First Ave
[illegible]man Tire Shop
Spokane—1107 W. First Ave
W. S. Melcher
Tacoma—1016 Tacoma Ave
Pierce Tire Co
Walla Walla—120 E. Alder St.
Goodman's Tire Shop
Wenatchee—5 Palouse St.

Wisconsin

Green Bay—149 N. Broadway
Carl Jones Motor Co.
Milwaukee—169 11th St
[illegible]cents Sales Co
Sheboygan—603 N. 8th St
Gates Half Sole Tires

West Virginia

Clarksburg—130 E. Second
Clarksburg Tire Co
Grafton—206 E. Main St.
R. L. Clark & Co.
Huntington—314 11th
2 in 1 Tire Co
McMechen—Marple & Tarr

GATES HALF-SOLE TIRES

The Gates Rubber Company
Denver, Colorado

Without obligation on my part, please send me "The Answer" to my tire troubles.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If a dealer and no web Dealer send information of [illegible] here

(Continued from Page 66)

every day that passed. And still Marmaduke P. Chizzleum called regularly at the little cottage and spent the Sunday evenings with Ethelinda Mangus.

"So there it is!" Clint summed up. "We've simply got to rid Sandstorm of that fellow. But how? And how can we start anything without involving poor Ethelinda?"

"We might jump him together," I suggested, but blushed as I made the unhandsome suggestion.

Clint shook his head.

"I've thought of that," he said mournfully; "but it won't do. It isn't according to our code of ethics out here on the desert. Besides, Ethelinda would sure hear about it; and she'd tie a can of rocks to us forevermore!"

"That's so," I said sadly. "We can't lick him one at a time, for he is a scientific boxer. No; it isn't fair to us desert boys, who scorn to use trick fighting and scrap according to the way Nature meant us to scrap. What a shame that dueling has gone out! We could call him out and shoot him full of cute little holes; and that'd settle it, for that's one thing you and I can do as well as anybody. Maybe we can't dance round and duck and side-step and shadow box—and then slip over a high one when the other poor nut is expecting a low ball. But when it comes to shooting—why, we're there! Believe me, oh, bright-faced boy, we're there as strong as an old sock!"

But Clint shook his head again and I thought he was going to cry.

"Don't break my heart, Bill!" he begged. "I've been wishing that same thing for a week. The little old six-gun certainly does average men up a whole lot. Put a nice smooth-working six into action, and one man is every bit as good as another, and maybe a little better. But it can't be done, Bill! In the first place—well, ole-timer, I think Ethelinda is kind of fond of the damn hound. Fond of him in a sisterly sort of way," Clint hastened to explain. "She's sorry for him because he's a stranger and lonesome. Maybe, too, she likes to have him round because he's always so neat and clean. You know women are strong for clean clothes. I don't suppose Marmalade knows much about guns, anyway. He hasn't been on the desert long; and a fellow doesn't learn much about shooting in college, I reckon. I—I couldn't take advantage of him, Bill."

"Of course not!" I conceded. "But you might learn to box," I suggested hopefully. "Seems to me you ought to learn how to do it in—say, a year."

"And by that time this Marmalade P. Chizzleum has married Ethelinda and maybe raised a family!" wailed Clint, like a lost soul. "Why don't you talk sense? If I had a head like yours I wouldn't try to think with it—I'd use it for a potato masher!"

It is well known that a man generally gets worse treatment from his friends than from his enemies; for his friends know he'll stand for it, while his enemies know he'll probably start something that will lose them a quart of teeth or perhaps a couple of ears. I liked Clint. He and I had been pardners ever since we came into the desert—mere kids—four or five years ago. I would stand a lot from Clint; but this was going a little too far.

"I'd rather have a potato masher for a head," I sneered hotly, "than to have a tin jaw that any tenderfoot fighter from Below can cave in with the first jab!"

"Who's got a tin jaw?" demanded Clint truculently. "If you think that bird is a tenderfoot fighter why don't you go out and paw him over? You've been telling me how to do it, but I notice you haven't made any move in his direction yourself!"

"What you hinting at?" I said, beginning to breathe thickly. The blood was pounding on my temples and my eyes were swelling in their sockets. "Were you hinting that I'm a coward?"

"Oh, no!" said Clint with a pious horror that was maddening. "How could I accuse you of being a coward? I know you're not a coward. I saw you making faces at this Chizzleum tenderfoot when he wasn't looking. But I had a feeling—just watching you—that if he'd looked round suddenly you'd have turned a back somersault getting away from here!"

"I'll show you!" I said through my gritted teeth. "If ever that sweet-souled prune stabber crosses my trail I'll mix up his features till he'll look like a puzzle! Say, look here ——"

"You better leave him alone," Clint exhorted me. "He's too wise with those educated fists of his! Bill, we can't deny it—that tenderfoot is a regular ring-tailed squealer!"

"Never mind!" I said. "He won't slap me on the wrist and knock me halfway across the street. I'll make him know there's at least one he-man in Sandstorm who can swap punches with him without bursting into tears and squalling for mamma!"

Clint was nearly strangling with wrath, but he held himself down.

"You better lay off that Indian!" he persisted. "That guy sure is one ring-tailed squealer—just like I'm telling you."

"And when I get through with him," I plowed on, "he won't come prancing back to tell me his middle name is Percy! He won't be able! He'll be sitting low down on the sand, wondering which side of his head this ear belongs to and what in hell became of that handful of teeth he owned but a short minute or two ago!" After which insulting tirade I slammed out of the house before Clint could control his white rage long enough to achieve a withering comeback.

Clint and I lived out on the edge of town, close to the bottom of the Butte Trail, between Pete King's place and Andy Gregg's blacksmith shop. I had passed Pete King's and gone perhaps a block or two when I met Chisholm. We were quite alone, for at this point were vacant lots, with greasewood and yucca growing close up on either side of the sandy street; cactus, too, grew low down among the brush and yucca.

Marmaduke nodded stiffly as we passed. Still inflamed from my quarrel with Clint, I imagined that Chisholm sneered as he nodded. I whirled upon him, seeing red.

"Don't you sneer at me!" I said, nearly choked by the violence of my emotions.

"I beg your pardon," said Marmaduke; "I did not sneer at you."

"You're a liar!" I bawled.

And then things happened.

I was not so crazy that I forgot the valuable lesson Clint had learned and paid for with a black eye and a broken if not a contrite spirit. I spent no time trying to box with this skillful youth, but rushed him, head down and all my vulnerable points well covered up. Marmaduke side-stepped, but I kept after him. I felt if I could keep covered up he would be unable to put me out with that nasty jab of his, and that if I kept going long enough the deep sand would throw him off his balance sometime—long enough to allow me to bore in and get hold of him.

Blows rained upon me—blows which, had they landed, would have put me to sleep a dozen times. As it was, though they fell upon my arms and the top of my head—upon every place that was not protected—they jarred me to the heels. But I kept going; and, sure enough, after a while the heavy sand caught Marmaduke's heel and caused him to stumble slightly just as he was about to execute one of those baffling dance steps that were as hard to follow as the next jump of a flea. That instant was mine. I went in through his guard and caught him about the middle, heaved him into the air and flung him to the sand, landing on top of him.

But even here genius asserted itself. Marmaduke's right hand was still free and he kept pumping it into my ribs. But—shucks!—you can't hurt a tough desert man by punching him in the ribs, especially if you are lying on your back with the desert man on top of you and feeling for your windpipe. Besides, lying on your back that way, you can't get your body behind your punch. You might just as well stick out your tongue at your opponent as try to hurt him with a punch of that kind.

I kept feeling for the windpipe.

I knew if I got my enemy by the neck I could operate the old haymaker fine.

Maybe I wouldn't be so polished in my work as Marmaduke, but I felt in my bones that about one honest wallop from a calloused fist which had been heaving rocks about for several years would be plenty for Marmaduke.

I think Marmaduke felt the same way about the matter; for just as my left hand slid up to his Adam's apple Marmaduke's right ceased pumping at my ribs. Suddenly it scooped up a great handful of sand and dashed it in my face.

Stranger, did you ever have a handful of alkali sand plastered in your open countenance? If not, you have missed something that had you experienced it, would have dwelt with you all your life, and your great-grandchildren would have heard all about it. My mouth was open, of course; for the work in which I was engaged was arduous in the extreme and I was panting. My eyes seemed to get most of it, but there was enough left over to fill my mouth and strangle me nearly to death. But what's the use! There's not enough language to explain what it feels like. If you want to know, just experiment. A handful of sand in your mouth—and no man can tell you anything about Dead Sea ashes.

When I got enough sand out of my mouth and throat so I could breathe a little and could see out of one eye enough to allow me to find the way back to the house, Marmaduke had gone. I did not know which way he went; and, further, I didn't care. Lord knows I wouldn't have done a thing to stop him! I wouldn't have laid a straw in his way—I was so glad to get rid of him. I staggered inside my domicile and Clint greeted me with a look of blank amazement.

"For the love of grandma, Bill!" he said finally. "What you been doing—rooting for gophers?"

"Marmalade!" I enunciated thickly from one corner of my mouth—the corner that was freest from sand. I was strangling and whooping with my labored breathing. "Marmalade—he threw sand in my face!"

Clint stared until at last the whole beautiful truth burst upon him. Then he laughed and laughed brutally, and with no regard for the imminent death that was threatening me, for strangulation is no joke.

"Now!" he gloated, as later he helped to wash my afflicted eyes free. "There! Didn't I tell you that this damn Marmalade was a regular ring-tailed squealer?"

"Yes," I admitted sullenly. "But I'll get him yet! I'm going to wear a mask and try him again. If he's going to kick sand like a doodle bug I'll show him two can play the game! I ——"

"You better let him alone!" warned Clint. "If you keep on prodding him he's liable to take your milk bottle away from you and chase you under the house."

"I'm going to get him, I tell you!" I gritted, spitting sand. "I'm going to get him if I have to get him with a spear. I'm going to lick this bird yet—I'm going to lick him even if I have to hire Andy Gregg to make me a cast-iron union suit."

But I never did.

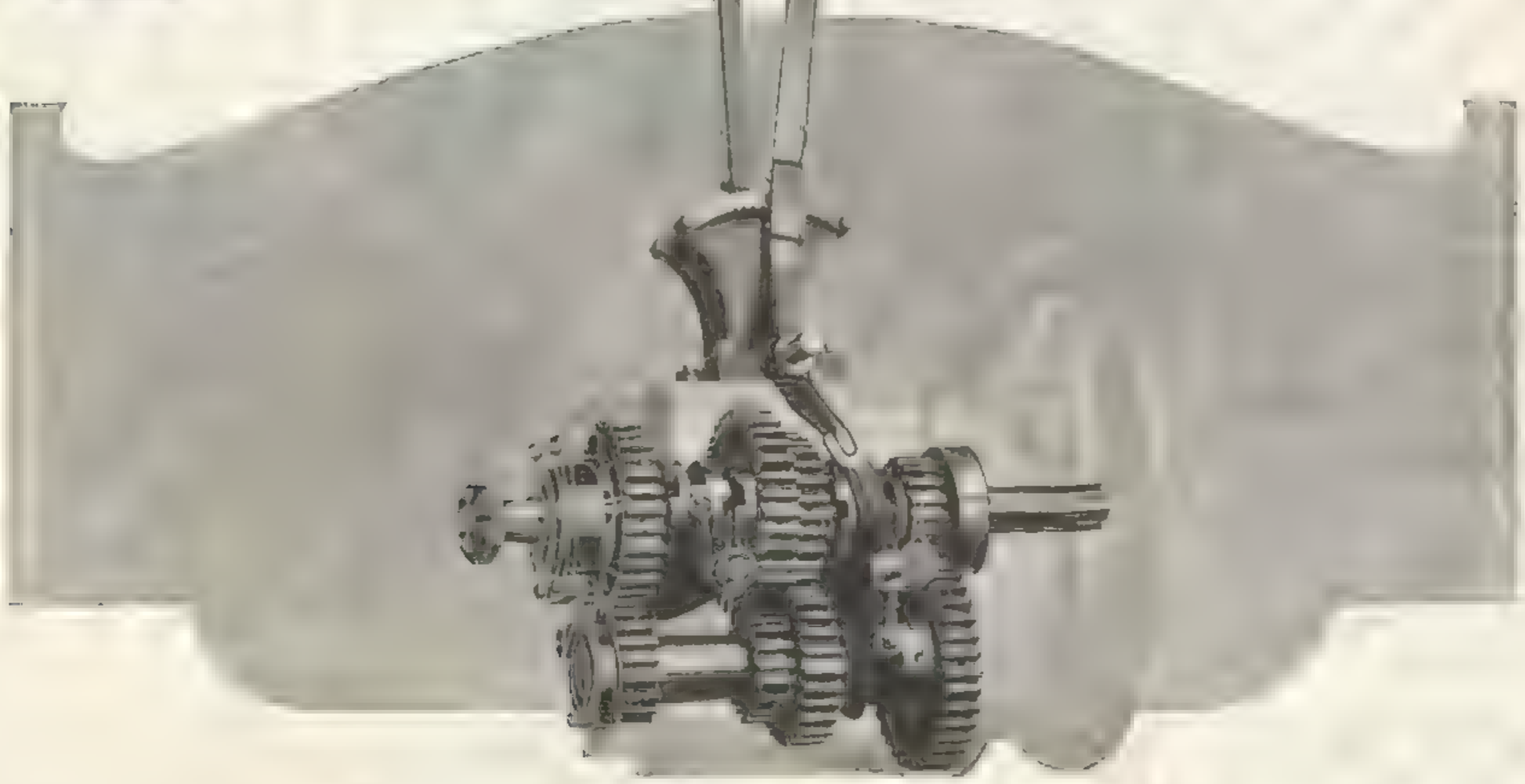
IV

ON THE day following my encounter with Marmaduke P., Clint and I got a wire from the smelter that required the presence of at least one of us down at the bay. We debated the question at some length, trying to decide which should go.

"Darn it!" said Clint at last, "why don't we both go? We haven't been on a trip for four years, Bill. Seems to me we got it coming to us. We haven't been down Below since the day we left there to come to Sandstorm. We were just out of high school and we beat our way into the desert in an empty box car. Remember, ole-timer?"

(Concluded on Page 72)

COTTA
TRUCK-TRACTOR TRANSMISSION



THE STARTLING TURN IN TRUCK CONSTRUCTION

Speed changes without gear shifting; no stripping of gears.

THE first in the Automotive industry to nationalize a transmission is Cotta. Cotta is the transmission the gears of which cannot be stripped. Gears are always in mesh. You never have to shift them. Strong and indestructible jaw clutches are shifted instead. The Cotta is the most pronounced advancement in the transmission of power since the inception of the Automotive industry.

The Cotta transmission eliminates the truck troubles which have been traced to transmissions, because it is not subject to the constant wear of shifting when making speed changes.

During the war three-fourths of our output was taken by American, French and British governments for trucks that hauled heavy guns and munitions. The hardest type of haulage work in the war was done by Cotta during 4 years on every battle front. Besides, it has made an astonishing commercial record, as shown by performance of the various makes of trucks that are Cotta-equipped. The big motor busses of Chicago use Cotta Transmissions.

Cotta is as far ahead of ordinary Automotive transmissions as the Mazda lamp is advanced over the old incandescent.

An Assurance of Dependable Service

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off

Insist on a Cotta-equipped truck. Ask for names of trucks equipped with this transmission and also write for our book.

Cotta Transmission Co., Rockford, Ill.

A personal word to manufacturers and dealers in Cotta-equipped trucks and tractors: We have a striking poster of the Cotta to send you. Write for it.

(Concluded from Page 70)

"And now look at us!" I gloated. "Peters & Carley, joint owners of one of the best producers in the Sandstorm District!"

"We ought to be happy," said Clint. "We've been successful, Bill. We really would be happy if it wasn't for that Marmalade outbreak. We were mighty peaceful, Bill, until that walking laundry advertisement hit the town."

"Never mind!" I said. "You leave him to me. I'll get him."

But, as has been said before, I never did.

That same day we put old Cahuenga Bill Penny in charge of the mine and lit out for San Francisco. Of our experiences during the next two weeks I will say but little, passing lightly over the matter of the man who tried to sell Clint the City Hall—a long limp man, whom we left draped listlessly over a fire hydrant, with the ambulance clanging round one corner while Clint and I whizzed round another.

Nor will I more than mention the occasion when either Clint or I licked a policeman and two policemen licked us; or else it was two policemen licked one of us and both of us licked one policeman. Clint and I have argued that matter a thousand times since then, but we never have been able to get it entirely clear in our minds to this day. Anyhow, it was a more exciting time than the occasion when a stray yellow-jacket wandered down into my shirt bosom and forgot the way out. Those two weeks will linger long in our memory—that is, as much as we remember.

We regret the parts we forgot; but there really was plenty left to enrich our recollections all down the years—little things, you know, like the evening when Clint stole an automobile horn and honked along the middle of the street, playing he was a twin-six car, nearly running down a traffic policeman and mixing the officer up till in three minutes there was a blockade half a mile long. Yes, we filled those two weeks to the brim with happy, boyish mirth and laughter; in fact, I might go further and add that we tried to heap it up, and consequently a lot ran over.

And so when we got back to Sandstorm we had nearly forgotten our feud with Marmaduke P. Chisholm. We had temporarily suspended our grief over the loss of Ethelinda also; for one cannot participate in stirring events such as I have recounted and still have much of his mind left to contemplate old wrongs. But at the post office we each got a little note from Ethelinda, and each read:

"*Dear Friend:* I have wondered many times during the past few weeks why you have not called to see me any more. Please come round as soon as you get back from San Francisco. I have a great surprise for you. ETHELINDA."

It really was the last touch to make our happiness a finished product. It was like the end of a perfect day.

"Ethelinda is for her old friends after all!" exulted Clint. "I wonder—— Maybe, Bill, we've been neglecting that little girl."

"I figure that she's canned Marmalade," I said sagely. "She's seen through him finally. Well, I'm glad we've got rid of that human disaster at last."

Ethelinda met us at the little cottage door as of old. We felt a lump rise in our throats, for it was so much like the beautiful days we had thought gone forever.

"Come right into the parlor," whispered Ethelinda.

She swung open the door and we stepped in and faced two angels, straight from the Heavenly Choir. There could be no doubt of the beautiful, fluffy hair, eyes blue and wistful, lips red and ready to smile whenever a bright youth might choose to make a clever remark.

Ethelinda introduced us, blundering over the names, of course, as is usual in such matters. But I knew my choice was named Dorothy, and Clint gathered that his adorable creature was known on this earth as Clare. What rot it seems!

"We will you young folks excuse me for a few minutes?" asked Ethelinda. "I've an errand I must do at the grocery. I shan't be gone half an hour."

Would we excuse her! How could we when we were already quite forgotten her? Alas! Forgetfulness is not confined to the fair sex, but is common to all.

Golden evening! Golden young voices that sang the latest popular songs! Love! Love! How could we get love into it with a whole evening before that no doubt

Clint scratched his head and thought and thought. Finally he gave it up.

"I don't know," he said; "but I don't believe he did a damn thing!"

"We imagined it all," I said with conviction. "We thought he was thinking mean things about us, when all he was doing was looking neat and clean, while we were sunburned and horny-handed and dressed in our overalls, with candle grease and slickens stains all over us. We smelled of stale powder smoke, too, and there was powder grime in our stubble. For a man can't work hard and look pretty, Clint. But knowing he had the advantage of us in looks made us sore on him—that was all!"

Clint stood suddenly up in the moonlight.

"And what," he said tragically, "what do you suppose Dorothy and Clare are going to think of us when they hear how we've been manhandling their brother!"

"Goddamighty!" I said, stricken suddenly to the heart.

How often it happens that the situation which seems most hideously involved turns out to be the simplest thing in the world!

Clint and I had gone up on Sandstorm early next morning, for added to our desire to see how things were doing at our mine was a yearning to shrink away by ourselves and be alone with our worries. Old Cahuenga Bill Penny was glad to see us and he pointed with pride to the work that had been done under his competent stewardship.

"I reckon I'm some mine superintendent!" he grinned proudly. "They say this here Marmaduke P. Chisholm is one humdinger of a mining expert; but, by gosh, I bet you he ain't got anything on Ole Cahuenga Bill—when the ole man's feeling right!"

Yes; we were interested to see how things were going on about our property. Nevertheless we lay upon the slope all day, watching the little smokes curling up from Sandstorm Village far below. In special we watched the cottage that once we haunted on Sunday evenings, courting Ethelinda.

"She really was too old for us," Clint said, voicing the thought that had been running in my own mind.

I nodded.

"Why," I said, "she must be all of twenty-one—or maybe twenty-two!"

Clint and I were nineteen. We would have contended passionately that we were nearly twenty. But what need to make such fine distinctions here?

And then, abandoning forever thoughts of Ethelinda's eligibility, our minds dwelt dreamily upon two sweet faces framed in masses of fluffy hair. And simultaneously two manly hearts were stabbed by the realization that their relationship with the man we had so cruelly abused made them as unattainable as the stars.

The sun sank to the crest of Sandstorm, leading along toward the night. Signing, we rose and started down toward home. As we followed the little trail across a bench where high greasewood grew among the rocks we came suddenly face to face with Marmaduke P. Chisholm. Evidently he was going up on the Butte for ore samples or something in the cool of the evening.

I saw the young man's face tighten in at once determined lines; then he stood still in the trail and waited. He was dressed in old worn corduroys and a battered sombrero; and in this attire it seemed suddenly that I knew him for the first time! Dressed in the strange Panama and white suit he had been a stranger. But now he looked like the creatures with whom I was familiar. Something seemed to break and dissolve blessedly in my mind, and I grinned.

"Hello, you dog-gasted old jumping jack!" I said. "How's the sand scrunger to-day?"

Did you ever see two dogs meet and for a second expect to fight? Then one dog wags his tail, and the other dog sees the peace sign and he wags his tail too. Next moment they're playing together. Marmaduke's countenance changed suddenly and we gripped too.

"Hello, Bill, you old roughneck!" he said. "Got any makins?"

"Gee, what an eye!" chuckled Clint. "Ain't you ever going to get rid of that black beauty I hung on you, Duke?"

Marmaduke laughed.

"Wasn't that a peach of a mix!" he said. And then we sat down beside the trail—friends for life!

Ain't boys the limit? Sometimes I think so. Here we'd been on the point of murder, and one simple little psychological moment turns us clear about and starts us along the trail together!

Of course maybe Dorothy and Clare had a remote connection with the matter, helping Clint and me to the point where we were ready to forgive and forget. Possibly.

But still, dogs and men, if you can get 'em to quit looking at one another as strangers and to see one another as fellows like yourself, you've got the world by the tail; and there won't be any more strife—that is, not unless somebody should come along and try to take Dorothy and Clare away from us. I don't believe Clint and I could ever learn to be friendly with any felon who might try to pull one on us like that.

These were the thoughts that raced through my mind while we three sat upon the rocks and smoked together beside the Butte Trail. Marmaduke got to his feet.

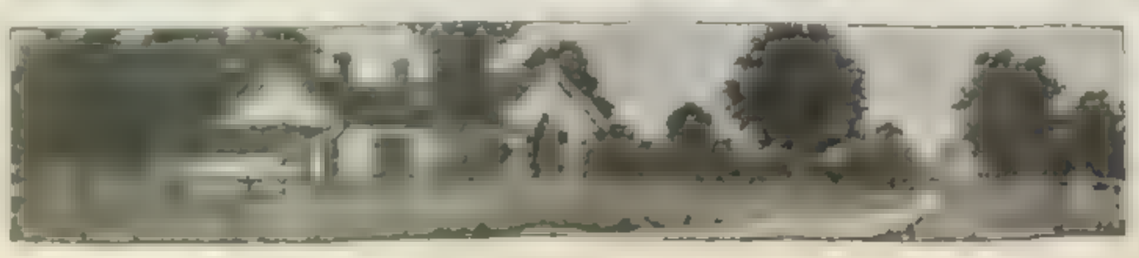
"Well," he said, "I've got to move along or I shan't be back for supper. So long, fellows!"

"So long, Duke!"

At the next turn in the trail Marmaduke P. stopped and hailed us again.

"Come over to the house to-night!" he said. "Will you?"

Dear old Marmalade!



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 49)

Forrest Crissey

These gave me a decided shove on the downward path of literary dalliance!

From the same memory box I drew the temptation for a series of verses. But I'm a reformed man—haven't written a line of verse for years.

I have never been able to stifle a consuming interest in folks—all sorts of folks. For me the bloom of freshness has never been wiped from the cheek of human aspirations by the destructive hand of experience; and I have a sneaking suspicion that when I can't get really interested in what a Bohunk beet worker, a Dago track hand, a Swede machinist, a millionaire manufacturer, a scientist, an engineer or anybody else feels, thinks and does I'm going to be about through.

Becoming personal I'll confide that I'm prouder of a certain young artillery lieutenant than of anything else in the world.

What would I like to be when I grow up?

Honest, if I could wear a khaki uniform and feel that I didn't dilute its meaning as a symbol of fighting I'd be as satisfied as a rookie with his first box of things from home. No; it isn't that I want to swagger round in o. d.'s, but just to know that it would go into the records that they were "both in"—dad as well as the boy.

Yes, I'm a little old-fashioned, perhaps; I live with the wife of my youth and the mother of my son, and expect to as long as she'll let me. My favorite novels are Robinson Crusoe, Otherwise Phyllis, and The Conquest of Canaan. My cleverest accomplishments are leaving things on trains, listening to admissions of greatness on the part of politicians, captains of industry, authors, orators, actors and other modest and confiding persons, and reading the manuscripts of those who hunger for a few frank words of criticism. Wait! There's still another nice little parlor trick—that of boasting that I cannot dance, swim, skate, sing or play any game or musical instrument yet invented; that I'm color blind and that I've never seen a baseball game.

As a proof of my gentle disposition I offer the statement that I drive a 1912 and have never been arrested for using profane language in public.

The only high school from which I was ever graduated was a country newspaper; my college was a Chicago daily—or several of them; and my postgraduate course for a degree started with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST when it had only a hundred thousand circulation. And that wasn't a generation ago either!

Garden freshness that is guaranteed

In this circle, on each can or package of our Certified Brand canned fruits, vegetables and table specialties, appears our "money-back" guarantee. It simply says that if you do not find these products of the highest possible quality your dealer will refund your money.

It means, for example, that our Certified Brand Canned Peas must bring to you the summer-time freshness of the garden in the can you buy.

It means that whatever you buy under our Certified Brand label must be the purest and finest you have ever known. All our Certified Brand goods are selected, handled and prepared with the *respect* deserved by that which is intended for your table.

That is what the Wilson label means—protection for your table.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Brand Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee

Sweet Corn	Catsup
Green Peas	Chili Sauce
Tomatoes	Jellies Jams
String Beans	Preserves
Beets	Peanut Butter
Pork and Beans	Mince Meat
Leaf Spinach	Olives
Asparagus Tips	Sardines
California Peaches	Salmon
Hawaiian Pineapple	Corned Beef Hash
Cherries	Ox Tongue
Blueberries	Veal Loaf
Raspberries	Vienna Style Sausage
Strawberries	Butterine

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

Dilly Dally Men

don't care how many hours are lost or whether an important job is gotten out today or sometime in the hazy future. Delays don't worry them a particle. With laggard minds and fishy eyes they yawn complacently and tell you that *tomorrow will do just as well.*

But men who in their hearts are *real Americans,* the men with active blood and active brains who have made American business what it is, the men who *do things NOW* and do them better than they've ever been done before—such men know well that every minute lost or wasted is a detriment not only to the business where the loss occurs but also *to the whole American fabric.*

And that is why so many thousands of our leading men insist on having at least one Multigraph installed within their shops or offices—or in many cases a battery of *six or eight power-driven Multigraphs*—so that there shall not be a single wasted minute or an ounce of wasted human effort. When they have messages of any kind to go to salesmen or to customers or to the workers in their shops or offices, they cannot *WAIT* a day or two or three or four to have them printed in an outside shop—they want them printed *NOW, TODAY,* and *on their way before the sun goes down.*

The only men of active and progressive minds who are not now employing the services of a Multigraph are those who *DO NOT KNOW* what the Multigraph accomplishes—and they're paying dearly for that lack of knowledge. To any man who *WANTS TO KNOW,* who wants to find out how the Multigraph will work in his particular business—whether he be Retail Merchant, Jobber, Manufacturer, or in *any* line of business that uses *printed matter*—we'll gladly send full information, without bias or exaggeration, showing what the Multigraph is doing for other men in similar businesses. The only thing you have to do is to fill the coupon out below and send it in.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH COMPANY

Get a MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

I *want to know* all about what the Multigraph accomplishes. Please tell me.

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THE Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired.

Comment on the Week

Immigration

IN ITS final report, in 1915, the National Commission on Industrial Relations expressed the following opinion:

"The immigration policy of the United States has created a number of our most difficult and serious industrial problems and has been responsible, in a considerable measure, for the existing state of industrial unrest. The enormous influx of immigrants during the last twenty-five years has already undermined the American standard of living for all workmen except those in skilled trades, and has been the largest single factor in preventing the wage scale from rising as fast as food prices. The great mass of nonEnglish-speaking workers, who form about half the labor force in basic industries, has done much to prevent the development of better relations between employer and employee."

Since then immigration laws have been amended, over the President's veto, by adoption of the literacy test, and that is one important restriction. The lands from which a great part of our immigrants came in the dozen years before the war are in a dubious state now. In those months of 1914, before war checked the movement, we received five hundred thousand aliens from Russia and Austria-Hungary. Just now there is no immigration worth mentioning. But there is a situation over there which may well, ere long, make a great many people want to come to America. Some of them, fleeing from Bolshevik oppression at home, we can welcome. Others, interested in extending Bolshevik oppression abroad, we do not want on any terms and should not admit.

The literacy test upset the myth—never founded on fact as it happens—that the traditional policy of the United States bound us to receive practically everybody who applied for admission. That makes it easier to handle the immigration problem with horse sense. Immigrants who will even probably be an injury to us should be shut out. There ought to be no hesitation about it and no doctrinaire scruples about making the fence tight enough for the purpose.

How Much Can Germany Pay?

GERMANY paid out more than thirty billion dollars trying to subjugate Europe; paid it to herself, however. A good deal of it was paid to feed and clothe several million Germans under arms; almost all of it was paid within the country.

The question now is, How much can she pay outside of the country? Excepting four million tons or so of merchant shipping she has at present very little that she can pay with. The German states own a big railroad system, worth a good many hundreds of millions of dollars. But it cannot be removed to Belgium and France. If her creditors took it they would have to operate it where it is and pay the cost of operation and upkeep out of revenues. All they would have to apply on the debt would be surplus income above the cost of operation and upkeep. That is finally the case with the whole question. Germany can pay only what she can produce above the sustenance of her population and upkeep of plant. Her situation is practically that of a bankrupt railroad. The creditors have nothing to look to except what the concern can produce above operating cost and upkeep.

The bill will be enormous. But in the case of Germany there is no use talking of enormous payments for reparation on the one hand and of crippling the country's productive capacity on the other. A capable and unsentimental reorganization committee ought to sit on the German case for the purpose of determining how much the debtor can pay under the best conditions as to productivity that can reasonably be brought about with safety to her opponents.

A Peace Conference?

WHEN Macaulay said that as the old civilization was destroyed by barbarians from outside, this civilization might be destroyed by barbarians within its own boundaries, people thought he was overworking his imagination. A generation of readers that has smiled over the statement now sees the new Huns and Vandals at work in a great area of Europe.

One must go back three centuries, to the Thirty Years' War—which all but destroyed civilization in Central Europe—for any such condition as now obtains. Then, as now, armed bands pretending allegiance to a lofty cause, but whose real objects were rapine and pillage, ranged the land; and as associated bandits enjoyed greater security of life and food than anybody else men naturally left peaceful productive pursuits to become bandits

That is the Bolshevist proposition; it offers greater security of life and food for raiding Poland and the Baltic Provinces and for exterminating bourgeoisie at home than for peaceful production. Gun and torch are the tools to which it hands its best rewards. Apparently other bedeviled peoples, not theoretically Bolshevist, are copying the bad example.

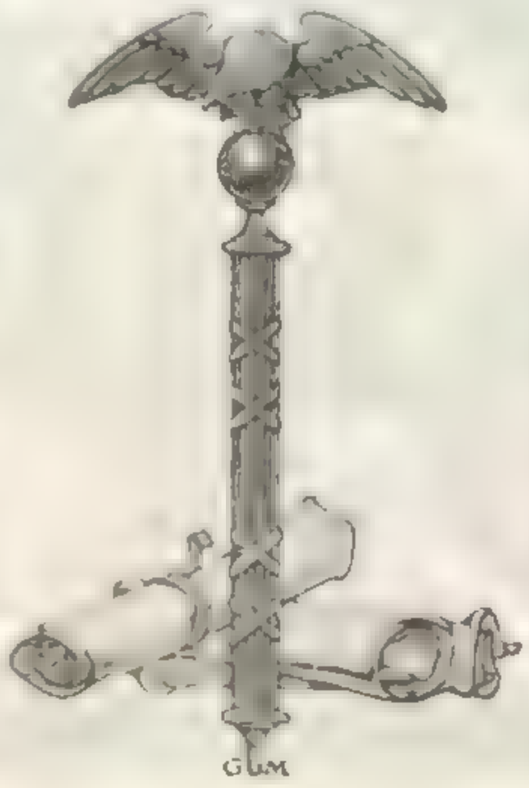
Forces that destroy civilization are loose and busy in a great area of Europe. Unless they subside their challenge will have to be met. A peace conference devoted to the principle of self-determination of peoples would find itself in an embarrassing position, with Bolsheviki raiding Poland and Germany under its nose.

Fixing a Price

"HAGGLING of the market" was what Adam Smith depended upon to fix prices; and it was pretty dependable in Adam's time. When one crowd wants to sell an article and another crowd wants to buy it they will meet in the market and dicker until they reach some terms or other upon which they can trade, and the article will move from producer to consumer. But when both crowds are tightly organized in a corporation, association or union, acting collectively through spokesmen, then haggling frequently fails to answer. Conscious of consolidated strength both sides may refuse to haggle.

As an illustration, for some days in midwinter New York City got only a fraction of its normal supply of milk. Tightly organized producers and equally organized middlemen would not agree. The article did not move. Milk that city children needed was fed to rural pigs. The same thing happens when a strike, with one side in a corporation and the other in a labor union, ties up a necessary public business.

Government price-fixing has almost disappeared, as was proper, the emergency that evoked it having passed. To get a price at which commodities will move and labor function we depend again upon haggling of the market. But combination and organization sometimes prevent that from operating. There should be a means of fixing the price in such a case, whether for commodity or for labor. The milk case or any street-railroad strike shows what great social injury may result from the absence of such a means. The public has a right to insist upon arbitration between organized disputants whose quarrel stops a necessary public supply.



The Stone Wall

ENGLAND cannot feed herself. Blockaded Germany starves for cotton, copper, rubber and other basic materials, besides nearly starving for lack of certain foods. Even the United States cannot market its products and keep its labor employed without an extensive foreign trade. In short, when a nation reaches a certain stage of industrial development its daily sustenance depends upon an intricate scheme of production and exchange that cannot be carried on unless its labor power is quite efficiently applied in a disciplined way under quite competent direction.

Apply the disintegrating power of Bolshevism to England's complicated system of production and exchange and England would perish in a few months. Even in predominantly agricultural Russia, with a comparatively primitive scheme of production and exchange, Bolshevism, by disrupting industrial organization and especially by relaxing all industrial discipline, brought great populations to the edge of famine or beyond. In more advanced countries steady, disciplined application of labor under fairly effective organization and fairly competent direction is a necessity of life.

Discipline and leadership are as necessary in the industrial army as in a military body on the battlefield. The daily food, fuel and clothing cannot be produced with every hand working or not as it happens to feel inclined, and choosing how it will work. Everywhere ten thousand hands must work as one directs or there will be no shoes and coats. Discipline, command, subordination of many to one—are an unescapable condition. Radicals want the commander elected by the rank and file as Russian soldiers elected all their officers. But unless the commander is obeyed and there is still subordination of many to one the same thing happens to industry that happened to the Russian Army.

Minimum Wage

THERE is poverty in this richest country in the world. The reddest Bolshevist can indict us with that fact and we can only say: "Guilty; but the remedy you propose would only make the disease worse."

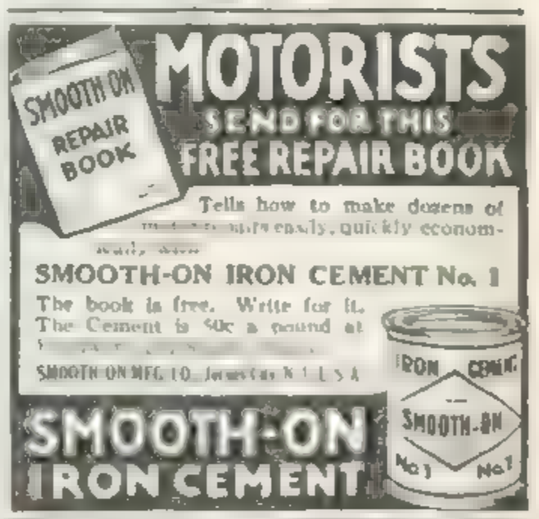
Every means of reducing the quantity of poverty which experience and common sense can possibly approve ought to be adopted, and so long as we are not asked to throw experience and common sense to the winds we ought to take a chance on the humane side even if we are not exactly certain of the result. Employers of labor especially ought to recognize that situation, and a good many of them do.

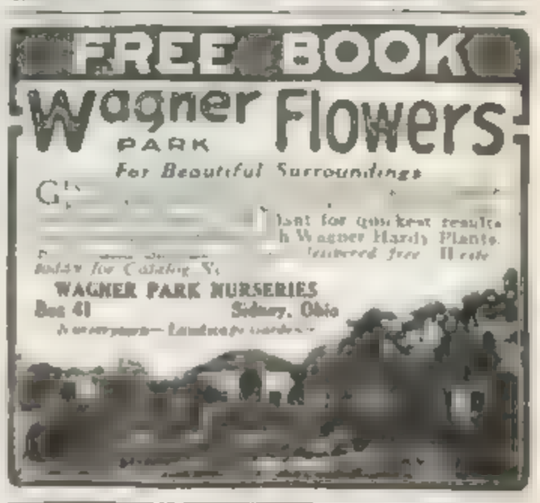
For example, a set of resolutions on our desk reads: "First, we are in favor of an adequate wage for women and minors. Second, we favor the creation of a state minimum-wage commission, which, however, shall be competent and properly representative of industry, labor and the public. Third, we especially favor the enactment of a Federal minimum-wage-commission law, which, upon its enactment, shall supersede existing state laws."

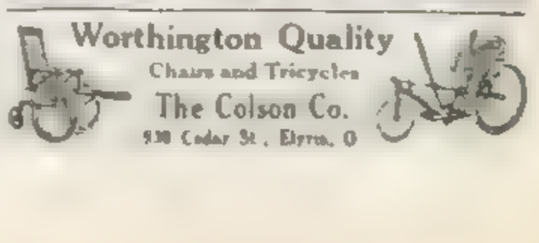
That was adopted by an association of manufacturers and merchants of New York state at a convention at Syracuse last fall.

In some "sweated" trades, and where many women and minors are employed on piecework and home work, and the like, organization of the labor and collective bargaining are often very difficult or practically impossible. As a rule such trades are not very profitable to the employers. They are in wide-open competition, so that the worst conditions as to pay and hours tend to become the standard. If all of them were obliged to pay a reasonable fixed minimum wage all would be in the same relative position as before.

In short, there are conditions of employment that make a fixed minimum wage as sound economics on the broad view as child-labor laws and laws limiting hours of labor for women. They prevent a stupid waste of good human material. We hope that Congress, in its latest attempt, got its Federal child-labor law past the Supreme Court. In that case it should now turn its attention to a minimum-wage law for the protection of children and women who cannot protect themselves.







Shall Half the Potatoes Grown Be Lost?

By Harvey S. Firestone
President, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

HERBERT HOOVER, speaking at a meeting of the Highways Transport Committee, said that 40% to 60% of our potatoes are lost annually between the producer and the market. Fifty per cent of the perishables raised on the farm never reach the market. In the use of trucks by farmers Mr. Hoover sees the ultimate adjustment of the food question.

It is plain to anyone who has investigated that motor haulage, broadly applied, is due to effect a great national saving. It is also evident that the use of trucks by farmers will be one of the most important elements of this movement.

The farm motor truck offers this service:

1. Releases land growing horse-feed to grow food for human consumption.
2. Delivers promptly the products of the farm to market, making available crops otherwise lost; by immediate movement of perishables reduces wastage due to decay in transit.
3. By conserving time en route it conserves man power.
4. Increases radius of land suitable for market gardening around cities.
5. Effects 5% to 8% saving in shrinkage of cattle driven to market.
6. Carries back to the farm industrial products of the town and city which would otherwise increase the railroads' loss on unprofitable short-haul freight.

"Ship by truck" is not a new thought to the farmer. Thousands are already making the truck a valuable element of their farming business.

Reports from different parts of the country bring out such instances as these:

1. Outbound motor-truck shipments from one farm in one season: 100 live hogs, 200 live sheep, 800 bushels of wheat. Return shipments: 80 tons of lime, 65 tons of building cement, 70 tons of coal.
2. Trip from farm to town made in three hours with truck. Time required by team two days.
3. 1,300 head of hogs brought to one live stock market in one day by motor trucks.
4. 14 motor-truck routes, aggregating 1,192 miles, daily operating from one eastern city into the rural districts, serving the small town and the farmer.

These instances may be multiplied by thousands. They will grow in numbers even more rapidly than before as the mileage of good roads increases. Yet with all the benefit that motor trucks have already brought to the farmers, and through them to the entire country, only about one-fourth of one per cent of the farmers own trucks.

Probably only a fraction of one per cent more are served by the truck lines operating from the cities and towns into the country. Let us carry the slogan—

"Ship By Truck"

to every farmer we know—to everyone we know who can influence this great army of food producers. For we, every one of us, benefit when the farmer reduces shipping cost and speeds up the delivery of perishables.

Your table and mine will be supplied with better food, procured at a lower cost, with an actually greater profit to the farmer who produced it.

"Ship by truck" carries universal benefit. It is a factor in national economy and national gain.

"Ship by truck."

Think it; talk it. Aid in this movement for better roads and better transportation. For you, individually, will share in the benefits.

"Ship by truck."

Firestone

Truck Tires

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

(Continued from Page 19)

blue print will be revealed at the proper moment. Then he sat down, his brain beginning to boil with questions. By and by he came to what he believed to be the solution of this miracle. The Yellow Typhoon was afraid. She had betrayed her companions because she saw immunity in the betrayal. She would never receive it from John Mathison, Bob Hallowell's friend! She, too, should pay. All the cards in his hand again, and he would play them on the basis that the phrase "blood and iron" was not pertinent to the Teuton only.

For what had been the primal impetus of this remarkable journey of ten thousand miles, of hiding continually behind steel walls, of refusing to take profit from the vast power at his service? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! That he was a secret agent carrying a tremendous undeveloped sea offensive—which he still had by a hair— was to his mind, obsessed with a single idea, an affair of secondary importance.

Draw the hand strongly across the surface of water. What happens? A wave that follows irresistibly, fatefully, inescapably. This was, then, primarily a man hunt, played backward; probably as peculiar a man hunt as was ever conceived. The pursuers were to be the pursued. Being a good psychologist Mathison had simply put himself back of his enemies' point of view. In their minds who would be the logical messenger? John Mathison, transferred to European waters, the familiar friend of the inventor, the one man living who knew exactly what the invention in its entirety was. This established in their minds, there were ninety-nine chances in a hundred that they would follow him. And there was always the possibility that Paolo, the Spanish servant, had conveyed enough scraps of information to decide them.

Had he been only vaguely certain they carried the blue print Mathison would have used his power and struck immediately after the sleep-fume attack the first night on shore. But, he had argued, supposing he struck and the print was not found? They would be liberated; forewarned they would vanish. He hadn't resisted them with the stupidity of carrying so dangerous a thing as that blue print. In their place he would have mailed it from San Francisco, with absolute certainty that it would reach the hands intended.

There was no censorship over national mail. And now that the print was in his possession he never could prove that it had actually been in theirs.

For the real point was to secure evidence of which to date he had not an iota, not such as would pass muster in any court outside of Germany. To have the blond man and his companions arrested, as matters now stood, would be a waste of time. So his whole plan was to lure them to a point where the hand of law could touch and hold. An overt act, culpable legally. And The Yellow Typhoon herself had restored the means.

There was still one puzzle—the woman's lack of curiosity. She had not opened the envelope. Had she declared to the blond man that she had not found it? It would not be stating it strongly enough to say that she was the most baffling woman he had ever met; he had never read of one her match!

At length Mathison and the redcap swung along with the crowd making for the gates. Just beyond the gates Mathison signaled to the redcap to pause. He felt a hand on his arm, but he did not turn his head.

"Mathison?" came in a whisper.

"Yes. The blond man with the ruddy cheeks. The woman behind him in the sables. Follow and report to your chief."

Mathison went on. Quarter of an hour later he entered the Waldorf. This time he seemed indifferent to the kitbags. The boy deposited them along with the cage in front of the desk. Mathison signed the register, opened one of the kitbags and took out the Manila envelope, which before leaving the Philippines he had been warned solemnly to guard with his life.

"Please deposit this in your safe and give me a receipt."

Mathison spoke calmly, but his heart pounded with suppressed excitement. Carelessly, in view of any who cared to see, he stuffed the receipt into the little pocket at the top of his trousers. Then he went up to his room. He set Malachi on a stand by the radiator. He emptied the kitbags and distributed the contents into drawers and closets.

Afraid. The Yellow Typhoon was afraid! Or was it Hallowell? A touch of remorse?

He sat down and opened the little red book for some addresses Morgan had given him. And something fluttered to his knee. It was a blue-green feather, brilliant as an emerald. Malachi's; he was always finding Malachi's feathers. But the sight of this one recalled a promise he had made himself—to call up Mrs. Chester's apartment. If he had to sail before she returned he would leave Malachi with the apartment people. So he stuffed the feather absently into his match pocket. Later he sent many messages over the telephone.

He felt in his pockets for his fountain pen and not finding it remembered that he hadn't taken it from the vest of his civilian suit. Naturally he went through all the pockets, and among other things came upon a folded slip of grazed paper. He opened it.

Several minutes passed. Mathison was like stone. Norma Farrington. He saw now why the photograph had originally intrigued him. It resembled Morgan's description of the woman known as The Yellow Typhoon! . . . Absurd! It was not within reason. Some twist, some legerdemain the photograph had given it. The shadows; these had something to do with it. Norma Farrington, The Yellow Typhoon? The absurdity was patent. The notorious woman of Bubbling Well Road could not possibly be a celebrity on Broadway. Too many miles in between.

He sprang to the telephone. Give me the theater-ticket agency. . . . Hello! Is Norma Farrington playing in town? . . . She is? . . . What theater? . . . Thanks!"

Mathison got out the little red book with trembling fingers. He rang up a number. "This is Mathison, the green ribbon. What's the report on the woman in the sables? . . . All right. I'll hold the wire." Five minutes passed. "Hello! Entered a house in Fiftieth Street? Fine!"

Mathison consulted the time; it was seven-fifty. He became a whirlwind. He flew downstairs and plunged toward the revolving doors.

"Taxi!"

The vehicle was forthcoming instantly, due to his visored cap and gold bands. He jumped into the taxi, naming a theater uptown. He paid a speculator five dollars for the only seat left, Q center. As he was late he had to navigate through channels of reluctant feet. Norma Farrington! He had only one idea, with four sides to it—something complete.

The footlights flashed. When the curtain rolled up there were three people on the stage—no one he had ever seen before. They moved about and talked. Occasionally a ripple of laughter ran over the house. But none of these things meant anything to Mathison. He was not conscious of a word that was spoken or the significance of a single movement.

There were four entrances to this stage living room and Mathison grew dizzy trying to watch all four at once. At eight-forty through the French window—you saw a charming garden beyond—came a woman in gray. Her expression was demure, almost demure. The audience broke out into applause. Then, Mathison strained his ear.

Outside the door that writers write the balance of his bread. His glance never left the entrance to the theater.

As soon as the curtain fell Mathison stood up and plowed his way out to the aisle. Once in the aisle he rushed to the foyer, where he demanded the way to the management office. His uniform was open sesame.

The producing manager, a dapper, bright-eyed Jew, happened to be in; and he was undoing a campaign for his press agent when Mathison burst in.

"I am Lieutenant Commander John Mathison," he announced, a bit out of breath for his run up the stairs.

"What's the difficulty?" asked the manager coolly. "Anchor afoul my unlighted sign?"

Mathison laughed. He understood at once that here was a good sport. "Pardon my abruptness," he apologized. "I'd like to use your telephone.

The manager waved his hand. He heard Mathison's side of the conversation.

"Mathison. What's the report from Fiftieth Street? . . . The woman still inside? Thanks. . . . No, that's all." Mathison hung up the receiver dreamily.

"What's happened?" asked Rubin ironically. "Have we sunk the German Fleet?"

"We are going to," said Mathison. "I want a messenger the quickest way I can get him."

"War stuff?"—thrilled in spite of his resentment at the intrusion. Rubin was an autocrat in the theatrical world.

"Well, I don't believe you'd call it that. I want to get some flowers."

The manager sank back. "You sailors! I thought maybe a submarine was loose outside!" He was going to add a sting, when a boot came into contact with his shin—a sign that the alert press agent had something on his mind. "Flowers!"

"I have come ten thousand miles to send these flowers," replied Mathison, smiling.

"Get a head waiter, Klein," said the manager, secretly bubbling. What a humdinger for the morning papers! As the press agent vanished Rubin turned to Mathison. "You may send your flowers, but not across the lights. I will not break that rule for anybody."

"So long as she gets them. May I write a note?"

The manager got up and indicated his chair. "Write as many as you like. I take it that the flowers are for Miss Farrington."

"They are."

"Do you know her?" curiously.

"I do." The smile was still on Mathison's lips.

"In that case go ahead. But if it happens that she doesn't recognize your person will go directly to the ash can. She isn't easy to know."

"I know her," insisted Mathison.

"I rather wish, though, that you would put it off until tomorrow night. Miss Farrington was very tired. She's done a fine and generous thing—gone on without rest after an unbroken journey from the other side of the world."

"No one is better aware of that than I. She will see me."

Rubin knew confidence when he saw it. He twisted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. A vigorous, unusual chap, this, and handsome enough to wake up Miss Farrington. Ten thousand miles! Her aloofness toward men was now accounted for. An old affair nobody had heard of. There was an ominous portent in this affair for Broadway. She was the straightest of the loyal; she'd stuck to her contract. But after!

Mathison settled down to his note. Every time he tossed up a piece of paper and flung it into the wastebasket Rubin frowned.

The press agent came storming back, an usher in tow. The latter was given fifty dollars and ordered to purchase Parma violets.

"No orchids, no tinsel strings, no bouquet; loose, as they came from the soil. Carry this note and the flowers to Miss Farrington's dressing room. And here is something for your trouble." To the manager he said: "Thanks for your courtesy."

"You're as welcome as spring."

"Oh, boy!" cried the press agent as the door closed behind Mathison. "In a dead week in the fall! A new yarn to fasten! Not even lamp the roll to be dragged out! That was real money, all yellows. Think of it! Our Norma, a navy man ten thousand miles, flowers a wad of yellows! Sure set up a boxer. Pass the buck to me. I'll be there with the cheerfulest smile ever!"

"Klein, we shan't use this."

"What!" barked the press agent.

"No. It's real. This is no Johnny Norma is no chorus beauty. Of course I jumped at the idea that we'll have to pass it up. I want Miss Norma's good-will after the war. I want Miss Norma's personal affection for me for a million dollars, free of charge. No! Look up all I forget it."

"Well, what do you know about that?"

Mathison returned to his seat, absolutely oblivious of the astonishment at the agitation that had been forgotten here. He was quite calm now. All uncertainty was gone; he knew! The Yellow Typhoon was in a house in Fiftieth Street; and Norma Farrington was yonder on the stage, delighting his eyes, thrilling his ears. The wonder of her! God bless her, she had tried to save Bob Hallowell that night! And he would never have known but for that posed photograph!

She did not wear any of the flowers in the second act nor in the third; but when she came on in the fourth she carried a small bouquet in her corsage. She was joyousness. It radiated from her into the audience. Faces all over the house were beaming, not with merriment but with good humor.

There came a little moment when throats became stuffy—one of those flashes of tenderness whose next link is generally laughter. When the whole house was watching the comedienne tensely, in absolute silence, Mathison laughed aloud, joyously! Heads swinging resentfully in his direction woke him up. His cheeks flushed.

Doubtless by this time you have formed the impression that Mathison had lost his compass, that he was drifting, that he had forgotten the vital business which had brought him all these thousands of miles. Nothing could be farther from the truth. All these little eddies, currents, whirlpools were at the sides of the stream; that flowed on, unswerving, inevitable.

For a man whose soul was in haste he took his time. His movements within the theater and outside in the lobby were leisurely. On the street he made no effort to bore through. But when he reached the corner he was off like a shot toward the dark alley which led to the stage door. This he plunged through recklessly—into the arms of the ancient Cerberus who tended the door.

"Outside, outside! The comic opera has went!"

Mathison presented his card. "Miss Farrington is expecting me."

"Oh, she is, huh? Well, she said nothin' to me about it."

"I'll wait."

"You're welcome; but in the alley, admiral, in the alley. Nobody gits by me tonight, comin' in. Orders."

"I don't suppose ten dollars would interest you in the least?"

"Not unless I saw it. Honest, now, are you meetin' Miss Farrington?"

"I am. I'll be peaceful, Tirpitz, but if you send for the stage hands I'm likely to shoot up the place."

"All right. I'll take it in two fives."

Mathison discovered that he was now free to walk about as he pleased so long as he did not amble in the direction of the dressing rooms. He anchored himself by the wall, from where he could see all who came down the narrow iron staircase. The drafty, musty, painty odors were to him like perfumed amber from Araby.

By and by two women came down. They went past Mathison without taking any notice of him. They were followed shortly by a man whom Mathison recognized as the conceited ass who made love to Miss Farrington in the play.

A row of lights overhead went out. The stage was now in a kind of twilight. I wonder if there is a sadder place than a stage when the actors have left it to the tender mercies of sceneshifters, carpenters and electricians! To Mathison it was only the door to Ali Baba's cave.

At length—thirty minutes, to be exact—a woman came down the stairs slowly. A veil was wrapped about her face and hair. But Mathison would have recognized that sable coat anywhere. He stepped forward shakily and took off his cap.

"I suppose it's still snowing outside?" casually.

"What we sailors call black weather." No questions, just an ordinary everyday query about the weather. No confusion. "You are not afraid to shake hands!"

"I don't know just what to do."

"Oh, I'd return the hand." His laughter rocked the lurking echoes above.

And something in that laughter made her afraid of him, of herself.

"Where in the world did you find all those violets? Loose the way I love them!" She did not give him time to answer. "My car is at the end of the alley. Where shall we go? I'm going to give you a real hour . . . I suppose it was weather."

There! She had told him! Yes."

I like the way you say that."

Has the porter betrayed her? And yet the porter could not have betrayed anything beyond the fact that he, not Berta,

(Continued on Page 81)

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is when the wound occurs

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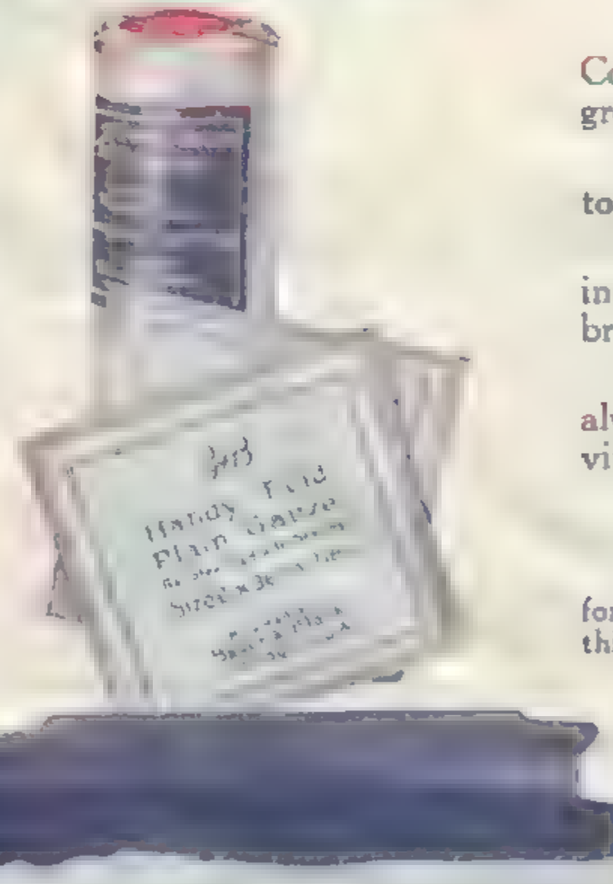

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Alone with his conscience

"Will I never be able to rid myself of the awful responsibility for that almost fatal accident? The memory is constantly before me. ***Even now*** the very flames leaping up the chimney seem to portray the nerve-racking scene and bring it all vividly before me again.

"Had I only put on my tire chains that eventful morning, as I well knew I should, I could easily have controlled my car and thus have saved all this remorse.

"Just suppose it was one of ***my*** little girls that had been hurt by another motorist as careless and thoughtless as myself?

"I wonder if I could complacently have accepted the flimsy excuse—that he "couldn't help it"—that "it was unavoidable"—***when I knew*** that it was nothing but downright carelessness—an utter disregard of that first principle of careful driving—Put on your Weed Chains ***at the first drop of rain.***"

Weed Tire Chains

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The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

(Continued from Page 78)

had given him that box. Some unforeseen stroke of luck; certainly not that feather. He was no brother to the Cumæan sibyl. Still, he had found her. She was tremendously curious to learn how. On the other hand she was determined to ask him no questions, and, as adroitly as she could, evade his. If he persisted she would cut the meeting short. Some day—if she ever saw him again—she would tell him the story. She was too weary to-night. She was at once happy and miserable—happy because it was as though his finding her had been written, miserable because the sordid dénouement might break at any moment. To save Berta, not for Berta's sake, but for the mother's.

She knew that she was beautiful, that she possessed extraordinary talent in attracting men, though she had never used it. She knew what power lay in expression, in vocal music. She might have made this man love her. For if he had not been drawn to her through some mysterious forces why had he sought her? Those flowers! There was gall and wormwood in this cup, but she drank it with a smile. Romance, and she must let it go by!

What had he learned within these four short hours? That she was not The Yellow Typhoon certainly. Had there been a cable from that man, Morgan, after his solemn promise? The gray wig and the goggles?

"What did you say?"

"That we had better be moving. You take me wherever you think best."

"Give me your arm. It will be slippery in the alley. There's an umbrella in the corner by the door. Take it."

Outside he put up the umbrella; and as she took his arm she knocked against something heavy and hard in his pocket.

"What is that?"

"Part of a sailor's paraphernalia."

"It is not over yet?"—with sudden suspicion.

"No. There are a few threads that need picking up."

The metal in his voice did not escape her. She was puzzled, for logically all his land adventures should be over.

It was only a short distance to the restaurant, which was a famous one. She selected it tactfully, solely on his account. She herself had never been inside of it before in the evening. But she knew a good deal about men, that even so nice a one as this fresh-skinned blue-eyed sailorman would not object to having his vanity played up to. There was another kindly thought besides in her mind. The night would be far more memorable if there was a background of color and movement and music. She was weak enough to want him always to remember this night.

The moment she took off her veil and coat she was recognized. That is the penalty of theatrical fame in New York. The head waiter passed the word, and the people at the near-by tables stared and whispered; and Mathison wouldn't have been human if he had not expanded a little under this patent interest in his lovely companion.

How was he to know that the gown she wore had been donned expressly for him? How was he to know that it had been sent for after the arrival of the flowers, or that she had worried all through the performance for fear her mother would send the wrong one or that it might reach the theater too late?

Later Mathison could not have told whether she wore green or blue or red. No normal man would have paid any attention to her gown—with her face, her eyes, her lips to watch.

Their orders scandalized the waiter. Miss Farrington ordered two apples, and Mathison a bowl of bread and milk. They laughed.

"That's all I ever eat at night—fruit."

"And I didn't come here to eat," he said.

About this time the blond man occupied by a single idea entered the restaurant lobby, gave his hat and coat to the check boy, then walked out to the curb and approached the footman.

"Dismiss Miss Farrington's limousine. She will go home with us."

"Yes, sir." The footman went down the line to execute the order.

The blond man waited until he saw the gray limousine maneuver out of the line and swing into the street; then he returned for his hat and coat. The Farrington was nothing to him. He had never heard of her until to-night. Ordinarily he might have been curious enough to have her pointed out. To-night such curiosity might dissipate his cleverly conceived plans. Perhaps Mathison had not seen him actually. Anyhow he did not intend to risk the future to satisfy a curiosity which was only negligible. If he had looked into the dining room it is quite possible this tale would have had a different ending. As matters stood he had reason to be grateful to the actress. She had opened a way for him. A man with a pretty woman in his charge would not be particularly keen mentally.

XIV

"DID you like the play?"

Mathison shook his head.

"You didn't like it!" astonished.

"I'll see it before I sail."

"Then you weren't in the theater to-night?"

"Oh, yes; in Q. I was the ass who laughed out loud when the whole house was so still you could have heard a pin drop."

"You? . . . I heard that, and wondered what had happened. But if you saw the play ——"

"That's just the point. I wasn't an audience; I was a spectator."

Something in his eyes, a lurking fire, warned her not to press in this direction. After all he had not come to see the play; he had come to see her. And the knowledge was like the warmth from a wood fire.

"A sailorman! No doubt a girl in every port."

"No." Without vehemence. "The same girl in every port, in the fire, in the moon mists; the girl who has been in my heart since I was a boy."

"Oh." A little dagger stab in her heart. "Then you have come back to marry before you go across?"

"Quite likely."

"Love, marriage, off to the wars! . . . What is she like?"

"Petrol on water."

She stared blankly.

"If you have never seen wide spreads of petrol on a smooth sea," he explained, "then you have missed something indescribably beautiful. Fire! Dawns, sunsets, moonlight; all the flashing gems in the world, moving, circling, advancing, retreating. The soul of a woman should be like that."

"Are you a poet?"

"Possibly, but inarticulate. I don't know one rime from another."

"But poetry isn't rime. Your description of oil on water is poetry."

He laughed. "If the wardrooms ever find that out I'm done for." The glory of her! All his life he had been dreaming of an hour like this.

A pause followed. His utter lack of inquisitiveness intrigued her beyond expression. Not a word about how he had found her; not a word about the adventure. Why? What kind of a man was he that he could sit opposite her without deluging her with questions? And he had a right to know many things. She had given him one opening without meaning to—the query relative to the automatic in his pocket. Why hadn't he taken advantage of it?

She broke the silence and led him into the war; but after a few phrases he veered away from this. He spoke of the snow, how he longed for the north country of late, how he had grown weary for the need of cold lashing winds and the smell of snow.

When she could stand it no longer she said: "Tell me by what magic you found me!"

"I'm a queer codger. I have a strange memory for sounds; possibly because I've lived much in the open. My leaves were generally spent in jungles. Foliage moving, I can tell almost instantly whether it is the wind or animal life. The same with the cracking of a twig. Sometimes the recurrence of a sound confuses me. There may be some difficulty in placing it. But I know I have heard the sound before."

Then he produced the photograph. She stared at it bewilderedly. Sound? What was he talking about?

"You found me by that? But you did not hear that!"

"Still, it recalled a sound."

Her glance fell to the photograph again. She had forgotten the posing for it. This was not the sort of dénouement she wanted; he had found her quite ordinarily. Yet she could not make him out. This was not the man she had known on the Nippon Maru, the boy who had been like crystal or an open book. This was an inscrutable stranger, of velvet and steel.

"I begin to understand," she said.

She felt the mantle of weariness falling again on her shoulders. The hide-and-seek of the encounter irked her. Why didn't he speak, demand questions, satisfy his curiosity? She was very tired. He would never know how much awake she had been on that journey. She had walked the car corridors at all hours; she had watched for Berta to pass the crack in the door until the concentration had made her dizzy. She was tired, and she hadn't the power to resist her own curiosity. She flung open Bluebeard's door recklessly.

"I begin to understand."

"What?"

"Why you were sent upon this hazardous mission. You are quite sufficient unto yourself. I believed I was doing a fine brave thing."

"Ah, but it was a fine brave thing. You made it possible for me to go on. Secret service!"

"It would be useless to deny it." She leaned on her elbows, locking her ringless fingers under her chin. "It is not generally known, but I am of Danish stock. I came to America when I was very little. I spoke no English. There were lean years; yes, even poverty. But I had a little talent—the faculty of making people smile. Not all aliens are ungrateful. This is now my country. I love it!" Her eyes flashed. "It made me all I am, gave me all I have. It has been glorious to me. Long ago I vowed if ever the chance came I would pay back these benefactions—with my life if need be!"

Mathison's conduct was logical enough. All he had wanted was to see her, hear her voice for a little while, get one absolute fact, a fact she could not withhold from him, being unaware of what he was seeking. He would satisfy his curiosity, disperse these mysteries, after his work was done. Before this night was over one of two things was going to happen: He was going to succeed or he was going to be badly hurt. He now had a tolerably keen insight into the character of this glorious woman. She was brave and resourceful. The slightest hint of what was on foot, and she might seek to intervene, with the best of intentions, and spoil everything. But day after to-morrow—when he returned from Washington!

"It is very wonderful to be here to-night," he said.

After that her heart grew warm again. She, too, knew the value of sounds. At least he was grateful. That weapon in his pocket—she longed to ask him about that. But a question here might alarm him. He must not suspect the plan she had in her head. Logically the great adventure was at an end; but they may have threatened his life. She stood up.

"I'm a brute!" he cried contritely. "I forgot that you must be weary beyond measure."

He held the sable coat for her, particularly careful not to touch her. As she was wrapping the veil about her hair and face he asked if he might come to tea after his return from Washington.

"I'll tell you. In a little while I shall be in the thick of it. I may not come back. In my room at the hotel I've a little Rajputana parrakeet—green as an emerald. Take it; he's the only pal I have to-day. He hates the sea. May I give him to you?"

She trembled. "To me? Malachi!"

"Yes—that is, if you'd like him. He talks. Wait." He fumbled about in a pocket. "Here is a little feather of his. It will give you an idea of what brilliant color he has. May I give him to you?"

"Yes!" The blood whipped into her throat. The girl he saw in every port? What about her? Why didn't he offer the bird to her? . . . That feather! It wasn't humanly possible that he understood and was playing with her?

Truth is he was thousands of miles away from the message. But there were other roads to Rome, and he knew what he knew.

"Then I may come to tea day after to-morrow?"

"Yes." She turned away from the table. Upon reaching the curb she wheeled upon Mathison. "My car!" she cried, dismayed.

"What's the matter?"

"It isn't here!"

Mathison hailed the footman. "What has become of Miss Farrington's car?"

"Why, sir, she gave orders to dismiss it."

Mathison returned to Miss Farrington. "Some mistake. They've dismissed it."

"Taxi, sir?" said a man at Mathison's elbow.

"Yes. Here, Miss Farrington, jump into this. Day after to-morrow at four. Good night."

"But you are coming with me!"

"No."

"I say yes!"

"No."

"Then I'll walk to the Subway—four blocks. I shall ruin my dress, my shoes and my temper. I am going to take you back to the hotel."

The last place in the world Mathison intended going at this hour. The devil and the deep blue sea! He was confident that she would do just as she threatened—walk. But this he knew: the moment he entered this taxi it would become a trap—a trap he would jump into with the greatest cheerfulness alone. What to do? He could not give her any warning, with the strange chauffeur's ear scarcely a foot off. And under no circumstances must the blond man see Norma Farrington's face this night.

"A compromise," he said, believing he had found a solution to the difficulty: "I'll go with you if you will let me take you home first."

"Agreed!" she cried readily. She smiled in the dark of the cab. This was exactly what she wanted. Once at the apartment she would discharge this taxi and order one she was tolerably sure of.

He laughed and sprang into the cab. The snow was coming down thickly. Corners were dim; the street lamps hung in a kind of pearly twilight. A strange silence fell upon them.

I don't suppose either of them marked the turns. Perhaps the impenetrable haze had something to do with it. You are not ordinarily attracted by nebulous objects. Again, it might have been due to the fact that they were both fatalists. Suddenly the cab stopped with a slueing jerk. The door opened. The man who opened it presented his arm stiffly. Neither Miss Farrington nor Mathison had to be informed regarding that blue-black bit of metal at the end of that arm. She shrank back, but not in fear. Her idea was to give Mathison all the elbowroom he might require.

"Step out, both of you, with your hands up—quickly!"

"Do what you think best," she murmured across Mathison's shoulder. "Please do not consider me at all."

But Mathison stepped out tamely, his hands above his head. She followed, slightly chilled. Her arms hung at her side. This was not quite as she would have had it. Why didn't he attempt to distract the man with the automatic—arguments, protests, threats? There was always a chance. She was not afraid of pistol shots; and he ought to know that. Chilled and disappointed she stood beside him.

"The lady will put up her hands also." Nothing of the speaker's face could be seen, only his pale-blue eyes, which snapped frostily over the rim of the black handkerchief.

"The lady will do nothing of the kind, for the obvious reason that the cut of her coat will not permit it."

Mathison tightened his lips. Unafraid!

"Brandt!"

The chauffeur jumped down from the taxicab.

"Search them for weapons."

The chauffeur rifled Mathison's pockets and tossed the heavy [illegible] to his employer. Then he seized Miss Farrington by the arm. He started to put his free hand over her when she struck [illegible] a lively report.

"No man shall touch me like that!"

Mathison intervened. "Just a moment. I'll keep my hands up [illegible] that no [illegible] shall be offered [illegible]. Otherwise you will have to shoot me."

"No [illegible] will be offered the lady. So far as I am concerned she does not exist. Her word that she is unarmed, and I only shall touch her."

"I give it."

A diversion for his sake, and he had not taken profit! What was the meaning of this singular tameness?

"March up these steps, both of you. The lady will have to shed your light, and it is advisable to release you. March!"

Mathison put his arm under Miss Farrington's and helped her up the icy steps. In the faintest whisper: "Do not [illegible] your veil while in this house. There is danger. Do not speak unless I give you the lead."

The door opened to admit them, and they stood in a dimly lighted hallway.

"The parlor; you will find it comfortable."

Inside the parlor Mathison was ordered to halt. With a detached air he obeyed.

(Continued on Page 84)

TIMKEN

"Just Like This"

"This glass stopper furnishes a handy illustration of the tapered construction of a Timken Bearing, which resists end-pressure and offsets the effect of wear.

"When I put this stopper in its place it fits. It does not drop down through the neck of the bottle, because it is tapered.

"Just so the heavy side-wise lurch of your car on the rough road, or the steady pressure as you round the corner, cannot push the conical cone and rollers of the Timken Bearing through the cup. Whatever the pressure, the tapered rollers continue to revolve smoothly and easily between cup and cone.

"Thus the tapered design resists perfectly one of the most destructive forces, 'end-thrust' that, unchecked, would wear out and ruin your bearings.

"Now suppose I turned this stopper round and round in the neck of the bottle, till it wore a little

TAPER

"The Glass Stopper Illustrates the Principle"

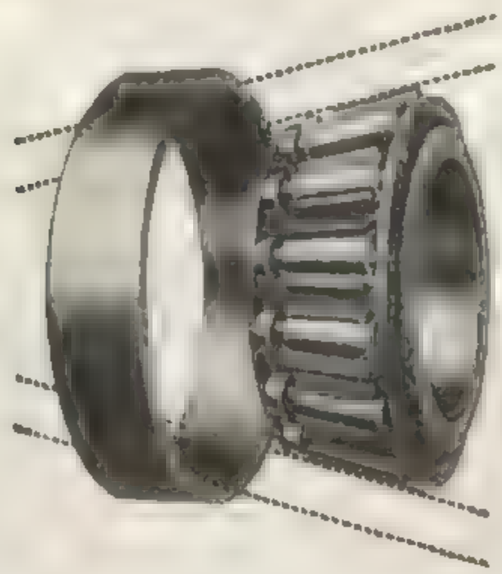
smaller. Would it drop through or become loose? No—it would simply move a little farther into the opening and fit as well as ever.

"So when Timken Bearings wear a trifle, as all bearings will after thousands of miles, a part turn of the adjusting nut brings cone and rollers into perfect contact with the cup, and your bearings are as good as new.

"That is why Timken Bearings cannot be worn out by anything but accident or abuse—why they give greater security against wear and replacement of transmission and rear axle gears—why practically every well known motor car and truck has Timken Bearings in its wheels."

Write to the Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio, for "The Companies Timken Keeps," listing the motor cars, trucks and tractors equipped with Timken Bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



Note the tapered design of the parts of a Timken Bearing. Dotted lines show how the inner face of the cup is tapered to correspond with the outer surface of the tapered rollers.

(Continued from Page 81)

Miss Farrington shuddered. She saw the man in the black handkerchief search the little pocket at the top of Mathison's trousers and extract a bit of paper, folded. What was it?

"A long chase, but we are patient. The receipt! . . . Yankee swine!" The man struck Mathison across the mouth, stepped back quickly, the automatic ready.

Mathison did not stir, but his tan faded; and presently a thin trickle of blood ran down his chin.

"You despicable coward!" she cried. "How like the Hun!"

"Be silent! Your immunity is not irrevocable."

A receipt of deposit! She understood now. A receipt of deposit for that Manila envelope. To have come all this way, and then to lose! And it came to her like a blow that she herself was directly the cause. He had not wanted to get into the taxi, and she had forced him. In trying to save him she had merely led him to defeat. But the tameness, when she knew that he was as quick as light!

"You will be detained about an hour. A telephone call will release you. Madame, my thanks. You made everything very easy for us. Without your innocent assistance there might have been difficulties. Unwittingly you have entered the war zone—with casualties."

Then with an ironical wave of the hand the man in the black handkerchief stepped forth and closed the door.

Mathison pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his lips, turning gradually so that his back was toward the double doors.

"I could cry!" she said. "All my fault!"

Mathison laid a warning finger on his bruised lips. Instinctively he knew that he was being watched. The affair wasn't over yet.

"Please don't feel badly. The fortunes of war. The thing is done. Don't bother any more about it."

"But you wouldn't have surrendered like this if I hadn't been with you!"

"I'd have put up some kind of a scrap, I suppose. I should have kept my head, and didn't."

"But through fault of mine ——"

"It might have been worse," he interrupted. "They didn't hurt you. I'll be given my destroyer. I'm a good navigator. Better take off your coat; otherwise you'll feel it when we go out." He laid his hands on her shoulders and whispered: "Be on your guard! They must not know that you know. Follow my leads. They are watching or listening."

"I'll keep the coat on." She sat down, trembling.

He began to walk about. From time to time he touched his lips with his handkerchief.

She watched him. All through the night he had puzzled her as no man had ever puzzled her before. She knew that he was strong, resourceful, courageous. And yet he had taken that blow on the mouth without comment, with scarcely a sign of wrath. Resourceful, he had carried that receipt with him. Her fault, directly and indirectly. His discovery that Norma Farrington—Hilda Nordstrom—and The Yellow Typhoon were two individuals had befogged his foresight. He had probably dashed out of the hotel with no thought but of finding her. It would have been the simplest thing in the world to leave that receipt in the key box. Beaten, because of her!

"Think of finding you!" he said. He covered the length of the room again. "No doubt you think I'm a queer cuiger. The fact is I never waste time or energy in wailing. When I lose I pay. When I win I pocket the stakes. I never drop out of a game once I take up the cards." He sat down beside her. "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Good heavens! But she managed to say calmly: "In a play?" She lifted the veil to the tip of her nose. "Oh, yes. It goes very well that way." A cue? Very well; she would follow up this bewildering lead, even if her heart did begin to act queerly.

"I mean in real life."

"I never fell in love with anyone off stage; so I'm not in a position to speak. The trouble with me is I have a fatal gift of reading men at a glance. I have always revolted at the idea of marrying a man I knew all about on my wedding day. He must be a one story book to be read a page at a time, to offer a mystery tantalizing enough to create a longing to solve it. And if I ever do marry I shall go on with my work. Why? Because I shall always be puzzling him just a little. In marriage absolute knowledge always makes for dullness."

Of all the amazing heart-rending subjects to select! And she could not tell him then that he was hurting her dreadfully. . . . His poor lips! All her fault.

That voice! he thought. In his ears it was sweeter than the intoning of choirs in cathedrals. He glanced at his wrist watch. Probably the man was at the desk presenting the receipt. God send he did not pass the job on to a confederate! In twenty minutes, perhaps, the call would come for their release. He would telephone. Mathison ran his tongue over his throbbing lips. Then he smiled a smile through which his teeth flashed whitely.

She, watching him, waited for him to carry on. His bent head was so close that it was hard to resist that old inclination—to touch it with her hand. All this talk about love! . . . He was merely passing the time. But when she saw that smile her eyes widened behind her veil. It was a terrible smile—savage, relentless and confident!

And then in one of those blinding ribbons of light that flash across the storms she saw distinctly the meaning of the whole affair. Each time the recollection of the Manila envelope returned to her mind fog enshrouded it. She could see nothing but a childish whim in the superscriptions and decorations. His own name and rank sprawled across the middle and a photograph at each end—of himself in mufti and in uniform. The Machiavellian cunning of it! Boy! Would she ever be able to call him that again? She thrilled.

"What shall I call you? Lieutenant Commander is so formal, and Mister is an abomination."

"Call me John. My mother thought it a good name."

"Not Jack?"

"Too many Jacks in the Navy. I'd like very much if you'd call me John."

"Mathison. I believe I'll call you Mathison. That's comrady. And day after tomorrow we shall have tea together."

"And I'll bring Malachi. But I warn you, he swears dreadfully sometimes when he's happy."

"I'd love him!" She laughed. A few moments gone she hadn't believed she could ever laugh again joyously. After all, what did her affairs amount to in this great game? She was an infinitesimal grain of sand, inconsiderable. A trap for his enemy, and she had almost spoiled it. And casually he had said he had a few loose threads to pick up!

She was reasonably certain now that all recollection of the old lady on the Nippon Maru had passed from his mind. Why not? Why should a young man of thirty keep fresh in his memory an old woman ostensibly sixty? He had found Hilda Nordstrom, and that was sufficient for the present.

"Did I see the red and blue lights of a drug store down the street as we came along?"

"I don't remember."

The double doors rolled back smoothly and The Yellow Typhoon stepped into the room, sending the doors shut again. She leaned with her back against one of the doors, and the crooked smile on her lips almost hid the little mole.

Mathison was on his feet immediately, his nerves singing. All along he had expected such a moment; and yet now that it had come it stupefied him. He stood so that he partially covered Miss Farrington. He wondered if any man had ever before been confronted by such a situation. He managed to throw a bit of gallantry into his bow.

"And how is the jealous husband tonight?"

"He is doing nicely at this moment, thank you. You and the lady are free to go."

"Ah!"

Mathison started to turn, but stopped, fascinated by the singular change that was passing over the face of the woman in front of him. Slowly her hands reached out on each side, fingers spread; her body seemed to shrink.

"Hilda?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MORE OUTPUT

(Continued from Page 22)

surrender any of the rights of the past the surrender must be absolutely voluntary, and it must be made after, not before, the title to complete restoration has been accorded them by an Act of Parliament.

There is a great deal to be said for that contention, for a true labor settlement would go far beyond even the wide limits of the ground covered by the various Munitions of War Acts. It would include not only the conditions of labor but the rights of capital. One of the greatest British employers has recently laid it down that "no business is entitled to make unlimited profits" and that "the principle of the profits tax should therefore be retained after the war." If the restoration of trade-union rights had to be deferred till a decision of those larger issues had been reached there would intervene a period of irreparable uncertainty and irritation. On a settlement the successful restarting of the basic industries depends. The men will have to forgo some of the rights they have guarded so jealously, and the employers on their side will have to be reconciled to reciprocal concessions. Fortunately, the association of employers and workmen in different industries on advisory committees and joint councils promises to generate a spirit of accommodation on either side that should make smooth the path of what might be very difficult negotiations.

The essential conditions of settlement are that no class of men—and if possible no individual man—should be the worse off for the surrender of usages detrimental to [illegible] of industry as a whole. That raises for example, the question of the retention of women in places once filled by men. In one great shipyard all the cranes are now worked by women, who do the [illegible] efficiently as the men, while the men are engaged for other work that [illegible] not handle. This is a war [illegible] and the question is whether what will [illegible] when the old state of affairs comes [illegible] and demand the restitution of [illegible] they originally held. Apart from the right of the women the reversion to the old conditions would be thoroughly bad industrial economy. The firm therefore proposes to offer the returning men other positions as good in all respects as those they filled before the war.

Such changes will need to be carefully watched, for no two jobs are precisely comparable in every particular; but it is along those lines that the settlement may be looked for. If it is such as to avert the menace of unemployment, to guard against any fall in real wages and to maintain the worker's freedom the men may well be prepared to forgo some of those artificial restrictions that appeared so necessary for their protection before the war. They are sufficiently strong to resist any attempt to take advantage of the new conditions, and the prevailing legislative sentiment will probably assist them to give legal force to such wage standards and labor regulations as may be agreed on as mutually beneficial by the bulk of the workmen and the bulk of the employers.

There are bodies of workmen who have frankly followed the go-slow policy, they have done so and still wish to do so deliberately in the assumed interests of their class and trading—that is the mistaken belief that there is only so much work to go round, and that if they get through with it too soon they would have "the sack" alone to look forward to. They have not realized, and what opportunity was there for them to do so?—that work and wages are elastic propositions, that wages come out of the stream of production. Widen the stream and you widen the wage opportunity.

Why should workmen have seen this truth when respectable papers were associated with the doctrine of limits to the wages' fund? Moreover, the easy-going practices in factory and trade are the results of unfair advantages taken of their increased obligations—imposed a restraint from over-eager effort. The war situation has been too wasteful to be regarded with any satisfaction. It is tragical to think of being compelled, from poverty and feebleness. The remedy lies with the employer more than it does with his employees. Greater security of tenure, removal of the fear of sudden unemployment and safeguards against a lowering rate, which is a penalty on efficiency, will do more to do away with suffocating restrictions than all the exhortations in the world.

If we try to catalogue the wastes that stand in the way of increased output, which output everybody concedes is the basis of prosperity and will alone make good the war damage we should have to place at the head of the list the waste from ill will, or rather from absence of good will. I have always held that good will is as big a factor in rapid and economical production as skill itself. Great Britain has begun to think about the place of this valuable article, good will, in its production program. I do not mean to suggest that this is a new thought, far from it; there are establishments that have understood it and given up to its suggestions for more than a generation. But never has there been so widespread an effort as now to work out a basis of mutual confidence in the relation of employer and employed. It may fairly be said that all parties realize that the production called for is out of the question unless a new spirit of reciprocity is at work. To make this spirit possible waste prevention is one of the first obligations—prevention of wastes material and wastes human.

What is being done to do away with or mitigate the hampering frictions in industrial relations I must reserve for later articles. The war has thrown a searchlight on the way in which industry has been carried on for a generation past. War-time economies have taught far-reaching lessons. The German submarine has been the champion promoter of British agriculture. Before the war half the total food consumed in the British Islands was brought overseas. But for the navy these islands could have been starved into submission. This is the common verdict. The navy not only kept open the channels of supply, it gave the country time to get busy on a great program of agricultural development. Though the Belgian farmer produces one hundred dollars an acre to twenty dollars of the British farmer, and the German farmer feeds about seventy persons to fifty persons fed by the British farmer for every hundred acres of land worked, the efficiency of the land worker here is not so low as these figures might indicate. The production per man in Germany is only two-thirds that of the farmer in this country.

These islands could not probably under the best conditions produce enough food to be self-sustaining, but with an extension of the tillage opportunities wonderfully abundant here there never need be any fear of suffering even in the face of a complete blockade. The holdings of land in small allotments for cultivation trebled during the war. In England and Wales they rose from about half a million to one million and a half. Kitchen gardens still fringe the outlying sections of every industrial town, crops of fresh green vegetables raised near by swell the Covent Garden market stalls. Fifty thousand women volunteered their services in the Women's Land Army; not far from a quarter of a million women were at work on the land throughout the war.

Lost time, lost motion, spoiled material and a general slowing down of plant are subjects of sharp investigation these days. Never has scientific management, regarded as a distinct American importation, excited so much interest as well as controversy. As far as the spokesmen of labor are concerned they welcome every step forward in the way of scientific research, the use of the chemist, metallurgist, fuel analyst and other technical specialists. They say that men of science have not been sufficiently utilized thus far in industry. That factory organization can be vastly improved is generally conceded. Possession by poorly trained men should be at the hands of those equipped with a knowledge of the best modern methods; closer figuring of costs and frank comparisons as between plants and districts should

(Continued on Page 87)

PURINA BRANZOS

"Let me see your tongue. Fine!"

The health and development of your child depend upon two things — *food* and *digestion*.

Branzos is a food laxative.

Branzos supplies the nourishing gluten and phosphates of the wheat coats—the essential elements for building strong bodies and sound constitutions.

Branzos also provides the bran coat, nature's own laxative, which keeps the digestive system clear, active and normal.

Give your children this nourishing, regulating food. They will enjoy it any way you serve it—as muffins, hurry-ups, porridge, bread, etc. See the box for printed recipes. Sold only in checkerboard packages—at your grocer's.

Ralston

is the "standby" food of Mothers who know how good it is for children and how much they like it. Made of the finest hard wheat. It has unusual nourishment and fine flavor. Mildly laxative. Very economical - one cup makes six dishes of porridge. In checkerboard packages—at your grocer's.

We use the whole of the wheat in making our wholesome foods.

Ralston Purina Co., 876 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

Sweet milk ready mixed in it — so rich it needs no eggs

There's no complicated mixing and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing when you use Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. The simple addition of water makes perfect pancakes every time!

First a little water, next a little stirring, then a hot griddle—and in two minutes you have a big, inviting plate of golden-brown pancakes on the table! Pancakes light and fluffy, rich and tender—the best you've ever tasted.

That's the quick and easy Aunt Jemima way! The flour is *complete*—everything's in it, including even the milk. And it's so rich it needs no eggs.

Perfect pancakes every time

There's no complicated "mixing" and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing -perfect pancakes are the result every time.

Aunt Jemima Pancakes are in themselves such a complete and hunger-satisfying breakfast that your family will want little or nothing else on the morning bill of fare. And that's a saving that counts, too, for an Aunt Jemima breakfast costs only one-third as much as a breakfast of meat or eggs.

Order from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package—or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. He has it or will gladly get it for you. Read on the top of the package how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls.

Order a package today

Order it because it will save you time, money and early morning worry—and because it will bring a satisfied smile to every face at the breakfast table!

"I'se in town, Honey!"

Um-m-m! Waffles made with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—you've never tasted anything so good. And muffins and breadsticks, too! You will find easy recipes on the package

Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Copyright, 1919, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

(Continued from Page 84)

be more common. The planning and routing of jobs and a much better coördination among the various units of the same organization are obviously things that should prevail. Labor welcomes the use of science in industrial management just as it respects the services of the expert in civil service and other government activities. It holds large reservations, however, as to these matters, apart from technical problems of management, which it believes are vitally matters of general human concern.

On this point one of the greatest employers in the country, speaking at a public debate in a workmen's educational center, said: "Scientific management—that is, science in management, as the sane leaders of this movement look upon it—is not a solution of the whole industrial problem; it does not settle, and does not pretend to settle, how much of the products of industry ought to go to workman, manager, investor; it does not solve the unemployment problem or lay down rules for industrial harmony. These problems have been in existence long before any definite system of efficiency engineering was laid down in print. But one advantage of such a system, honestly and sensibly worked out, is to make much easier an approach to some of these problems. To help make men more productive with the least waste possible consistent with good upkeep of men and plant is fundamental good sense and applies everywhere."

The war has brought home the meaning of production as nothing hitherto could have done. In carrying on the war the accumulated wealth of the country was, of course, largely untouched, though it was devoted to new purposes. Houses, lands, railways, roads, canals are still here. Day by day the people have had to meet the huge demands of the military establishments. Beef, jam, tea, clothing, wagons, shells and armament—to the tune of about thirty million dollars a day—were requisitioned. These represent fresh production on a scale which deserves the adjective miraculous. Savings, borrowings, selling of securities, abstinence and enforced economies of various kinds—these helped to meet the current bills. But a large debt has been left for the future to meet—an annual interest charge of more than a billion dollars to raise, over and above the taxes levied. Ultimately this debt must be paid—and paying for the war means replacing the things that have been destroyed, so as to have at least as much as before: must be paid for by a larger output or by getting on with less.

More Brains for Industry

"We can easily write off our war debt by more output"—this is the opinion of a man who is generally regarded as one of the leading authorities in matters industrial—"and this increase does not have to be anything extravagant, if all work altogether. If everybody should add ten per cent to his productivity the bill can be met—everybody, not a few or a class of workers. The war has shown us that we can easily exert ourselves even more than ten per cent. There was always too much loafing, from the heads of industry down to the manual workers. We made far too little use of machinery. There is far too much drinking. Cut the drink bill of 1916 alone by fifty per cent and you have four hundred million dollars saved. We are still using horses—or worse still, human labor—where we should use steam power, motors and the electric current. We too often use old-fashioned steam power for electric power. The government, I'm glad to say, is going in for a large development of cheap electric power for the country—one of our crying needs. What we do today is done too often with ridiculously little science.

"Of course we can increase our output. Now we must do this or be poorer. Look at what makes for production—the factors that go into it are still here. Our land, for example, has not been devastated as it has been in Belgium, France and Poland. Our stocks are here, machinery, tools, buildings. We must recognize that the labor is not all here. Our toll in death and disablement is great. Our loss in labor power can be made good; though we can never fill the void and lessen our sorrow, we can with a bit more time and exertion on the part of the labor power we have make up. I do not mean to suggest that we should overwork labor and add to its strain. Nothing would be more unwise. Much depends on organization, and such organization as we have had we still have. It has not all been knocked to pieces.

"We must insist on the land being used to produce the maximum amount of food for the people instead of the biggest interest or rent. Our factories show too much dirt and disorder and waste of confusion. As a rule we must take one to our new munition plants to show a model workplace. It is very bad for us to take things easily; it is not healthy. It is far better to be alert for a comparatively short day than to go slammocking about all day. I have seen skilled workmen do this, and they soon break down in efficiency.

"It all comes to be a question of putting more brains into industry. We have too often been putting our brains into trying to cheat each other; we must learn to apply them not merely to make profit but produce. The true way is to discover how to prevent waste and loss, to find how to do an operation in half the time and with half the effort—how to save half the capital. This is real economy and an addition to actual production."

Education and Productivity

No man in England has a stronger hold on the thoughts and confidence of workingmen's organizations than the man I have just quoted. Here are his views as to how to get the most out of labor:

"By labor I mean, of course, the human beings who carry on the manual work. When you consider that we have something like fifteen million of these men and women who are manual working wage-earners, and that everything depends on their health and strength and training as to how effective they will be in industry, what a lesson that is to take care of the health and education of the people, and especially of the generation which is growing up. We killed more babies wantonly in 1915 through our public neglect than all the lives lost in the war on our side.

"Consider what an advance it would be if all the boys and girls out of the fifteen million workers, instead of being allowed, as a large number now are, to grow up rather clumsy, stupid louts who have not had their intelligence awakened, were turned out with as good minds, say, as the ordinary workingman student of the Workingmen's Educational Association classes. Think of the increased productivity in the real sense that such a trained and disciplined labor force would mean.

"We have so far muddled along without organization, but now we recognize that we have to face a great emergency. We must produce more or go short. This can be done by large-scale organization alone. How best to bring this about will take a good deal of investigation and discovery. We have too many separate people doing the same thing. To avoid the peril of monopoly we have no end of wasteful competition. Coal is our key industry. This industry has fallen into the hands of about fifteen hundred coal owners, working over three thousand separate mines, without any regard to what each other is doing. This is true of our transport, agriculture and machine trades. Our main hope is in thorough reorganization on a national scale."

Closely related to the whole question of industrial expansion for the peace situation is the question of wages. What has done more than anything else to cause a feeling of panic among workingmen for a year past has been the dread that once the end of the war was announced a sudden drop in wages would take place along the whole gamut of industry. This dread has seized on every class of wage-earner.

Right through the war the big department stores were doing an abnormally large business, in many cases outrunning their sales for the previous year by fifty and sixty per cent. On the day that the armistice was signed the stores looked like a deserted village. For a few days the slump in business was accounted for by the celebrations and let-up after four hard years of strain. Then the influenza epidemic was dragged in as an explanation. But the slump kept up. Merchants called in their department chiefs to find out what had made the bottom fall out of business. Slowly the true explanation came to light. Retrenchment was the order of the day. With the shutting down of war orders a large proportion of trade automatically shut down. Thousands who were getting bonuses of various sorts and wages based on a labor-scarcity value were waiting for the scaling down of income that they believed must come.

No such drop has so far taken place. But the general feeling was one of discounting what seemed the inevitable, and money was being spent on bare necessities only. An improved tone may be noted now. The business of the shops is picking up. Wages are not tumbling; nor prices. Everything is being done to steady the situation, but there is still a feeling of uncertainty.

The question of post-war wages is coming up for settlement. Much good has been done by statements of various large employers that no change in the wage scale would take place if only production could be maintained on the most efficient basis possible. During the greater part of the war period workers in most of the big industries, especially in those doing war work, were directly subject to compulsory arbitration. They were compelled to submit all differences for settlement by the government, without recourse to strike. Under the Munitions of War Act there was provided the additional power of acting in all industrial disputes by what was called Royal Proclamation, and this power was used in disputes, such as those which rose in the coal industry and among the dock laborers. A Committee in Production was established to deal with conditions in the engineering trades, so called—that is, the metal trades. It became a wage tribunal on a large scale. It struggled throughout its career with about two hundred different wage standards or, rather, wage districts. The workers' organizations have been trying to reduce this chaos of two hundred to about a dozen clearly defined scales. There are about three hundred thousand members on the rolls of one of these organizations, and on their output much of Britain's industrial restoration depends. There is good reason, then, for the present activity in clearing up the tangled wage situation. Coal miners and railway men have been virtually state employees throughout the war, and the pre-war system of collective bargaining was the method used in all new wage adjustments.

Trade boards, at work for years before the war, acting very much like the Minimum Wage Boards in our states, continued without any change. All these boards have raised the minimum rates, which by certain new legal provisions come into effect earlier than has hitherto been the case. Wartime experience in wage adjustments will probably affect the methods used from now on. As the country needs nothing so much as a stable period of recuperation it is certain that the whole question of wage adjustment will be treated not piecemeal, as hitherto, and by localities, but—for big industries at least—by a policy of centralized wage negotiation and award. For example, workers in the metal trades, foundries, shipbuilding, chemical, docking and transportation industries have secured advances on a national scale, and national negotiations have begun to take the place of the old-time method of local wage arrangements.

Waste at the Bunghole

No one can go very far into the production situation here without a fresh look at the wastage from the bunghole—the alcoholic bunghole. There may be such a thing as making too much of the drink situation here, because most men are sober, clean living and law abiding. Workingmen are not heavy drinkers, taken as a whole, and it is a fact worth noting that many of the well-known labor representatives here are total abstainers. But this is undeniably true: If any one thing threatens the large-scale output for which the whole country is organizing itself it is a drink situation such as was familiar before the war. This country has been no worse in this respect than many another. If any people anywhere in the world follow the ways of order these of the British Isles most certainly do. But there is and there has been enough of a liquor problem here to make any slurring over of its mischief a source of great danger.

At the risk of going over familiar ground I must say something about the war experience with the liquor trade. During the war the drink question ceased to be a purely uplift issue. It was dealt with entirely as a production question, and the temperance reformer as such was elbowed away by the business man, industrial magnate, efficiency expert and doctor, who were concerned wholly with the winning of the war. The drink traffic was assailed because it lessened working power and fighting power. From the point of view of both efficiency and economy the case against drink was argued with vigor, and there was every indication that at one time the government was about to prohibit the manufacture and sale of drink out of hand.

With emphasis and point Lloyd George, in a speech delivered in February, 1915, put the anti-drink efficiency case in words that struck right home. He declared that drink was causing delay in the production of necessary materials.

"Most of our workmen," he said, "are putting every ounce of strength into this urgent work for their country, loyally and patriotically. But that is not true of all. There are some, I am sorry to say, who shirk their duty in this emergency. I hear of workmen in armament works who refuse to work a full week's work for the nation's need. What is the reason? They are a minority. But you must remember a small minority of workmen can throw a whole works out of gear. What is the reason?

"Sometimes it is one thing, sometimes another, but let us be perfectly candid: It is mostly the lure of the drink. They refuse to work full time, and when they return, their strength and efficiency are impaired by the way in which they have spent their leisure. Drink is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together."

The War on Liquor

He repeated his charge at a conference of the trade unions in the following month, and stated he was speaking on the authority of reports from the Admiralty and War Office. His indictment was confirmed even by the Transport Workers Federation, which stated that the diminished efficiency of the intemperate minority—"so interdependent is modern labor"—showed a marked influence upon the output of the total number of men engaged in any set of operations but, though admitting the charge, it went on to suggest one positive remedy—that while work was being done during the night in shipyards, docks and other places of production some provision should be made for necessary refreshment.

How the authorities dealt with the problem is an interesting chapter in war history. The problem presented some new features. There had been a great shift in the distribution of labor. Men left their homes and to some extent abandoned settled habits, gathering in bulk round the new munition factories, some of which were located in isolated places, some in and near the big towns. And these new aggregations of workingmen, cut off largely from the normal influences of home life, earning good wages for the most part, but having scant leisure, and without much inclination after a hard day's work for active recreation, were naturally an easy prey for the public house. Excesses in drinking are a common reaction from overwork. Figures show a close relation between good earnings and drunkenness. A committee appointed to investigate health matters among munition workers reported in dealing with hours of labor that fatigue "meant temptation to men to use alcohol; they are too tired to eat, and seek a stimulant."

The committee insisted on facilities for workers to obtain a hot meal, especially at night; and a clear case was made out quite early in the investigation for the setting up of industrial canteens in docks, works and yards. Living as great masses of men were in hutments, crowded tenements and even tents near the works, the ordinary strain was intensified by loss of rest and absence of home care; and this led, of course, to still more drinking.

Such was the situation. In dealing with it the authorities undertook a policy of restriction; they curtailed the hours of sale, prohibited the sale of liquors above a specified strength, and sought to remove incentives to excess by establishing canteens for the sale of nonalcoholic refreshment, and by prohibiting treating and chalking up. Convivial drinking was shown to be the cause of nearly half the convictions in the police courts; and the practice of chalking up a score for the habitues of a "pub" and getting a settlement on pay day is one that makes a glass in hand worth two in the pay envelope. The control policy was embodied in the Defense of the Realm Act, and gave large powers to a board to control the drink trade.

(Concluded on Page 91)

SHERWIN

THIS trade-mark of the Sherwin-Williams business does something more than identify our products. It stands for the spirit of the business. This spirit is one of resourcefulness—readiness to grapple with any problem—to meet any emergency. It makes no difference what the problem is, whether to create an industry for the manufacture of our own dyes, meet the needs of the Government for airplane and ammunition finishes, or get out a trainload order in record time. The point is that we do it, and not only do we do it, but we welcome the chance to do it.

This spirit keeps our plants and our products abreast of rapidly changing conditions. Always a better way, a better product, more ways of serving more people—these are the things this mark means on all

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DYESTUFFS. COLORS. PIGMENTS. CHEMICALS. INSECTICIDES.

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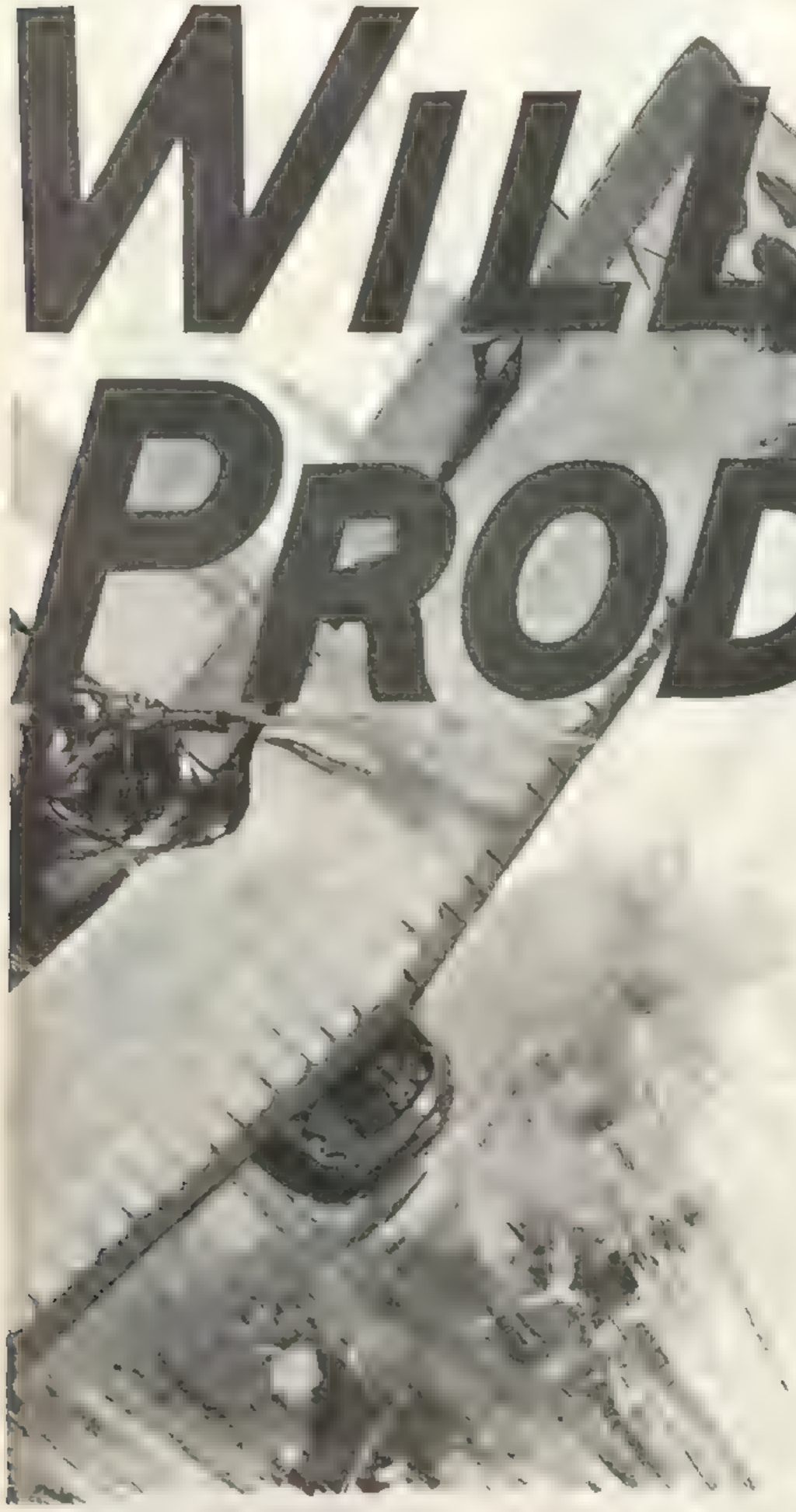

After exhaustive competitive tests the U. S. Government ordered 50,000 gallons of S-W Rexpar Varnish for use on airplane wings.

Airplane Varnish; One of many special needs successfully met

WHEN the Government wanted a special, quick-drying varnish for airplanes—one that would stand rapidly changing temperatures and the terrific strain of modern warfare, we made it.

When the war cut off our supply of dyes, needed for certain colors, we went into the dye manufacturing business and are now supplying not only our own needs, but also the needs of many other industries.

When fruit growers complained that lime sulfur in paste form froze, leaked, and caused unnecessary carrying weight, we produced it in the form of dry powder. For one manufacturer we developed an enamel that would bake in three hours instead of six; for another, an oil-proof machinery paint; for another, a lacquer that would stand sterilizing heat and corrosive acids. The instances where The Sherwin-Williams Company has met special needs are almost endless. They are cited not in a boastful spirit, but merely to impress upon all users of our products, the small home buyer as well as the buyer for big industries, that we have a product for every use within the scope of our business and that each is made to exactly meet a necessary need.

TO DEALERS: There is a Sherwin-Williams agent in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada. We will be pleased to communicate with any dealer in towns where we are not already represented.

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Main correspondence office, Cleveland, Ohio

Plants, Warehouses and Sales Offices all over the world

Better and More Economical Equipment

For Offices
Public Buildings
Institutions
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Epidemics of typhoid have resulted from the use of unsanitary, wrong-principled water coolers, which accumulate sediment, allow germ-laden ice to come in contact with the water, expose it to dust and germs in the air, or serve it icily and harmfully cold. Such coolers mean illness, production losses, loss of patronage, dissatisfaction. It pays to avoid these things by installing

"XXth CENTURY" COOLERS

These coolers are absolutely sanitary. They were chosen, after careful tests, for the U. S. Government buildings in Washington. They are used in leading hotels and large offices everywhere.

The water is held in an inverted bottle, thoroughly protected from dust and germs. It is served at just the right degree of coolness—never injuriously cold—through a white porcelain jar and special sanitary faucet. The ice, held in a separate container of "Fibrotta," cannot come in contact with the water and contaminate it.

The "XXth CENTURY" Cooler uses far less ice than other coolers because its "Fibrotta" ice container is a non-conductor, keeping the heat out and the cold in. The Cooler quickly pays for itself in ice savings, time savings and health preservation. It occupies little floor or counter space and looks well in the finest surroundings. Folder showing various styles and finishes, on request.

cooler for office, store and fac-

"Fibrotta" WARE

Cut your equipment expense. Water and fire pails, spittoons, tubs, keelers, waste baskets, umbrella jars, etc., of "Fibrotta" are far more durable, attractive and sanitary than simular articles of metal, wood or earthenware. "Fibrotta" articles are made in one piece, under tremendous hydraulic pressure, with no cracks or seams to catch and hold dirt. They will not rust, warp, swell, leak or dent out of shape. In looks, in durability, in the easiness with which it is cleaned—rich, mahogany colored "Fibrotta" ware is ideal, economical equipment.

KEELER OR SMALL TUB
Used in hotels, restaurants, dining cars and homes, to hold butter, vegetables, sea foods, etc. Very sanitary and durable

"FIBROTTA" SPITTOON
The most sanitary spittoon made. Handsome mahogany [illegible] Very easy to clean Very durable [illegible] or metal top

PAILS

We are headquarters for pails of all sorts. "Fibrotta" *fire pails*, both flat and round bottom, the "Star" pail of "Fibrotta" for general use (in use in all Pullman cars), *packers' pails*—for all food products, *canners' pails*, *color pails*, *creamery pails*, special non-conductive *pails for electrical use*, etc. Write for complete "Fibrotta" catalog. If it's made of fibre we have it, can make it, or will tell you where to get it.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

Let us help you on any problem in cooling or serving any kind of liquid

9 LEONARD STREET DEPT. A NEW YORK CITY

DEALERS WRITE

(Concluded from Page 87)

These powers were exercised in many ways; licensed houses and clubs were closed or their hours of business reduced, the sale and supply of particular kinds of liquor restricted and the importations of liquor into specified districts prohibited. The zones of restriction were gradually widened, because different hours of sale, for instance, in small contiguous districts had the effect of providing drinking men with facilities not foreseen by the liquor board. There were demands for the application of a common order to large districts.

At the close of 1915 half the population of Britain was under the board's orders, and at the end of 1917 roughly thirty-eight millions of Britain's total population of forty-one millions were enjoying the benefits of the control policy.

Hours of sale were reduced enormously. Before the war public houses were normally open for nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four; the board reduced them to something like an average of five hours and a half—two hours and a half at midday and three hours in the evening, generally from six o'clock to nine. At the same time the alcoholic strength of liquor was reduced, especially in the case of spirits, and the sale of spirits over the week-ends was later prohibited. Unsuccessful attempts were made to ration drinks by fixing a maximum quantity, and there was also some effort to check drinking among the women. Carrying out a constructive policy the board established nearly a thousand industrial canteens—most of them in connection with the national munition factories and "controlled establishments," a number in the shipyards and docks. In some four districts the board actually became public-house managers, acquiring by direct purchase breweries, licensed houses and "off" licenses: two of the four breweries thus acquired were closed, and about a third of the two hundred and odd licensed houses.

The Widened Outlook

The whole question is now up for final settlement. What the ultimate solution will be no one can say, but this may be ventured as a safe prediction: There is too much at stake just now, in a convalescing world, if it be convalescing, for any needless complication, difficulty and obstacle to be tolerated, and from every point of view an unrestricted, profit-seeking liquor traffic along the lines of the good old days before the war is simply unthinkable.

There is not a more respected employer in all England than Mr. W. L. Hichins, whose various interests embrace a pay roll of thirty-five thousand employees. I asked him for his views as to the output question and how labor and management were going to meet it.

"As a large employer of labor I am more interested in questions affecting labor and capital than in anything else, save the winning of the war. The war has given us a new angle of vision in regard to many things. Before the war we lived in an age of individualism. Employers organized themselves into federations, work people organized themselves into trade unions, and both of these organizations existed for the purpose of seeking their own interests. Other classes of society followed suit, with the result that individual or class interests ranked first and the interests of the country as a whole took second place. Then came the war, and straightway some three million men in this country were found to offer the supreme sacrifice of their lives, not for themselves or for a group but for their country. The clouds seemed to lift; our horizon extended; we realized that patriotism ranked above individualism and that the supreme good of the country could only be secured by self-sacrifice. Many of us even began to dream dreams and to picture to ourselves the use that we would make of this wider form of patriotism after the war. And we woke up surprised to find how far away we had drifted from the old individualism of pre-war days."

Debts Paid by Greater Production

"This widened outlook, I think, applies to the subject of production. Before the war how many men made it their ideal to try to put together a competence at the earliest possible moment in order that they might retire and live happily ever afterward? How many young men and women were there who thought it no shame to live a life of idleness if they could afford to do so? But the war again has changed all that. We realize now that there is an unlimited demand for everything that we can produce; it seems to me that if it is an essential thing for us to work as hard as we can in order to preserve our liberties it will also be a valuable thing if after the war we can realize that it is worth while then to work as hard as we can for the sake of the whole community.

"As I say, to-day there is an unlimited demand for everything we can produce. Now everybody knows that if we import from abroad we have got to pay in one of four ways: By means of selling our securities; or by exporting gold—but the supply of gold is small compared to our requirements; a third way is that we can raise loans in the countries with which we wish to trade—that again is not an unlimited source of supply; the fourth and by far the most important way is that we can exchange the goods which we want to buy in other countries for goods exported from this country. And that, everybody will realize, is by far the most satisfactory way of achieving our object.

"Now there are ways in which more can be done. The first is by means of increased government organization. I do not personally think that a very great deal can be done in that way; for one thing because the sturdy independence of Englishmen, which is a very valuable quality and far superior to the unreasoning docility of the Germans, does not lend itself too much to government organization. Individual liberty has its price, but it is worth paying for. However, there are certain things government can do.

"But though in this way a good deal can be done, yet I believe that we have got for the most part to depend upon our own individual enterprise and effort. I feel convinced that the production of this country can be largely increased because I believe that it is still in us to make a much bigger effort than we have hitherto. Before the war the output per workingman in the United States was two and a half times as great as the output per workingman in this country. Of course statistics are always open to suspicion, and that figure is subject to considerable qualifications in particular, because in the United States you have far more labor-saving devices than we have in this country. The fault of that, I am free to confess, lies very largely with the employers at home, who have not taken the trouble, in a great many cases, to find out what the latest and most efficient labor-saving devices were, because they felt that they could rely on a comparatively cheap labor supply

"It may be surprising to say that even now some restriction of output should exist, but the reason is not really far to seek. The fact of the matter is that we have been unable in this respect to shake clear altogether of our pre-war ideas, and we have been unable to adopt the new angle of vision which we have adopted in other cases. Restriction of output, as everybody knows, is a weapon in the fight between labor and capital. There is no real object in restricting output in the hope that the employer will be deluded into the belief that it is impossible to produce an increased amount of work. Moreover, I think one can easily show that restriction of output is a bad plan anyhow, because it is only by increasing output that one can increase wages. After all, one can only pay wages out of production, and if production is reduced the obvious thing is that wages will in the long run have to be reduced too. Labor argues that it ought to have a larger part of the profit that now goes to capital. But the difficulty is that after allowing a reasonable margin of profit for capital the balance at the best of times would not go very far in improving the position of labor. It would not enable very much bigger wages to be paid than are paid to-day. The only way really to pay considerably higher wages is to increase substantially the production of the country."

Large Expansions Ahead

"I think that if these points are clearly and dispassionately argued it will be difficult for labor to deny their justice and truth; but at the same time they will, I believe, carry very little conviction to the mind of the workingman, because he will feel—and, in my opinion, quite rightly—that the statement is far too one-sided to be at all convincing to him. He will say: 'Our difficulty is that, supposing we are to increase production very considerably, what guaranty have we got that that increase will go to us and not all be appropriated by capital?' The real grievance that labor feels is that capital has in the past taken more than its fair share of the good things of this world, and I think if one looks at the matter broadly one must admit that there is a good deal of truth in this contention. One has to remember that this country is a democracy and that in a democracy it is necessary for all the members to get together for the problems that they have to decide. This is one of the biggest problems that calls for decision, and it is imperative that we should have mature thought jointly in order that we may come to a right conclusion."

"There are hopeful signs a-plenty that British industry is getting ready for a large expansion, and that this expansion will not be of mechanical kind alone. The big production which every manufacturer is looking forward to will have in view the big fact that confidence between management and men is the only lasting foundation on which to get results. More output and more mutual confidence will go hand in hand. There is no question in any quarter that increased efficiency must come soon. It is under way right now. Both the volume and the quality of output are considerations in every program of the merchant and manufacturer.

To get this result industrial leaders are looking in the direction of improving the organization and its personnel, of eliminating waste and friction, and most important of all, of giving enough attention to the problem of increasing the opportunities of coöperation between management and men. The best employers here appreciate the fact that raising the level of productive capacity is finally a question of improving the conditions under which the work is done and the spirit in which the parties concerned carry on under the same roof. There has been far too great a sacrifice during an eternity of the war period, and both this country and the world in general are too sorely in need of recuperation for much patience with the slacker—the moral slacker as much as the industrial slacker. And a moral slacker is a man who will not play the game according to the new rules and the new ideals of industrial team play.

Cambrai as a Symbol

While on a recent four-hundred-mile tour of the devastated country of Northern France and Belgium we were leaving Cambrai, a terrible skeleton of its former glory. Rain and mist softened the raw edges of its desolation. Houses telescoped, the roof of a big church covering a row of shattered buildings half a block away, trees lying across the brick piles which once were dwelling places—in this City of the Dead there stands one entire front of a building, the rest of it mingling its dust with the dust and rubbish of the town. On it are the letters: Chambre de Commerce. Round this ruin German prisoners were clearing a roadway, Chinese labor battalions were propping up the leaning party walls, and everywhere was the Tommy busily trying to do such tidying up as was possible.

A whole cityful of men, women and children, scattered to the four winds, are anxiously awaiting word to return to the place they had once called home. And this Chamber of Commerce, once the heart of the town's business life, with the only intact front wall in its neighborhood, waits for goods to flow through again and bring occupation, self-support and self-respect to a stricken population.

Cambrai is only a symbol and a type of want, impoverishment and insufficiency. The spirit of the Tommy, cheerfully and silently at work in the thankless task of bringing order, safety and opportunity, meager enough, in these abominations of desolation, is the spirit in which the productive energies of the world must be put forth for years to come. The necessity is great. Cambrai differs from the unwrecked places of civilization only in the fact that what right-minded men have ahead of them in the way of effort and service is painfully visible there.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Bloomfield. The third will appear in an early issue.

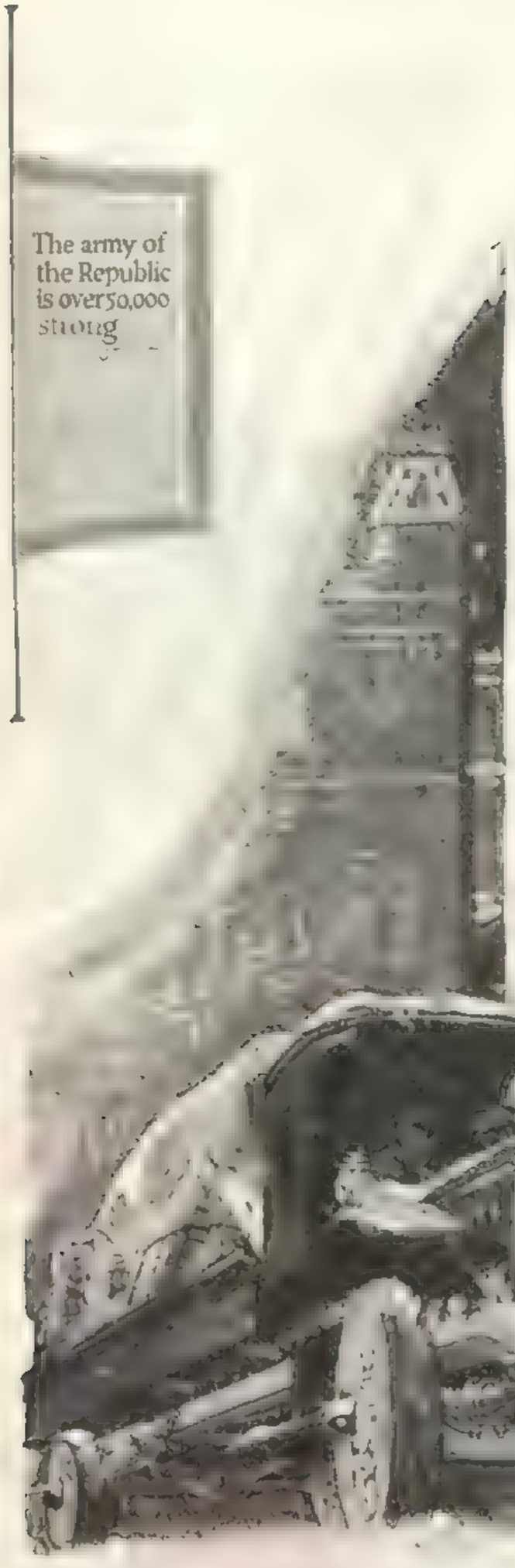
Republic
Reliability
knows no
seasons

"NEITHER SNOW - NOR RAIN - NOR HEAT - NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS"

HERODOTUS

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers



Through five winters and a war Republics proved Reliability

IT was built in a small workshop, the first Yellow Chassis Republic Truck—and its merit alone found it a purchaser. It went forth and it proved its worth. So when its owner's business grew he bought another and yet another Republic Truck. It had come to mean work well done to him.

From that first Republic Truck an institution grew. It was builded, we truly believe, on the *Will to Make Well*. That will is expressed in our determination to build motor trucks and motor trucks alone; and to employ only experts in the building.

It is expressed in the heightened standards we ask of Republic steel. It is declared in excess strength margins more than usually liberal. It is indicated in the cruel tests which each slightest part of the Yellow Chassis Truck must meet.

Through five winters and a war the Yellow Chassis Truck has served. Through snow and battlefield and bitter test it has worked on. It has served thousands *well*.

They, knowing its work, have added to their first Republic, other Republics. You, proving its value too, will ask no other name upon your trucks.

There's a Republic for every trucking job. Seven models: ¾ ton to 5 tons. More than 1400 Republic Service Stations for Republic users.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks
that serve so well!

Republic Special, with body	$1295	Model 12—2 Ton, chassis . .	$2275
Model 10—1 Ton, with Express body	1535	Model T—3½ Ton, chassis . .	3450
Model 11—1½ Ton, chassis	1885	Model V—5 Ton, chassis . .	4750

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TRUCKS
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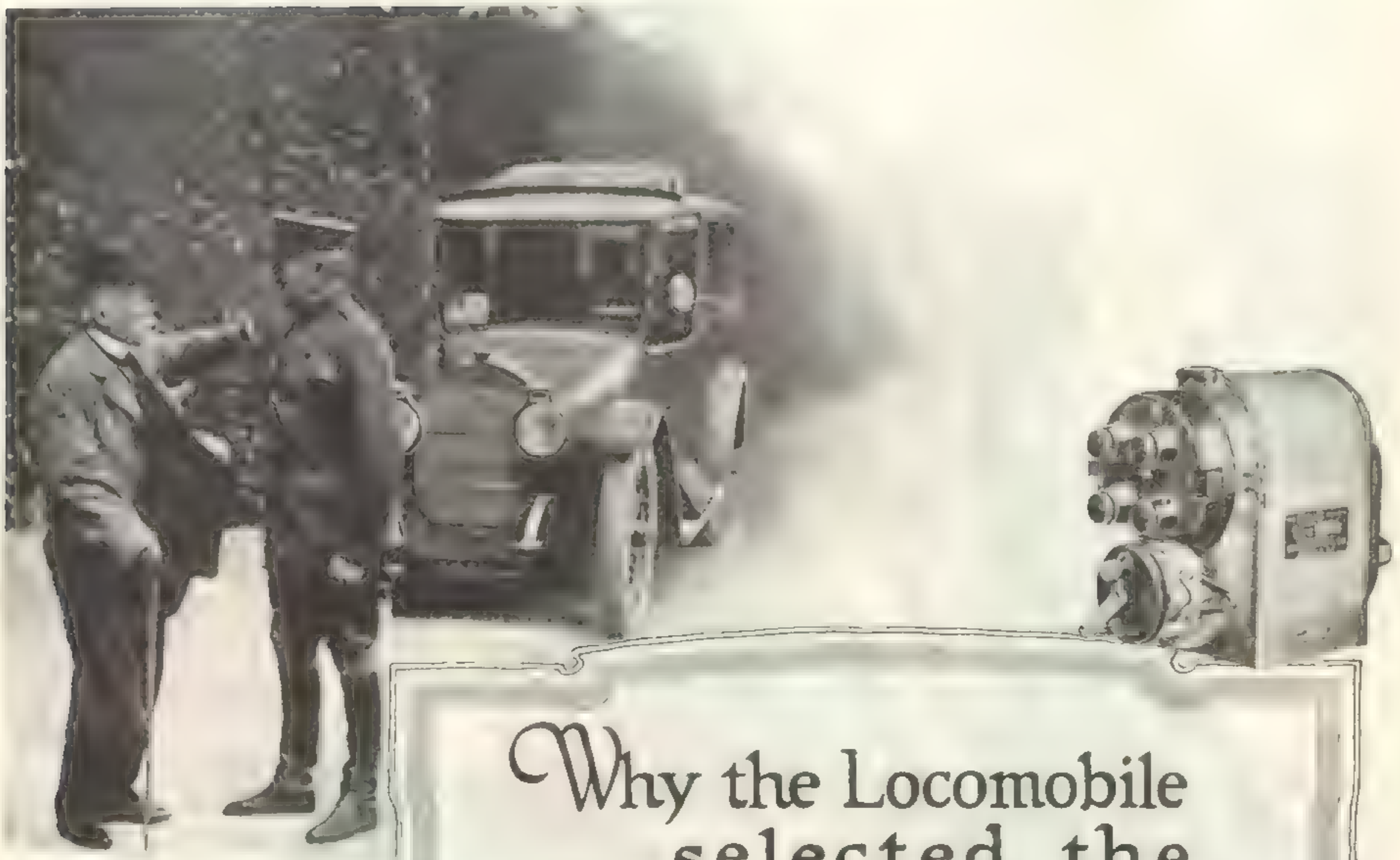
The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive used on all Republic Trucks delivers all of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate I-beam axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but drive the truck.



When Premier Clemenceau and General Pershing Met at Versailles

Above is from photo by Signal Corps U. S. A.—copyright by Committee on Public Information.

On the right is General Pershing's Locomobile.

On practically all products of the Locomobile Company—including Riker trucks—the Berling Magneto helps insure dependable ignition.

Why the Locomobile selected the Berling Magneto

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY adopted Berling equipment because, under actual test for a year, the Berling was proved to possess what the Locomobile Company looks for in a magneto:

First: Irreproachable Material.
Second: Uniform and High Grade Workmanship.
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THE BERLING MAGNETO was adopted simply because it was found to have these qualities to a pre-eminent degree.

ERICSSON MFG. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Berling Magneto

WORTH MORE DOES MORE

THE LAST FIGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

Of one private it was related that, unarmed save for a boche revolver, he took a machine-gun nest and fourteen prisoners. The next day, when cleaning his weapon, he discovered, to his horror, that it was not charged! Captains and colonels walked forth, leading their men with nothing but their swagger sticks in their hands.

"But to me that seems sheer folly!" I objected to the officer who related this.

"Not at all!" he retorted. "Our business was not to shoot, but to lead and encourage our men. One becomes callous to danger. And, anyhow, fighting isn't what fiction writers play it up to be. It's as prosaic as an old shoe. I've seen men at the zero hour jump off for an attack smoking a cigarette. And they'd call out to a comrade as they ran: 'Well, hello, Bill! Heard you'd gone West. How's Sadie and the kids?' It all gets to be part of the day's job."

Of the divisions that took part in the Meuse-Argonne drive no one can be mentioned above another for courage, for practically all of them were veteran units; and six divisions—the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Thirty-second and Forty-second—had been in the thick of every big battle launched since the July offensive. Therefore, the following diary letter of General N——, setting forth the feats of his troops, may well typify the valor and hardships of all the troops on the line during that final bitter month. He writes:

"Thirty-six days in Belleau Wood. Then the St.-Mihiel drive. After coming out of that line we lived in the woods for about a week and had billets in the Toul area for four days. Then up and away for the Champagne, where we were under the command of General Gouraud. That line, on the advance of September twenty-sixth, had been stalled round Sommepy by the Germans' strong defense of Blanc Mont, and we were called upon to break it. On the morning of October third, both brigades in line, we busted it for a seven-kilometer gain.

"The evening of the third I passed the Fifth, through the Sixth, and after an advance of a kilometer was hit on both flanks and pretty severely mauled by machine-gun nests, particularly on the left flank. Schuler, who is now commanding a battalion, had a very pretty problem to clean them out, which he did by harassing artillery fire, followed by the barrage. We advanced to the southern edge of St.-Etienne, which took us three days finally to occupy. It changed hands at least six times."

Only Nine Officers Left

"We were relieved and went to the rear to await replacements—about four thousand. After four days, the brigades being filled, I received orders to report to the commanding general, Ninth French Corps, and was ordered to Leffincourt, fifty-five kilometers away on the north. We marched it in two days and I had reconnoitering parties out—preparing to relieve the Seventy-third Division, French—when I received orders to rejoin our division at Les Islettes. We marched one hundred and ten kilometers in three days; raining like hell; living in the woods; no billets.

"After two nights in camp and in the woods at Les Islettes I received orders to advance to Exermont in preparation to relieve the Forty-second Division in the line and to attack on October twenty-eighth. The American line in the Argonne had been held up by the Freya Stellung line just south of St.-George. The Fourth Brigade relieved the Forty-second Division in the line during the night of October thirty-first, and at three-thirty A. M. our fine artillery busted loose. At five-thirty A. M. we advanced and shoved the boches a distance of ten kilometers. . . .

"Our losses in killed and wounded have not been so very heavy during this particular action; but the fact that the men have been in billets but one week since August twenty-eighth and had been living in the woods without shelter, was beginning to tell. Diarrhea, dysentery, influenza and just plain exhaustion compelled us to send to the rear about two hundred a day. I haven't figured out our entire losses since we started last June, but one would hardly recognize the brigade. Many of the old-timers we have promoted to officers have been killed. Of the officers of the Fifth there remain only myself and eight others. The Sixth Regiment has suffered the same. However, the brigade has paid for its salt and the results have been well worth the effort. . . ."

This is but the record of one particular unit; and all the other units used as the spearhead of that gigantic thrust to break the strongly fortified northern line could tell a similar tale of stern losses as the by-product of privation, cold and disease.

The action round Blanc Mont, during which General N—— admitted that his Fifth Regiment was severely mauled, was a repetition of Tennyson's story of the Light Brigade, the immortal "Six Hundred" who went dauntlessly forward while—

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

The orders, under the French command, had been to take a certain objective. The Fourth Brigade took it. But the supporting units on the right and left flanks did not come up. And at nightfall the Fifth Regiment, marines, found itself exposed on the right and left flanks to a raking machine-gun fire.

The enemy, taking advantage of their plight, also broke through on their rear; and thus, throughout the course of one interminable black night, that outfit, which had gone forward literally "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," suddenly found itself isolated, cut off, enveloped, "stormed at by shot and shell" from all four sides.

How the Tanks Followed Suit

A captain over his coffee in Bar-le-Duc related to me the details. His eyes glowed as he spoke of the nerve of those young leatherneck heroes.

"All night long," said he, "those boys lay to their rifles and cried. Not from fear. Never from fear! But from mad rage and grief. Rage that they'd been trapped through no fault of their own, and grief for their comrades who were being wiped out at their sides. None of us thought we'd come through alive. It was worse than Belleau Wood while it lasted. But we kept sending back runners. The first ones got caught by the Germans on our rear.

"Finally we sent some through on the right flank, which was somewhat less exposed than the left, and by making a wide detour they managed to win through to our main line. Immediately a box barrage was put on the boches behind us, which wiped them out.

"We cleaned up two hundred and nine prisoners and seventy-two machine guns. But that night was a bitter dose!"

Though I had been eager enough to see the Argonne Forest, nevertheless I breathed relief when at length we passed the last shaggy wooded ridge, the last steep-tilted little valley, still filled with an intricate maze of barbed wire, concealed mines, dismantled cannon and dumps of ammunition, and came once more out upon the open rolling plain.

Some day, perhaps, a genius, with a pen dipped in flame, will write the epic of those grim weeks in the Argonne—those dreadful nightmare days and nights of struggle, where officers went mad from strain; where men and brutes dropped in their tracks from fatigue; where the forest and even the implacable elements themselves seemed leagued with the foe. That any advance whatever was made seemed a marvel. But the numerous groups of graves scattered about by dozens and by scores, and a good-size cemetery, its thicket of rough-whittled little crosses seen remotely against the sky line on top of a particularly high bald ridge, were mute reminders of the atrocious price paid.

I do not know why a solitary American grave, seen in these scarcely cold battlefields, should smite the heart with such a sense of sadness and desolation. But so it is. Everyone has spoken of it. The bare crumbled mound with the rough little cross at its head, a battered helmet or a broken rifle lying atop the grave, no comrades within hailing distance on right or left, the remote illimitable curtain of the bleak northern sky above—it was a memory which haunted us that night when grouped about our genial fireside!

With the groups of graves the feeling is quite different. There one has a sense of ease—even of warmth and cheer. They lie so close together, those buddies in their eternal billets, one feels that if they become restless or lonely through the long vigils they can turn over and pass the time of day with their comrades.

In the open stretch, beyond the last fringe of woods, we struck the field where the American tanks attacked the Huns on flank and rear and finished the Battle of the Argonne Wood. Straight through the thickest jungle they had crashed, mowing down trees six inches in diameter, caterpillaring down sheer ravines and up steep-angled hills, crushing machine-gun nests as if they had been eggshells. After them came the infantry, who mopped up the place. And that was the end of that chapter.

Later we saw a complete outfit of these grotesque monsters go walloping across a shell-torn field. Their insignia were the characters on a deck of cards, and they always followed suit. Thus, an ace of spades was always followed by the king of spades, the king by his spouse; and so on down to the tray. As we passed, the knave of hearts thrust forth a grinning face from his round-armored little turret and waved a grimy paw. Close on his tail waggishly tangoed the ten spot. It was like some mad scene in Alice in Wonderland.

And now we came out into the open country, with Sedan looming in the distance, where our troops, nicknamed by the French the Irresistibles, in that final magnificent burst of speed in November chased the hurrying Huns five, ten, fifteen kilometers in a day. Sometimes they rode into the evacuated ruins of towns on motor trucks without a single shot being fired. Sometimes the enemy resisted their advance, fighting like wildcats at bay. Towns changed hands four, five and six times. Their machine guns wrought havoc. Our heavy artillery smashed their rear formations as if they were custard pies. The crossroads were streaming shambles. The destruction of men, horses, houses and material was stupendous, grotesque, unreal.

The fields in this section of the fought-over territory were as pitted as the hills of Verdun. With their great yawning craters and furrowed ground they resembled a corrugated lunar landscape, or some great, tumbled northern sea, frozen rigid in convulsion.

The American Spearhead

It is not to be supposed that all this damage was of American manufacture. The Hun artillery has always been the most efficient branch of their service. And if they retired it was because they realized that a tide as deep and resistless as that of the ocean was set dead against them. So they yielded. And this for us was glorious. To be the spearhead of any enterprise—to bear the shock, endure the strain—carries its own reward.

But this is not a story of the Army as a whole, seen externally, but the trials of the individual units that compose the same. It is, so to speak, the story of the Damascus blade and its sufferings in the fire while it was being tempered to perfect steel; for during that final ten days' burst the hardships the men endured were terrific. Rain—a constant sodden downpour. A thick film of ice at night. Aching backs. Blistered feet. As often as not no food, for they went so fast they outstripped their organizations, which could not keep pace, since the Hun in his retreat had wrecked and mined the roads.

To fight over ten kilometers or so daily of rough country under a methodical leaden hail that punctures a hole in the landscape every few feet; to mop up all the machine guns and prisoners as you go along; to dig a little fox hole at night and lie down with the sky as a blanket and the rain as sustenance; to be potted at by boche avions flying low for effective machine-gun fire; to have the zero hour set at dawn for another ten-mile burst; to maintain this pace day after day, night after night, with the accumulated weight of months of fatigue burning up the blood like a slow fire; to increase the momentum; to hammer, push, drive; to persist in the midst of an appalling, insensate carnage of man and beast that sickens the heart and the brain—to visualize for a moment, even as through a glass darkly, these trials is to have a faint conception—it can never be more than faint—of what the troops underwent that final month of war.

This is not an *arma virumque cano*, hooray-boys' tale of triumph. Others may sing of heroes and deeds of arms. I speak of those who just couldn't quite make it, of magnificent kids who, soul-strong but body-weak, toppled from sickness or fatigue and died without benefit of clergy upon the way. All these things go to the making of a veteran army. But it is one of the defects of this war that America, remote from the scene, will never realize as France has realized the pangs her soldiers have borne.

It was night when we arrived at Beaumont, the last headquarters before the armistice of the Fourth Brigade, situated about two kilometers from the Meuse. All along the road, as dusk grew on, innumerable cozy little camp fires gleamed. The darkening land was alive with them, as it still was alive with troops. The fragrant smoke of wood fire drifted lazily through the crisp evening air. Men held their hands over the blaze, their faces luridly silhouetted in the glare; or they calmly struck matches and lit cigarettes, with no top sergeant to hiss: "Hi! Douse that light, you blank-dash fool! Do you want a barrage down on us?" No bursting shells wrecked the quiet tranquillity of the scene. Occasionally from afar an ominous thunder shook the earth and the air. No—it was not a shell; only another Hun ammunition dump or a time-fuse mine.

Safe for Democrats and Fires

Forty-eight hours ago this had been No Man's Land. Now it was a rest area. All along the Front, from Sedan and the Meuse to Verdun, little camp fires were blooming like night flowers through the dusk, and tired, war-worn youngsters, their rifles stacked, sprawled luxuriously, sure of food and warmth and sleep for the first time in weeks. Yes; the war was over. Those circling camp fires in No Man's Land proved it.

"Well, boys, are you glad you've made the world safe for Democrats?" someone in our car called out.

"Yes, suh!" bubbled a warm, velvety Southern voice in reply. "Yes, suh! We's sure glad we's made the world so it's safe to build a fiah dese here fresh nights!" It came from a group of negro road menders squatting on their haunches round a blazing little brush fire.

That night, very battered pilgrims from the cold and the atrocious roads, we rested the two women of the party—in the general's upstairs quarters, into which he had just moved. Until that day his office had been a damp, musty twilight cellar, deep under the house, with Hun shells skipping round in an industrious endeavor to discover and everlastingly obliterate the same.

The next morning, with General N—— as our guide, we made our way out to the final battlefield of his troops upon the Meuse. That battlefield, in its chief physical aspects, I have already described. And now the chain of events is complete. The ground over which the Americans fought during the previous weeks; the tragedy of the Argonne; the race toward the Meuse; the hail of deadly shells; the cold, disease, exhaustion, lack of proper food and sleep—all these things I have tried to sketch as forming the somber background of that final struggle. And that brings us to the last fight on the banks of the Meuse.

Concerning that engagement, General N—— wrote the following brief outline to a friend:

"On November tenth I received orders to jump the Meuse and made arrangements to do it in two places—one just north and west of Mouzon, and the other just north of Letanne; the Sixth to jump at Mouzon and the Fifth at Letanne. The boches got onto the upper place and at the crossing put down about the heaviest artillery and machine-gun fire we had yet seen in this war; and so we gave it up and withdrew the Sixth to the woods.

"Meantime the Second Engineers threw over two footbridges at Letanne, about four hundred yards apart. They did it in seven minutes. The boches discovered the upper one and lammed it good and hard; but the First and Second Battalions of the Fifth got

(Concluded on Page 98)

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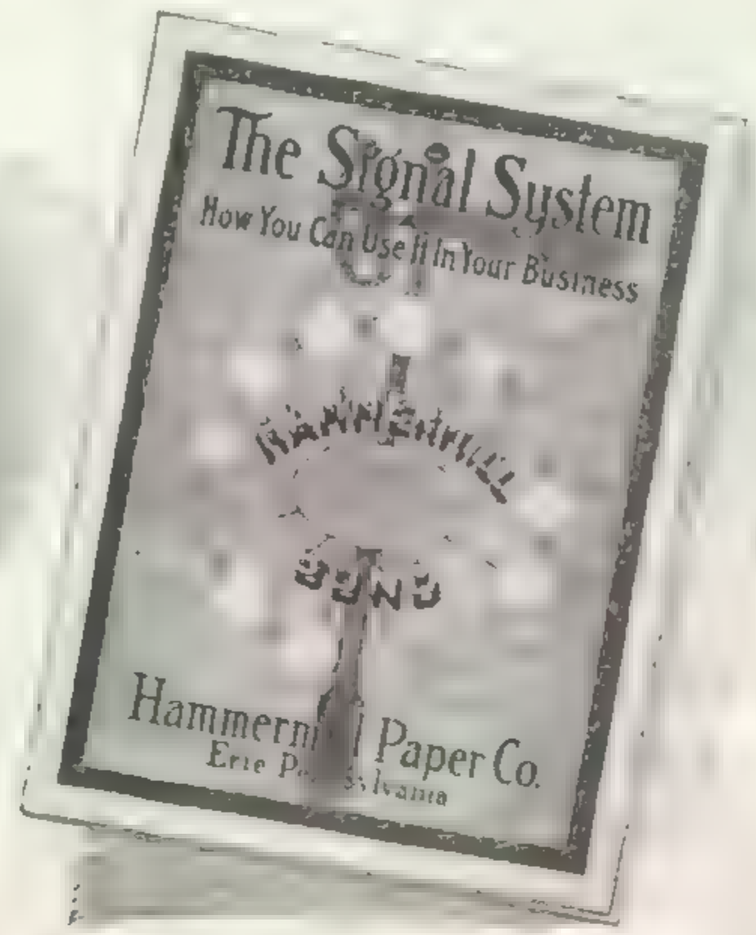

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(Concluded from Page 95)

across, lined up on the bank and followed that good old barrage of ours to the woods at the foot of the heights. This occurred at nine-thirty P. M. on the tenth. At daybreak on the eleventh both battalions advanced up the heights and along the ridge; and at eleven o'clock, when the armistice went into effect, they had advanced four kilometers, and the heights were in our hands. As you remember, the First and Second Battalions were the first to start the fight at Château-Thierry, and the last to quit here."

That is the general's story. Concerning that final encounter, Corporal Dudley, who had been in the thick of it since the beginning of the drive, declared it was one of the hottest little corners he had ever been in.

"There was a time," said he, "when nobody expected to come through alive. Luckily there was a mist. It was a thick white mist, which rose up from the river flat. It screened us somewhat. If it hadn't been for that they'd have murdered every one of us. As it was, they got a lot down by the river's edge."

At dark the engineers had begun their task. The troops were near at hand, ready for the rush as soon as the crossings were down. They had dug shallow fox holes under the lee of the hill, and there they crouched, waiting for the signal to start. A lieutenant passed on his rounds to see that all were safely dug in. He found a private feverishly scrabbling a hole in the clayey earth with his bare hands.

"Where's your spade?" demanded the lieutenant.

"I loaned it to a comrade, sir. He —"

"Well, get up under that bank. It's too exposed here."

As he spoke, a shell, bursting just ahead, spun him clean round on his feet, rolled him down the incline, and plastered him with a hail of wet clods. When he looked again the private was nowhere to be seen. He had lost the need for a spade.

And now from the enemy ridge came the constant roll of thunder, the wide, vivid flashes of flame, and the crashing roar of explosions as the Huns began to shell the river. From the fringe of woods at the foot of the heights came the deadly rat-tat, tat-tat-tat of machine guns, the devilish irregular rhythm suggesting that the gunners were talking in code.

The Seven-Minute Bridge

Incessant star shells, bursting in the upper air, illumined the dark landscape with a wild, spectral glare and revealed at the river human pygmies, like gnomes in some vast fire-lit cavern, toiling with savage fury. The Second Engineers were laying the bridge. But the Huns had the exact range and they plastered the entire area with a burst of shells. Inside of a minute forty-six men were killed. Again the engineers tried. But no troops could live in that hell of point-blank fire. They withdrew up the ravine.

Meantime, farther down, another outfit of engineers, working with the same mad yet precise haste, had succeeded in throwing across the Meuse two narrow footbridges. They spanned the river four hundred yards apart, so that should a salvo strike on the other would still remain intact. This the engineers did in exactly seven minutes. It was a spectacular feat of coolness and nerve.

No sooner was the first one floated than—crash!—the Huns blew it sky-high. Now remained but one precarious little footbridge, dipping and slipping into the dark, icy waters of the Meuse, fastened together in sections, raftwise, and awash with the stream. Over this rushed the lined-up men in single file. Some fell into the river. Others gained the bank only to receive machine-gun bullets through their pounding hearts, for now the boches realized that an attack was on at this point and a merciless fire of seventy-sevens poured down that open slope of No Man's Land.

It was at this juncture, while waiting for their own barrage, Corporal Dudley said, that not a man in the outfit expected to come through alive. So near were they to the fringe of woods they could hear the Hun gunners call back and forth to each other. At a splash, as one of the Americans lost his footing and plunged headlong into the Meuse, Dudley heard one of the gunners call anxiously to another: "*Was ist das, Rodolph? Was ist los—eh?*"

Presently came their own curtain of fire, and under its protection they rushed the woods—not head on, but dividing into two thin skirmish lines, which bit in on each flank and drew together like a pair of pincers. Thus, the first fringe of woods was gained and the first line of machine guns captured. Then they dug in for the night.

At daybreak on the eleventh they attacked again. And from now on it was Indian warfare of the grimmest kind—stealing from tree to tree; pinching out machine-gun nests one by one. As in the Argonne, the woods had been well organized for defense by barbed-wire entanglements, felled trees and concealed mines.

Corporal Dudley said he and his comrades gained the first objective and then waited for the others to come up. They were the farthest advanced outposts of the line. Having noted some straw in a captured machine-gun nest, he started out to fetch some in to line the muddy fox holes of himself and his men. Also, he wanted to reconnoiter their advance.

How the Great News Came

On that morning of the eleventh of November Corporal Dudley was not in the best of moods. He was, in truth, about the bluest young man upon the whole of that advance skirmish line, for his buddy had just been killed. The two had been together through everything—through St.-Mihiel; through the Argonne. Twice Dudley had been wounded, and each time upon recovery he had hastened back to his old outfit and his chum, and for the last fifty-two days the two of them had seen horrors and endured hardships that would have made Grant's campaign in the Wilderness look like a ladies' afternoon tea. And now his buddy was gone!

In addition, to aggravate his misery, a machine-gun bullet, zipping past, had scraped off the end of one elbow; and, though he had at once adjusted his first-aid compress and the wound was but a mere scratch, it smarted and served to put an edge on his already overwrought nerves. Accordingly, as he stepped forth into the woods on his prosaic mission of health, Corporal Dudley did not much care whether he lived or died.

You are to conceive him as a husky, thick-shouldered young giant from California, as sturdy as a redwood tree, with heavy blond eyebrows, which almost met over eyes whose color was lost, so inflamed and bloodshot were they from exhaustion and loss of sleep. His uniform was sodden with rain and caked with the mud of the marshes. Under his helmet his cheeks glowed with faint disks of red. Corporal Dudley was running a temperature.

As he stalked cautiously forward, his eyes alert to right and left for a sneaking Hun, he was suddenly aware of something extraordinary. He stopped. In the first second he did not know what had happened. He was only aware of a ringing in his ears. And then he realized. The artillery had ceased!

He listened in astonishment, waiting for it to begin, blinking his bloodshot eyes. Yes; there was no doubt of it. The blamed guns had stopped! For fifty-one days now, without let-up, by night and by day, that mighty orchestration had sounded in his ears. The silence and the sudden ringing in his head confused him. Again he listened.

"How the hell do they expect us to take that ridge without artillery?" he muttered irritably to himself. Take it they would, he knew, guns or no guns. That was the business of the front line. Hadn't he seen it in the Argonne?

As he speculated, with dark impersonal cynicism, on the slaughter that would occur when, without artillery, they would swarm up the next ridge, a runner hurried past. He waved some orders in his hand—doubtless the orders to advance.

"Hi!" he called out. "War's over! Armistice! Go down to the river and take a swim!"

"Yeah!" jeered the corporal somberly. "I've heard talk like that before." And he swung steadily forward, his head

He was very unobservant. Not one of them had seen a newspaper for weeks. And such gossip of that early morning as had leaked through to the front had been scoffingly discounted. Peace! Was there such a thing on earth? Home? Womenfolk, with gentle, loving voices? Soft beds, with wondrous white sheets? Did such things still exist? Or were they unreal dream phantasms conjured up by sleepless brains? To the men in the front lines, at least, they seemed obsolete forms of an effete civilization, remote from the brutal actuality of their days. So the corporal marched on, skeptical, and got his straw.

And still that strange, uncanny silence persisted. On the Front guns mean protection. Lack of protection means death. So it was not strange that Dudley's mind should have been filled with dark, confused images of death. When he got a few minutes off he intended to scribble a word or two to his buddy's father. It was strange how he instinctively shrank from that simple task. But it was like burying his friend afresh.

In this state of apathy he passed an open glade that permitted a free view of the next ridge, still held by the Hun, which the Americans intended to take as soon as orders to that effect arrived. Corporal Dudley selected a tree, and from behind it, safe from snipers' bullets, he spied on the enemies' activities on top of that ridge. It was a bald, unwooded ridge. And there, his nose glued close to the wet brown bark, his inflamed eyes narrowed to a slit, he beheld an astounding sight; for he saw Huns swarming like ants from an ant hill and running excitedly about. He saw them hurl away their rifles. He saw them join hands and dance a jig and fling their arms about. Were they stark mad? For ten, twenty seconds, in tense, frowning absorption, Corporal Dudley watched these grotesque figures, capering like lunatics, silhouetted afar against the lowering sky.

Then he stood back from the tree and drew a big breath. The truth made a hesitating entry into his brain. Was it—peace? The silence of the guns; the casual message of the runner; those capering lunatics on that dark hill—these things suddenly assembled themselves in order in his mind, like the matched parts of a puzzle.

Still half apathetic, not daring to hope, yet disturbed and curious, he made his way back to his men—still with his straw!—and found the good news true! Well, at that rate, they would not need any more straw for those fox holes; and Corporal Dudley threw his bundle away. And the armistice had really been signed? He could not take it in.

German Effrontery

At six A. M., November eleventh, at his headquarters in Beaumont, the general had received the official order to cease firing at eleven o'clock. He had immediately telephoned the command down to the river, which was as far as the wires were laid. From this point, runners had taken the message to the commanders of the various units scattered throughout the woods; and so far advanced were some of the outposts that word did not reach them until flush upon the hour.

Later in the morning Germans came down to fraternize and to ask for cigarettes. They were curtly commanded to "Get out!" They got! American temper, at this stage of the proceedings, with the enemy guns not yet cold and their own dead not yet buried, was not of the sloppy, sentimental kind that embraces a recent foe.

Nor were the Americans extravagant in their manifestations of joy. The end had been too sudden. The fighting had been too savage and long-sustained. When, a little later, we asked them whether they were glad the war was done, they replied, "You bet we are!" with a kind of sober heartiness, and let it go at that. I spoke of this quietness to Corporal Dudley.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, looking down into his big fist, which he opened and shut mechanically, "you see the fact is, they're tired. They've had a hard time." He stopped, apparently pondering the matter, digging over the hardships of the last six weeks. "They're worn out," he recommenced again, almost gently. "Some are sick—starved; able to stand on their legs. They've been through a lot. And now they're going to march into Germany.

There was sobriety, apathy and a hint of weariness in the tones. I knew that if these veteran youngsters had not been chosen, after all their trials, to keep the Watch on the Rhine, they would have sat down on their haunches and howled like timber wolves for rage. But, since they had been granted the honor, they could afford to look coolly at the proposition and wonder whether they would not rather go home.

Home? It was a word we did not dare to utter to those warworn doughboys with their faces set toward the east. We kept it off our lips even in jest, and joked instead of the new vocabulary they must learn, exchanging the light gay *Bonjour, mademoiselle!* for the uncouth mouthful, *Guten Morgen, Fräulein!*

Nevertheless, though none spoke of it openly, everybody knew that, so far at least as the American Army of Occupation was concerned, it would be like the classical two-faced Roman god, Janus—one face stern, just, vigilant, turned toward the Rhine to guard the nation's rights; the other face turned forever wistfully toward America and the waiting hearth fires there.

"How long do you think you'll have to stop over there on the banks of the Rhine?" we asked the general as he stoked his little sheet-iron stove.

"Holy cats!" he exploded with his favorite denatured oath, specifically coined for use in the presence of ladies. "How do I know? Five months. Five years. But I do know one thing: When I get back to my apple farm in Virginia I'm never going to leave it. Never!"

The Home-Coming

"But think of the joy of marching down Fifth Avenue at the head of that famous brigade of marines! Roses in their cartridge belts! Roses in their rifles! Roses in their hair! And bearing on their proud banners the thrilling titles—Château-Thierry! Champagne! St.-Mihiel! The Argonne! The Meuse! The Watch on the Rhine! And beneath, the slogan, *Semper Fidelis!*—which, changed into the vernacular, means: The first to fight and the last to quit! At least that will be a brief hour of glory."

Again the general uttered his favorite expurgated oath.

"So you think it'll be like that?" he scoffed. "I don't! By the time we get back, America will be so sick and tired of this war that we'll have to sneak into the harbor after dark and skin up the back alleys to our homes. And if we so much as dare to appear in the streets in uniform all the women will cry 'Scat!'" And the general laughed—a whimsical chuckle of good-natured skepticism. "We've got our job cut out for us," he added soberly, "and we'll try to get round it as well in the future as we have in the past. But oh, Virginia in the springtime!"

The next morning at four-thirty we rose while it was still dark and said good-by. We came by automobile. We were to return by a big motor lorry, with a ragged canvas covering, but rendered endurable by blankets and camp easy-chairs.

At the final moment, as our host shook hands, there was a queer expression on his face. And had he not been a doughty general, and a general of the leathernecks at that, I should have sworn that there was moisture in his eyes! It was a farewell in spirit, not to us but to all we represented—America, home, friends. For the following sunrise would see his face set toward Coblenz, on the Rhine.

The next minute we were rumbling off in the gloom. From the interior of the camion, through the horseshoe-shaped opening at the rear, we saw the landscape slowly emerge under our eyes. Our faces were toward the east—that near east whence so much agony had come. We were traveling toward the west, where beat—for us—the stable heart of the world. And as we gazed we saw the dark earth pale to lilac, and from lilac to a faint rose. The rose brightened: turned to clear gold.

The little clustered graves, with their comradely rows of crosses, marched soberly past our vision. The solitary ones, with the battered helmets, still gave the heart a pang. They were so lonely in that bleak dawn! They seemed to stretch out wistful arms and call softly: "Good-by! Good-by!"

We sat, without speech, gazing out upon that landscape, the encircling Sedan Heights, the brooding woods, our own quiet dead. And so, still gazing upon that final battlefield, the night passed. The day began.

"This is no night to stay home"

What if it does rain! What's that to you?
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All the difference between Number 7 Maple Street and the sail-shaded deck of an island schooner creaming through the blue of the seas of the South.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Lina Cavalieri *in* "Two Brides"
Marguerite Clark *in* Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
***Charles Ray** *in* "The Sheriff's Son"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Boots"
Vivian Martin *in* You Never Saw Such a Girl
Pauline Frederick *in* "Paid in Full"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Winning Girl"

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"False Faces"
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***William S. Hart** *in* "Breed of Men"
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***Thomas H. Ince supervision**

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"The Pullman Porter"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Rip and Stitch—Ta[illegible]
"East Lynne with Variations"
Paramount-Hagg Comedy
"One Every Minute"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in*
The Paramount-Drew Comedy
"Romance and Rings"

◆ ◆

Paramount-Bray Pictograph
One each week

Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures
One each week

And remember that any *Paramount* or [illegible] picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

UNTIL recently many people figured that they could not afford a fine car. But they figured on a first cost basis, wholly; which world events have proved is a mistake; it is the *result* that counts—not first cost.

The Franklin Car has demonstrated that it is the cost of operation and rate of depreciation that determine the real value of a car.

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"It came over me the other day on a long ride to Boston and return, that this Franklin car of mine was a pretty good job, and that it was up to me to see that the man responsible for it did not go uncredited."

"The car was bought new the first of May, 1916. Since that time it has run 23,300 miles. It has never broken anything; the valves have never been ground, and it runs today just a little better than it did when new. The set of front tires which came with the car was taken off after running 20,000 miles, and was sold. I grew tired of waiting for them to wear out. The rear tires ran 14,000 to 15,000 miles."

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

HOW VIOLET LOST HER SENSE OF HUMOR

(Concluded from Page 11)

In my long knowledge of Crossley I had never heard a note so distinctly arrogant as that which came into his voice as he said: "We have a house."

I had known his firm to take contracts away from all competitors, I had seen his cattle take prizes, and his possessions strike envy to many hearts, but I had never known him to boast before. The beauties of Overbrook had seemed to be nothing to him, and so I wondered what this place could be; an old Southern plantation on the river, perhaps.

"I thought there were no houses to be had," I said.

"There weren't, but Violet managed to get hold of this one. It's a little out of town."

"An old place?" I asked.

"No, brand new," he replied, as if that were an advantage.

We motored a few minutes along a broad bare highway, and then stopped, as I supposed, for repairs.

"There it is," said Crossley.

"Where?"

"There. Weren't we lucky?"

He pointed to where in a stubbly field a small workman's cottage was standing. I thought at first he was in fun; but no, as I looked at him I saw his eye was brightening and his being expanding with the air of a man returning to the home of which he is justly proud.

"It's not very large," I said stupidly.

"It's quite large enough," he answered quickly.

We mounted the steep steps of the porch, which ran across the front and above which a narrow gable poked its head. Crossley stopped to bend over a fading geranium on the railing.

"They don't do very well," he said, shaking his head. "Violet has an awful time with them."

"Is Violet here?" I asked in surprise.

"Where did you think she was?" he answered; and at that moment the front door opened—it had a frame of stained glass—and Violet came out.

"Oh, Lewis!" she cried cordially. "How nice! You'll stay to lunch of course." And then I saw on her face a look I had never seen there before—the look of the hostess mentally counting chops. "I'd better speak to Ellen," she murmured and disappeared into the kitchen.

I started to cross the threshold, but Crossley stopped me.

"Violet would like to show it to you herself," he said.

He filled in the interval by an account of what she had accomplished—how she had found the house just completed for his own use by a plumber working in the shipyards; how he had been most unwilling to rent, but how Violet had persuaded him; poor man, he was in a tent now. How Violet had managed to get a van load of furniture down by boat from Overbrook—the place on the Hudson—in spite of submarines and freight embargoes; and finally—cleverest of all—how she had induced an old nurse of hers to come down and cook for them. He was very solemn.

Well, here there seemed to me something legitimately comic. Here was something over which I would laugh with Violet as much as she pleased. What, then, was my surprise to find that she did not want to giggle at all—that she saw nothing funny in the situation. Violet had lost her sense of humor.

In a few minutes she came back from the kitchen.

"How nice of you to wait for me," she said. "Of course Lewis wants to see the house."

Whether I wanted to or not I saw it. I saw it all. There were four rooms—six if you counted the pantry and the bathroom—and it took us half an hour. I saw the china she had bought secondhand, and the chintzes she had sent down from the most expensive decorator in New York.

At first I couldn't believe it. I kept trying to meet her eyes, as in old times she had always been trying to meet mine, but now she seemed vaguely puzzled by my ocular gymnastics. She was quite as serious about it all as Crossley. And gradually I came to understand that her sense of humor had been nothing but a defense—a tower—a protection against becoming involved in unequal conflicts; a means, in fact, of not playing quite fair. She had come down to Newport News in all the panoply of her good-tempered contempt to put things right and flit safely back to her own surroundings—her secure tower of remoteness; and suddenly she had been caught by the difficulties of the situation. Money would not buy even the simple things. Violet wanted for Crossley. She had to search and work and cajole—to use for the first time in her life the full scope of her abilities.

Far more of the real Violet had gone into the finding and furnishing of that absurd cottage than into all the elaborate creation of Overbrook. While she was so engaged—off her guard, as it were—she had become automatically part of the military organization, had seen Crossley a commanding figure in the new scene, had felt, perhaps, a salutary change in him.

"The house has only one defect," she said thoughtfully, looking about the bedroom. Overbrook, I need hardly say, had hundreds of defects, each one of which poisoned her life and made her hate Crossley every time she remembered it. "There really isn't much closet room. Oh, there's enough," she added hastily as she saw a shade of pain cross her husband's face, "but it would be nice if we each had a place to keep our clothes."

Crossley thought he could get the carpenter from the office to arrange something after hours.

They talked about it all through lunch. It was an excellent lunch, and afterward Crossley gave me an excellent cigar, and I was just sinking into one of the well-stuffed Overbrook chairs when Violet said: "Oh, don't sit down! You haven't seen the garden."

I hate gardens. I mean I hate being taken through them and giving my opinion as to whether the marble bench ought to be raised or the rhododendrons transplanted. Violet had never made me do this at Overbrook. Besides it was the middle of the day and the sun was hot. But my cold silence did not save me. Nothing would have saved me. I was swept into the stubbly field where about fifty square feet had been planted in vegetables. I examined every one of those vegetables. Violet bending over them insisted that I should, while Crossley standing by confirmed the life history of each plant. By the time we came to the onions I was cross.

"Have you grown fond of onions, Violet?" I asked.

She looked up at me gravely. "Oh, you have to have onions for cooking, Lewis," she said. "That soup you had for lunch——"

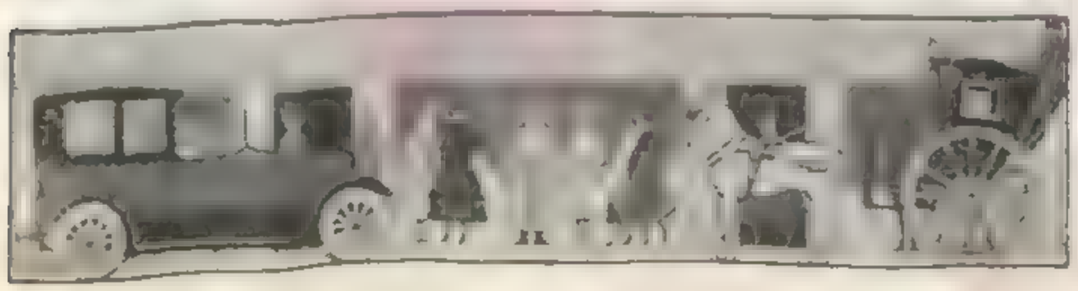
She was interrupted by the sound of the telephone and hurried to the house to answer it. Crossley and I followed. She appeared on the porch presently.

"It's that man about the transport," she said. "Really, Crossley, I don't see why you let him bother you so. He's nothing but a major."

"But what is Crossley?" I said, for I had not noticed that my brother's oak leaves had turned silver.

"Crossley," said his wife sharply, and her eyes shone a little, "is a lieutenant colonel."

I think Violet will find it hard to go back to civil life.



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Why Swanson Was Surprised in Jackson, Mich.

CARL Swanson moved to Jackson, Michigan, and went to work in one of the big factories, in charge of the Sanding Department. He had used many makes of Garnet Paper, Flint Paper and Emery Cloth, but here for the first time he met Manning Speed-grits. He wanted his own favorite brand and called up Smith-Winchester Co. "We carry only Manning," they said.

Swanson was astonished. At noon he put on his hat and went down town on a hunt of his own only to find he could buy nothing but Manning. "Everybody calls for Manning," they told him. "Automobile works, machine shops, planing mills, shoe repair shops and horn works all buy Speed-grits and won't buy anything else."

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AFRICAN GOLF

(Continued from Page 16)

the story to be widely circulated and as widely chuckled over that Brother Johnson of the Mount Zion detail had fallen so far from grace as to be numbered among those cleaned by Claybank. The fact that during all this idle day, when crap games broke out like measles on almost every bunk, Parson Roberts loosed not a single one of his eruptions of lava-hot language on the subject but that instead he brooded by himself was also commented upon; while about four o'clock the ubiquitous Clemma Washington reported that he, sent on an errand to the engineer's workshop, had come upon the Reverend Ishom alone and absorbed in the roll and fall of dice upon a bench beside the separate parts of a guitar upon the inlaying of which he was known to spend many of his idle moments. But watching the fall of the dice!

The Reverend Ishom!

Clemma accompanied the circulation of this report with enlargements upon the story which he had hitherto related exclusively to Claybank, about the dicing away of the country church, whereat the whole barracks snickered gleefully and was hardly surprised to hear an hour later that at last Claybank had inveigled Ishom into a crap game.

The scene of the pastor's moral collapse was an alley at the rear of the company barracks where between four posts a blanket had been stretched, waist high from the ground, at one side of which Claybank was presiding with piles of notes beside him, weighted down by halves of bricks, for a stiff wind blew in from the bay and played odd, capricious tricks as whistling currents of air cut through the openings between the buildings with the force and suddenness of compressed-air blasts.

Earlier in the afternoon this blanket had been entirely surrounded by humanity, black and brown, all khaki-clad of course, but there came a gradual loss of interest as the piles under Claybank's bricks grew thicker while the holdings of the others grew thinner and eventually disappeared.

"Fade me! Fade me! Ain't nobody gwine fade me 'tall no mo'?" demanded the mean, whining tones of the gambler.

It may have been the taunt in this voice which irritated the soul of the burden-weary exhorter so that he halted in passing and cast what was at first no doubt a scornful eye over the blanket and the piled-up heaps of Claybank's winnings. But it was patent to all that as he gazed something like irresolution took hold upon him, and then there followed a yielding to temptation, for he turned half round and stood as one who hesitated before embarkation upon a new, half-doubtful, half-delightful enterprise.

"Try him, Bruddah Roberts!" urged voices—the voice of the tempter being always ready to hand when good men totter on the brink. "Try him and bus' his luck."

Perhaps it was Birdsong Jones whose suggestion was subtlest and most powerful because made in all sincerity. Birdsong stood slightly aloof from the entire group, looking on with disapproving eye, his spirit greatly exacerbated by this impudent flaunting of a work of evil which appeared to prosper so iniquitously.

"Hit mout be de Lawd leadin' you, Bruddah Roberts," he proposed. "Maybe de Lawd gwine use you foh an instrument to smash dis proud sinner to his knees."

The Reverend Ishom approached and stood at the very edge of the blanket. The wind that blew was chill. His short fleece-lined storm coat was turned up about his ears and his hands were in the pocket of it as he gazed about the rectangle, apparently unheeding Claybank and merely contemplating with speculative interest the small play going on at the two ends. The yellow man, meantime, had changed his tone to one of respectful, almost pleading invitation, while he hoped against hope that his hated rival was at last about to yield to the lure of that secret passion against which he had battled so valiantly.

Claybank's mental attitude was one of secret gloating as slowly the Reverend Ishom's hand left his coat pocket and descended into his trousers. When it came out a fifty-franc note was in his fingers. Rather deliberately he spread it on the blanket and looked across at the king of the company's gamblers.

"Bruddah Roberts gwine play!" "Bruddah Roberts gwine fade Claybank!" cackled a dozen toadying voices; and in not one of them was any sense of awe or regret at the crumbling of a moral character hitherto regarded as quite sturdy.

"Ah fades you, Claybank!" said the Reverend Ishom gravely, and put forward his fifty-franc note.

Alexander flicked out a note of the same denomination, shook and cast the dice. The crowd watched for a breathless moment and then gasped as the bouncing cubes stood still. Claybank had rolled a seven, and by so doing had won at the first cast.

The features of Brother Ishom for a moment registered disappointment, but with a nervous movement he swept up the dice and restored them to the hand of Claybank, for the next cast belonged to him also.

There was no reason apparently for this excess of courtesy on Ishom's part except a gambler's natural desire to get his hand for a moment upon the instruments of chance.

"Double?" proposed Claybank, at his old trick of leaving the stake large while the luck ran his way.

"Ten francs is all de balance what I got," confessed the exhorter honestly.

Ten francs was beneath Claybank's notice thus early in the month, but anything to prolong the parson's dramatization of his own moral collapse; so indulgently he sifted out a ten-franc note. Then he rolled the dice again, and somewhat to his surprise the number of spots which turned up counted nine. Under the rules of the game nine thus became his point to shoot at. If he rolled another nine he would win—unless he happened to roll a seven first, for seven, which wins always on the first cast, loses invariably upon any other cast.

Excitedly as before, Pastor Ishom's hands swept up the dice and placed them in Claybank's hands. Claybank cast, and this time turned up seven. He had lost. The crowd chuckled.

"Tuhn about faih play!" the onlookers giggled gleefully.

Brother Roberts reached eagerly for the dice, for they now became his, while he left upon the blanket his doubled stake of twenty francs, which Claybank immediately faded, tittering at the opportunity. The Reverend Ishom shook the dice long and lovingly, the expression of his face revealing with what an ecstasy of pleasure he felt them knocking about in his hard palm, and when at length he released them the number of up-facing dots totaled eleven.

"Bruddah Roberts done win again!" guffawed the bystanders with childish shouts of pleasure.

"Fade me!" demanded Brother Roberts, his features growing set and tense.

Claybank covered with forty francs, and the exhorter cast a three and a one.

"Li'l' Joe!" was the apprehensive murmur of the gallery.

A Little Joe was notoriously hard to roll because the number of combinations on the ivory cubes which make four is much less than the number which make certain other totals, as for instance an eight or a nine; yet the elder had to try to duplicate it, and if he rolled a seven in the course of these attempts he would lose as Claybank had lost a moment before.

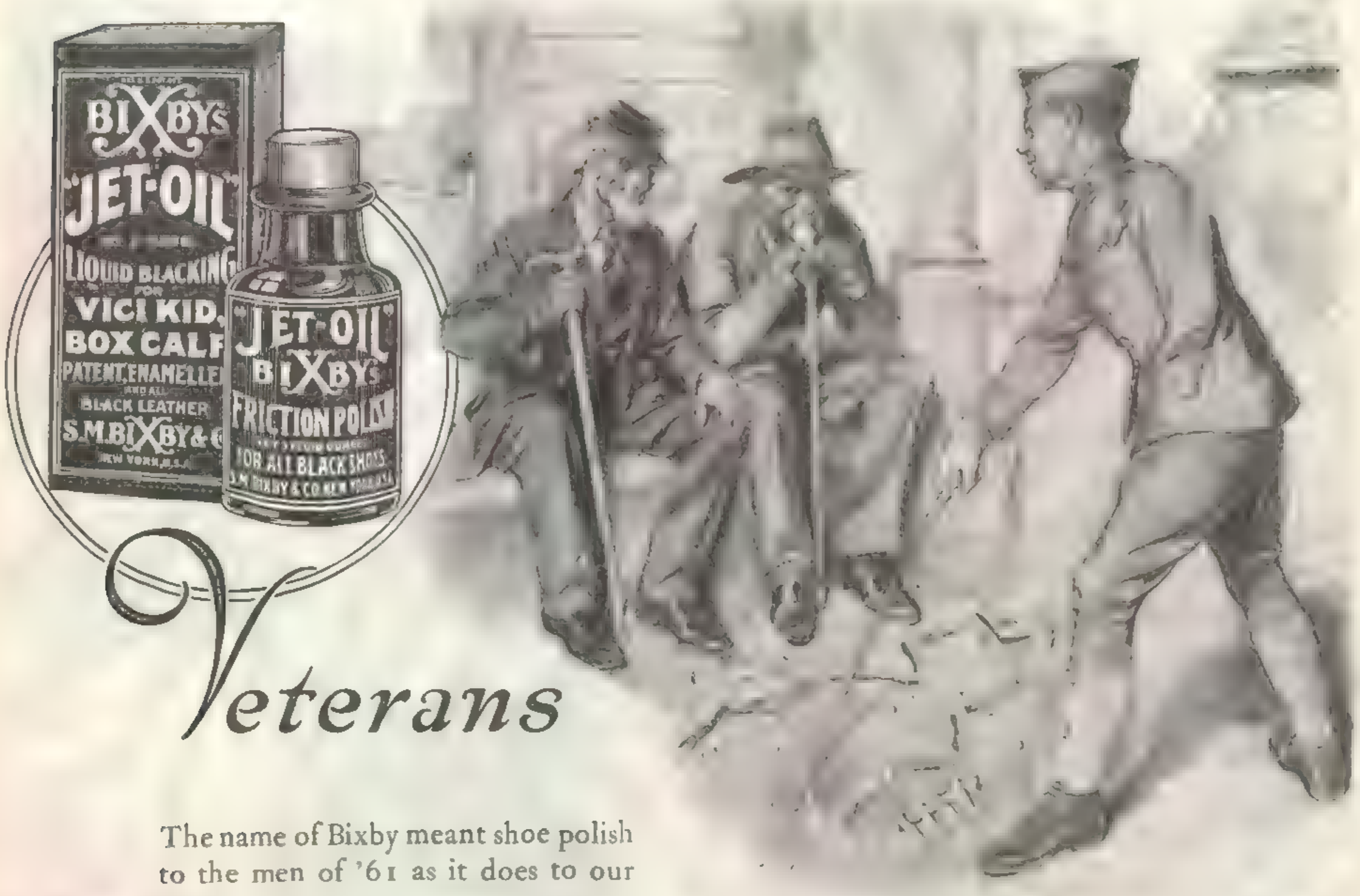
Brother Ishom now bent himself to his delicate task with a grave appreciation of its significance to him, for if he lost he was wiped out and the game was over.

"Come, mah little chillen!" he called, bending low over the dice as after blowing upon his hand he began to shake them gently; and his manner was unmistakably that of a man who after years of abstention returns to an early passion with a devotion that is headlong and reckless. "Come yoh!" he crooned, and let them go with that snap of the wrist and fillip of the fingers that comes only after long experience.

"I always spishioned it," chuckled Claybank, unable to control himself longer. "I spishioned it. Dis yere pahson what hate de little black-eyed boys so much, he done know mo' bout 'em dan any ob us."

Twice despite Ishom's eager pleadings to the dice the black man rolled innocuous numbers, but on the third cast the ivories waltzed and pirouetted over the lightly vibrating blanket and came almost in

(Continued on Page 105)



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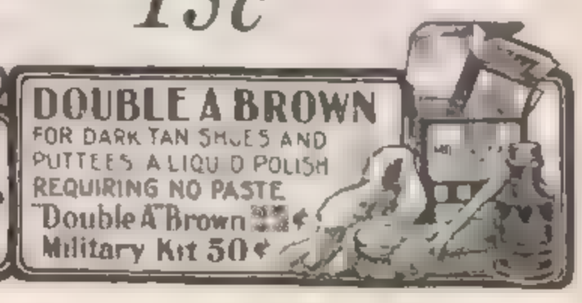

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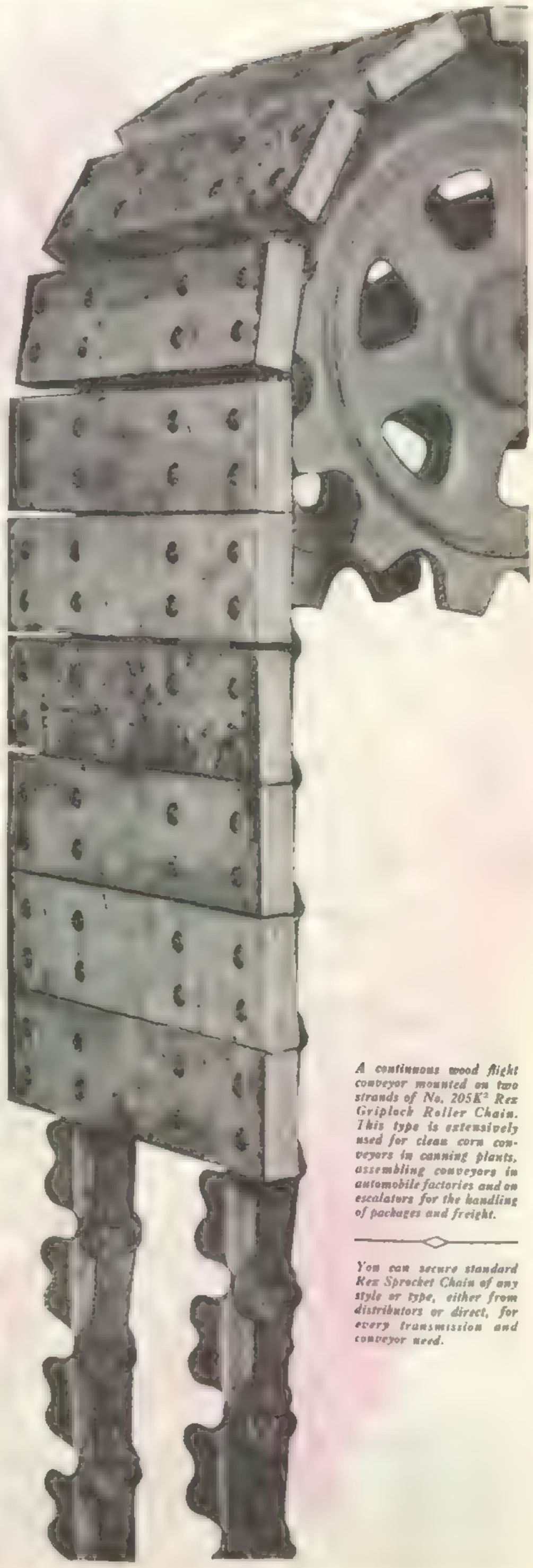

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You can secure standard Rex Sprocket Chain of any style or type, either from distributors or direct, for every transmission and conveyor need.

(Continued from Page 102)

martial order to their rest with exactly four spots showing.

"L'l' Joe done come again! Bruddah Roberts win once mo'!" cried the self-constituted announcers.

There were now eighty francs upon the board, and the parson challenged fortune by leaving them there. Claybank promptly faded, and Brother Roberts, who would retain the dice as long as he continued to win, bent low and crooned over them again.

"Come a natural, mah chillen! Come a natural!" he intoned, snapping his fingers eagerly. And the little children came a natural.

"Seven," cackled the crowd, but after a hysterical moment were calmed by reflections upon the run of luck the parson was enjoying.

"Fade!" he commanded fiercely, his voice harsh and unnatural with excitement.

Claybank, cool as the successful gambler is proverbially cool, faded, making three hundred and twenty francs in the pot.

Brother Roberts rolled eleven, and thereby won again. The crowd was tense and silent. Eyes stuck out and an awe-stricken expression appeared on many faces. But a crafty smile appeared on Claybank's saffron features. He saw each victory of the parson's as part of an ultimate greater victory for himself.

"Fade!" husked Ishom.

Claybank complied, and there were six hundred and forty francs in the wager.

Ishom rolled eight, which thereupon became his point. Crooning low he blew upon his hand and talked to it, then holding the shaking fist near his ear he listened as if the little ivories were talking to him. It was uncanny. It was almost like an incantation, a survival of some heathenish voodoo rite, and when he let the dice go—lo, they rolled a second eight at the very next cast. He had won six hundred and forty francs at a throw.

"What I tell you!" murmured Clemma Washington. "He de luckies' man!"

"Dis ain' luck! De pahson done got dem dice trained," replied a coal-black negro known as Boll Weevil.

"Hit de hand ob Gawd!" murmured Birdsong solemnly.

Claybank was imperturbable. He moved a brick and lifted a pile of notes as if expecting Ishom to double again, but the Reverend I. G. Roberts was canny and would not tempt the fickle goddess too far. He dragged—that is, he reduced the size of his bet, leaving a hundred francs as his contribution to the stake. This, it appeared in a moment, was just as well, for upon the first cast he rolled a Little Joe once more, and in trying to match it tumbled up a seven, thereby losing both the stakes and the dice. But he, too, was imperturbable. With another of those lightning movements he swept up the dice and laid them in Claybank's outstretched hand.

"Mah luck done return to me," the yellow man gurgled softly. "Hit done come back like de pigeon what Noah let outen de ark."

The unction with which he said this gave the first intimation that Claybank had begun to grow apprehensive over the series of remarkable winnings with which Corporal Roberts had celebrated his fall from grace into a crap game.

On the gambler's first cast he won.

"Fade me!" he demanded, leaving the entire stake on the board.

"Got yuh faded," announced Ishom.

Claybank won and again doubled. Ishom added another four hundred francs to the heap in the center of the blanket, thereby making considerable inroads upon his accumulation of reserves.

Claybank rolled nine. Ishom with that feveriah movement which had almost become a habit swept up the dice into Claybank's hands, and thereafter the latter was unable to roll nine again, eventually turning up seven and losing.

"Double yoh!" challenged the parson, his voice hoarse and frenzied.

"Yoh plumb crazy!" taunted the mulatto, "teasin' yoh luck that-away." But he hastened to shower eight one-hundred-franc notes into the pile before the fever of excitement in the enmeshed minister's vein should cool sufficiently to make him change his mind and play a safer game.

Ishom now stood to win sixteen hundred francs, besides which he had now some three or four hundred francs of accumulated winnings which were not upon the hazard. But instead of winning he rolled double aces. "A crap!" gloated Claybank.

The parson had lost—lost that huge and glittering stake.

Half the lure of craps to the African heart is the exceeding rapidity of its action, and all this play between the rival gang leaders had transpired within the space of ten minutes. Ten minutes, however, was quite sufficient for the rumor of what was happening to spread throughout the camp, and the crowd had been growing till it now banked twenty deep round the board, with black faces peering down from choice posts of observation on eaves, gable ends and the tops of cook shanties and washhouses.

From this audience now a sound that was like a universal sob escaped. Claybank then was master of the ivories after all. Not even the luck of the Reverend Ishom was proof against his skill.

The saffron-skinned gambler meanwhile was cunningly playing his man by discreetly pushing out only a modest fifty-franc note. Ishom covered it and won. He won again. He continued to win until once more there was a mighty sheaf of notes upon the board, when again Claybank swept it off to rest beneath his halves of bricks.

But the minister would not be denied. He changed his system, and by slower and more conservative processes augmented his winnings till twenty-one hundred francs of Claybank's notes were on his side of the blanket.

"I bets de pile agin yoh pile, Claybank!" Ishom proposed rather suddenly, like a man who played a hunch. "I don' know how much you got."

This was rather a clever guess on Ishom's part at the fact that Claybank had had lying before him when the game began his entire gambler's capital of some forty-three hundred francs. Impulsively the mulatto started to push forward his money. Invariably he had won on these big stakes, but now a sudden caution came over him. The luck might turn. The dice had all along been behaving curiously. He had never had one moment's real ease and satisfaction during the entire contest.

"Is yoh a-skeert?" taunted the minister, who in his bearing and appearance was no more like a minister now than Claybank. His black eyes glittered restlessly. The very topography of his face had altered. Elements of strength and character had departed from it. Elements of weakness had appeared. Birdsong, faithful disciple that he was, noticed this change and began to be puzzled by it, though hitherto his confidence in his pastor had never wavered.

"I say is yoh a-skeert?" demanded Ishom, aggressive, even arrogant.

"Claybank a-skeert!" tittered somebody on the barracks roof.

"No, niggah; I ain't a-skeert!" retorted Claybank with an ugly showing of his long dog teeth as he pushed the entire pile of bills in front of him to the center of the blanket, and laid his now unbusy bricks on top to keep the whole heap from blowing away.

In every game there comes a crisis. The crisis had come in this one. All was up. Claybank was ill at ease. He had a miserable feeling that somewhow he had been outgeneraled; that instead of playing with the minister the minister might have been playing with him. All the money he had in the world was on that pile. Only fifty francs of the parson's was there. As a matter of fact the cunning black man had probably sifted that out and stowed it securely in the bottom of his pocket at some time during the play. He was always taking his hands in and out of his pockets.

"Neber seen sich luck what two men hab—fus' one and den de yother," murmured Clemma Washington. "Evah time de big stake's up, dough, Claybank win."

From this thought Claybank tried to extract comfort, yet felt somehow as the Reverend Ishom bent low over his shaking hand and whispered honeyed words to the rattling ivories that a spell was being mixed against him, and that this black pine-woods parson somehow held him hopeless. He was therefore hardly surprised, though green with dismay and chagrin, when the dice, after rolling and bounding merrily across one end of the blanket, finally came to rest with eleven showing.

"'Leben!" groaned Birdsong unctuously. "De Lawd done gain de vict'ry."

But the company—and it was nearly all there—was for the most part stupefied to silence.

With a quick motion of his hands the parson took up first the dice—oddly perhaps—and next hauled the bills toward him and in an absorbed manner began swiftly

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You Will Expect An Extraordinary Flour

Every day in our mills expert bakers test Quaker Flour in baking. Chemists daily watch it by analysis. All of them—millers, chemists and bakers—constantly consult on its quality.

So you will find one sack exactly like all others, and every sack exquisite.

When you see Quaker Flour at your grocery you'll expect a super-grade. You will try it, as nearly every lover of Quaker Oats products does. And this is what will happen:

The Flour will exceed your highest expectations. The foods that it makes will amaze you. You will not only adopt it, but get your friends to adopt it.

How We Know

That's what other women did—legions and legions of them. Today this Flour has a million users, yet we never announced it to housewives until a few weeks ago.

It is the Flour sensation. Five great modern mills run night and day to make it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. Think of that—for a Flour as yet unknown, perhaps, to nine folks in ten.

The Reason Is This

We made this Flour the best flour that science could produce. We employed the best experts, and built them model mills.

Such high standards were fixed that only half of the wheat kernel was fit for this Quaker Flour. The rest was bolted out.

We made it for millions who know Quaker quality, and who would look for a superfine Flour.

They got such a Flour. And now they and their friends—a million of them—every day enjoy it.

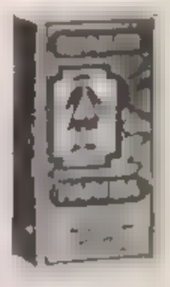
Ask if your grocer has this Quaker Flour. If not, ask him to get it. It will bring you a new content.

Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

This is a special flour made from special wheat, and self-raising. It is the ideal flour—far better than bread flour—for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.

The leavening ingredients never vary in quality or quantity. The Flour comes in round packages, sealed and with tops, so these ingredients do not deteriorate. It is almost impossible to make a home mixture which attains the results of this Flour. It is one of the best-liked products in the Quaker line

Quaker Farina



This is Quaker Flour before the final grinding. It is taken out in granulated form.

It is the choicest part of the choicest hard wheat. Soft wheat will not make it. Use as a breakfast dainty, or for frying.

Use in puddings, griddle cakes and waffles.

Use to thicken soups and gravies.

Sold in packages only.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa — (3022)

Peterborough, Ontario — Sudbury, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

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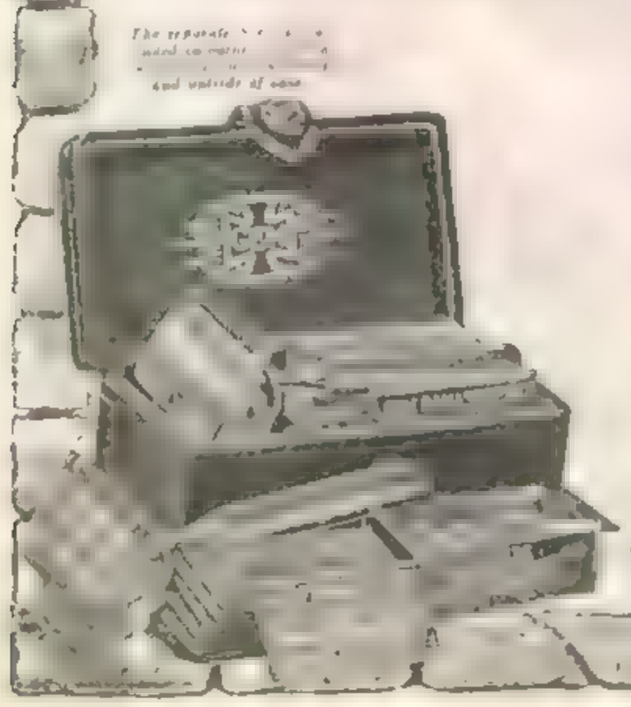
RAZOR

Like a close friend, you can bank on the **GEM Razor** any time, under any circumstance—that's the secret of its popularity among men everywhere for over a quarter of a century—and especially among the boys in the service, where simplicity, efficiency, economy and durability count—millions of **GEMS** now in use.

***Gem Blades,** well tempered, ground and honed to perfection, hold their edge indefinitely—they're marvels of unvarying quality and uniformity.*



$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for travelling.

Add 50c to above price for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

to sort and arrange them, picking out certain notes and laying them by themselves.

"You done cleaned me!" confessed Claybank with a sickly grin, for his jaundiced features were ashen white about the mouth.

"De Lawd Jehovah done cleaned you!" thundered Ishom as with a fan-shaped sheaf of bills in his hands and the bricks weighting down the balance he stood suddenly erect; and lo, a miracle had happened, for he appeared once more in the rôle of a prophet of fiery righteousness. The metamorphosis in voice, pose, expression was complete.

"Brudderin," he announced solemnly, "Ah don' believe in gamblin'. Ah hates it. Hit de ruin ob many a man. Hit done led a man in dis company to rob me. He stole mah Liberty Bond money—one thousand francs—stole 'em to gamble. He done lose em straight off to dis yaller man, and here dey is, dess like I picked em out ob his pile befo' yoh eyes, wid my initials done marked on ebery one of 'em." Ishom swung his arm about the circle with the faces of the bills exposed like a hand reversed at cards.

"Heah dey is. Dey mine, and I takes 'em and puts 'em in my pocket." He suited the action to the word.

"Now de balance ob dis heah lucre dess plain gamblers' money. Some ob you los' it, but you los' it gamblin'. Hit tainted money. I cain't gib it to de Red Cross nor de Y. nor de Salvation Army because hit am de money ob contamination."

The Reverend Ishom G. Roberts paused and the silence was deathly. He had been speaking in moderate tones, but as he rolled out that last polysyllable there entered into his voice a note that carried awe and fear into the hearts of his hearers.

"I gwine fling it up to de sky," he went on, "and let de winds ob heben purify it; den whoever gits it kin hab it, but if he dare to gamble wid it I gwine pronounce de curse of Jehovah Gawd on dat sinful puhson's soul."

Before anyone had grasped his intention Ishom was seizing and hurling great handfuls of the notes upward into the whirling, eddying blasts of that stiffening gale from the bay. And let it be interpolated here that the French franc note differs from the American bank note in texture. It is stiffer, it is nearly square and it makes a readier sailer under the impulse of a breeze. Within a moment the handfuls of the exhorter's winnings were navigating the air in every direction, dodging, darting, floating, swirling, zooming suddenly upward, side-slipping, banking, nose-diving, doing all the stunts that wisps of paper light as air almost might be expected to do in the capricious gusts of wind that whistled through the avenues of barracks. And in another moment two hundred shouting, laughing, screeching men were after them, tumbling over garbage cans and mess tables, dodging into collisions and futile embraces with each other, falling off of cornices, running along roofs, crawling under motor trucks, diving head first into lumber piles, hurling themselves in any direction that the playful wind might send a French note dancing.

Claybank's money-lusting instincts impelled him to join in this mad pursuit, but he felt too proud to do so, and in a few seconds he and his triumphant rival were left alone beside the impromptu gaming table.

"Claybank!" demanded the minister solemnly, yielding not one whit of that ascendancy which he had temporarily gained over the gambler. "Lemme see dem dice!"

"You done pick up de dice!" muttered Claybank.

Again the voice of the exhorter was the voice of thunder: "Dem dice in yoh right-han' pocket, what yoh been reachin' foh every time you make dat bluff 'bout puttin' yoh han' on yoh rabbit foot."

With the denunciatory finger of accusing wrath quivering almost in his face Claybank hemmed, hawed, hesitated, and eventually took from his pocket a pair of dice.

"Roll 'em!" directed the minister sternly.

The mulatto rolled them and they turned up seven. "Roll 'em again"

Again they turned up seven. The minister rolled them, and for him too they would cust only seven.

"Claybank," said the minister again, less thunderously but not less earnestly, "you gwine promise me you won't roll nary 'nother dice long as you in de ahmy."

"What foh I promise dat?" demanded the yellow man sulkily.

"Because if I tells dese boys yoh been robbin' 'em wid crooked dice dey gwine cut yoh heart out and hang it on de bob-wire fence."

Claybank writhed a moment in silence and then broke out with: "Brothah Roberts, foh Gawd's sake don' tell 'em!"

"Does yoh promise?"

"Ah promises," mumbled Claybank; and there succeeded another interval of silence, during which his mind seemed to be wrestling with a problem of some sort.

"Brothah Roberts," he asked—and the form of his question as well as the fact of it revealed the state of extreme docility to which his defeat and the manner of it had brought him—"how come, after de fus' time, dem dice wouldn't roll sebens foh me, 'cep' when seben loses?"

"Because I done change 'em on you," replied the Reverend Ishom shortly.

"You done change 'em?" gasped the gambler.

"You just so wrapped up in yoh own smahtness hit don' nevah occur to yoh dat nobody else kin be smaht a-tall. Look a-heah!" This time the parson produced a pair of dice from his pocket. "Roll 'em!" he directed as before.

With an absorbed expression upon his face, like a child learning a new lesson, Claybank took them, examined them and cast them. They turned up aces. He cast them again, and again they turned up aces. The yellow man's eyes opened wide and his jaw hung loosely.

"Try dese!" suggested the parson, producing another pair of dice from another pocket. With those Claybank could roll only elevens.

"Dat what you beat me wid!" he murmured; and his look was almost one of admiration.

The colored dominie instead of nodding acquiescence at once produced other pairs that would roll only threes or fours or eights.

"Dat how Little Joe come so easy to yoh," murmured Claybank, more and more humbled. "Bruddah Roberts, how you shuffle all dem dice roun' in you pockets an' you han's like dat, widout making a mistake?" And again his tone was one of childish admiration.

"Once Ah did make a mistake an' nigh 'bout runt me—de fus' time we had sixteen hundred in de pot," admitted the exhorter.

"Dat ain't tellin' me how yoh done it, dough," declared Claybank, whose curiosity went straight to the principle by which his own devious methods had been circumvented.

"Claybank," confessed Ishom solemnly, "Ise been a powful bad man in mah short life. Ise been de end man in a minstul show; Ise been a gambler; Ise been a juggler, and a sleight-ob-hand perfohmah; and when Ah shoots craps Ah uses all de talents what de Lawd done gib me."

"And you done doctah dese dice up in de wukshop, and you jes' nachelly make me win when you want me to win, and lose when you want me to lose."

"Dat 'bout it, Claybank," said the pastor modestly, and the increasing friendliness of his tone paved the way for him to advance round the blanket and lay his hand upon the yellow man's shoulder. "Claybank," he said soberly, "I got jes' one mo' reques' to make ob you: Gib de Lawd a chancet wid yoh soul. Done gib him a chancet!"

Claybank was humbled and subdued, but he was not penitent. He felt indeed that he had been dealt with severely.

"I dunno, Brothah Roberts," he protested with a doubtful shake of the head as his eyes looked out over the camp where two hundred men were laughingly gathering up and appropriating to their own uses money which he regarded as having been taken from him by superior force. "Ah dunno. 'Pears like de Lawd done done me kind ob hard."

Still shaking his head, and the dominie looking after him with a pensive air, Claybank turned away from the blanket and passed inside to his bunk, pondering rather deeply. Yet that night, though in part because, like another historic character of his color, his occupation was now gone, his long form appeared lounging against the wall in the outer circle of the Reverend Ishom's evening symphony of prayer and praise just behind the kneeling penitential figure of Brother Johnson.

"Look!" murmured Birdsong Jonessomewhat excitedly, and Brother Roberts temporarily suspended his deep bass voice from song.

"De power ob de Lawd done prevaricate," he declared with a nod of intense satisfaction.

In Five Years No Stewart Has Worn Out

They Have From 600 to 700 Fewer Parts and Automatic Lubrication.

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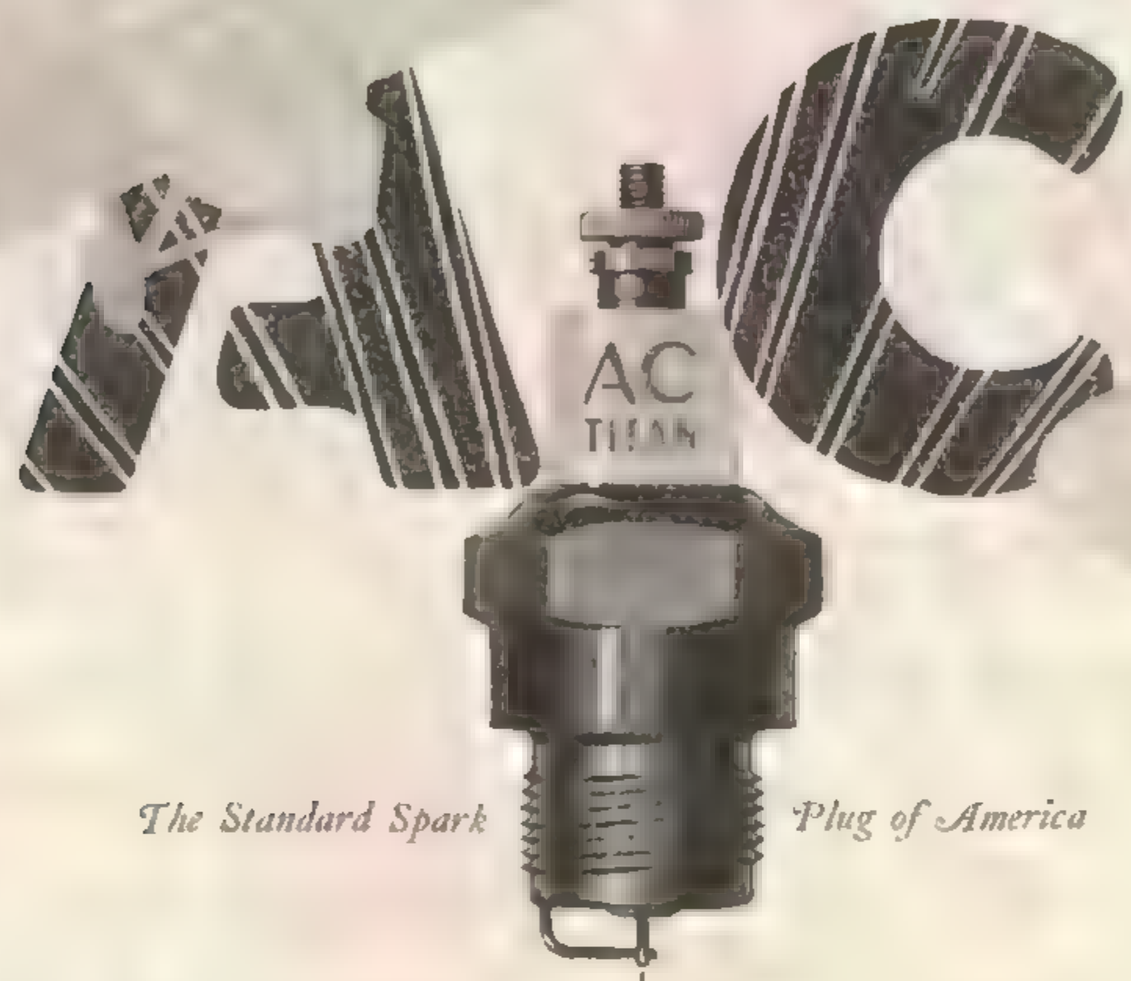

The Standard Spark Plug of America

First Choice In Every Field

AC Spark Plugs have won the overwhelming preference of engineering experts and manufacturers in every branch of the automotive industry.

Aviation: At the outbreak of the war the United States Government invited the spark plug manufacturers of this country to submit plugs to be used in an aviation motor of 125 pounds compression.

The result of these tests was the adoption of AC Plugs for Liberty and Hispano-Suiza airplane motors.

At the time of the signing of the armistice we were producing 40,000 airplane plugs daily—more than the combined output of either France, England or other American makers.

These airplane plugs were of the same basic AC design used for years by the leading automobile, truck and tractor builders of this country.

Ordnance Tanks: Army engineers chose AC Plugs for a large number of the ordnance tanks built in this country for overseas service.

Army Trucks: Most of the trucks bought by the United States Government were AC-equipped. All of the standardized Government Class B trucks were equipped with AC's.

Motor Cars: For years AC Spark Plugs have been standard factory equipment on by far the majority of high grade passenger cars built in this country.

Trucks, Commercial: Most of the better known trucks are equipped regularly with AC Plugs.

Tractors: A glance through the list of manufacturers below will show that many manufacturers of high grade farm tractors have expressed a decided preference for AC Spark Plugs.

To the spark plug buyer this concerted endorsement can mean but one thing. Engineering experts in every line, men who have the apparatus and scientific knowledge necessary for discriminating tests, believe absolutely that AC Spark Plugs are the best spark plugs.

That preference for AC's extends from the United States Government down.

You can make no mistake in following such example.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These manufacturers use AC for factory equipment

Acme Trucks
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Daniels
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Dodge Brothers
Dorris
Duesenberg Motors
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Essex
Federal Trucks
Fulton Trucks
F-W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
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Nash
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Stutz
Texas Trucks
Tower Trucks
United States Motor Trucks
Waite Tractors
Waukesha Motors
Westcott
White
Wilcox Trux
Wisconsin Motors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, Apr. 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

THE SACRED WOLLOH

(Continued from Page 7)

Like in a lightning flash Bounce Hubbard remembered the scene, years before, when, looking through the peep slit of a Bertillon room, in company with a score of other detectives, he had seen Thousand Percent Ketcham screw up his face just like that to keep himself from being properly mugged by the official photographer!

Thousand Percent Ketcham! The name was so loud in Bounce Hubbard's memory that he almost felt he had shouted it in the first instant of discovery. Why, this uplift-seeking pilgrim had been the leading slippery eel in every graft except politics and Wall Street until five years ago, when he'd been wise enough to lose himself from the police.

The Sacred Wolloh blinked his eyes and gulped hard. What was he to do? Bawl out this unworthy candidate and save the Hims from contamination, queer the game, and lose the chance to make a big pinch? Or lay low?

As a plain man, William B. Hubbard felt that he was violating his most sacred principles by accepting this hound into the mysteries and benefits of the noble order which William B. Hubbard so graced. But, as a detective, it was Bounce Hubbard's duty to string the grifter along till he tipped his full mitt, then nail him for the limit, thus protecting the Hims and all such beneficent associations from the ravages of this and like skunks.

The end justified the means, but still the conscience of the Sacred Wolloh would not down; for suppose the graft worked and the pinch failed? This was Ketcham!

One of the brown-robed monks drew near, with moistly splashing footfall and anxious brow, and whispered huskily:

"Out of the deep silence of the grisly tomb, oh, my brother ——"

"Thanks!" husked the Sacred Wolloh; and thereupon the corpse quivered one eyelid and there was the upturn of a grin at the corners of his lips.

That grin settled it. Away went the conscience of the Sacred Wolloh, and back came the stern, nay, in this case the passionate duty of Bounce Hubbard.

He raised his hand. Up went the blue lights on the sides of the altar, symbolic of the blue of heaven, eternal constancy, and other things. Out shone the red lights in front of the altar, symbolic of the fires of truth, which burn forever in the human soul. There was a loud clanging of gongs, and then a clarion voice rang out ——

No; it would not be fair to betray the solemn mysteries of the noble order of Hims, to reveal to a gaping public the secrets of that purifying and uplifting fraternity of benevolent and brotherly security.

A veil must be drawn over the gravely sanctimonious rites that followed. But it is fair to lift that veil when the intermission comes, for during that period the sessions of the Hims are open, without secrets and without restrictions. And during that period whatever is the mad excitement of the week buzzes and thrills from corner to corner, across the middle and round the edges of the room.

A great night to-night; the greatest of all nights, for the financial secretary had with him, for distribution, in the business section of the meeting to come, the hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds that had been subscribed collectively by the members of the A. H. O. B. S. through the indefatigable efforts of William B. Hubbard.

From the careless little fifty-dollar-bond man to the highest subscriber there was no other topic of conversation. And as Bounce Hubbard's round blue eyes followed the neophyte Pike from handshake to handshake, and saw the brisk elation in that keen business man, the mists rolled away and a raging fury filled the usually pleasant private and personal breast of the Sacred Wolloh.

So this was the goal, eh? This had been the aim when that Bishop check had been thrust into the hand of Boob Hubbard on the corner! Pike, Thomas *et al.* had pointed their ruthless guns not merely at a fairly prosperous simp, not merely at the high order of Hims, but at that well-blazoned hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds which had won Snowy Peak Number Eighty-five its modest and pleasant little newspaper notoriety.

The infernal scoundrels! Damn their hides! Purple passion surged into the temples of private citizen William B. Hubbard and with difficulty he restrained himself from denouncing the contemptible crook then and there and leading the mob that should tear him limb from limb. But the cool calculation of the detective iced the fevered veins of the private citizen, so that he bided his time and watched the slimy progress of the snake.

From member to member trailed the reptilian Pike in earnest employment of his insidious arts. Strange that the most highly cultivated of all animals—man—should have less instinct than a chicken, which, though scarcely more than out of the shell, will hide from a hawk a thousand meters up! Yet such is the case.

No need for Bounce Hubbard to follow the justly famous Thousand Percent Ketcham from conversation to conversation.

A couple of walk-pasts and a listen or two were enough. There were just five stages in the Hunlike propaganda of Professor Pike!

First: Since he'd put in the five shares of stock with his application two weeks before, another dividend had been declared—seventeen per cent!- And he'd brought the A. H. O. B. S.'s dividend with him, a bona-fide check for eight dollars and fifty cents. Great gosh! Seventeen per cent! The first quarterly dividend! Sixty-eight per cent a year!

Second: Pike's business was expanding so fast he had to put out a new hundred-thousand-dollar stock issue to take care of it!

Third: The Hims had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of totally paid Liberty Bonds, as good as cash; better!

Fourth: Any jackass could see the intimate relation between the first, second and third.

Fifth: That sixty-eight per cent! Nothing could make it seem plausible to ordinary hard-headed citizens like the soaring possibilities of an airplane!

Hadn't Standard Oil started on nothing when oil was new? And look at Rockefeller now!

With snorts of disgust Bounce saw percentage insanity seize on the brothers whom he had hitherto respected. They were falling all over the place; dropping like flies round a molasses jug! Every man in the room had out his pencil and the back of an envelope and was looking up from his figures with the rapt expression of a Rubens cherub, while in the middle of a mob that was rapidly approaching the semblance of a riot the insidious Pike talked on and on and enriched another brother Him with every syllable. He had the gift of swaying minds and he used it.

Bounce knew this crowd; played home poker with them; was on kidding terms with their families. They were his off-duty friends—just folks, who had war gardens and kids, like himself; and most of them had saved for years to accumulate the little pile that nothing would have dragged out of their good, safe four per cent banks except their country's needs. And this damn scoundrel would have no more compunction in skinning them out of it than a robin would have in plucking a worm from a lawn!

Time was up. Nobody knew it. Nobody heard the gavel when it dropped. The place was a pandemonium, a mathematical madhouse! They were running in circles now and figuring out loud.

The Sacred Wolloh pounded the sacred gong before he got them back into session. And even then they didn't stop figuring until the item of new business was mentioned, when they unanimously passed a resolution to appoint a committee, with power to act, to go up to the Aëro-Wave Power Company's office at four-thirty the next afternoon, investigate the company, and exchange their good bonds for Pike's new stock issue!

There were only two things the Sacred Wolloh could do—tell what he knew right then and there out of fear of Thousand Percent Ketcham, or keep his mouth shut out of confidence in Bounce Hubbard. So he appointed himself chairman of that investigating committee.

Also, after the meeting he slipped up the fire escape to give them the once-over and watch the newly made Him convulse his crew of cappers with an account of his initiation. And then, a personal grouch added to his professional venom, he slipped down

300 Ways To Make One Soup

Never Twice Alike

The finest soups made by Parisian chefs are never twice alike. That was the trouble Some of those soups were marvelous creations, and those famous French recipes form the basis of Van Camp Soups.

But materials varied, and no two blends were similar. The soups were delicious, but never perfect

Exact Formulas

In the Van Camp kitchens the soups are perfected by scientific cooks. That is, by experts college trained in right culinary methods.

They have tried out more than 300 ways of making a single soup. Day by day the results are compared. Step by step the soup is perfected

Then standards are fixed for every material. Every detail of the process is fixed in a formula. Ingredients are analyzed to prevent variation.

So every dish of a Van Camp Soup is exactly like the finest dish attained.

The Finest Tables Serve Them

These Van Camp Soups cost little. A whole family can be served for a trifle. Yet they are served today in the finest homes, where cost is not considered.

There is no way to match them save as we make them—by scientific cookery. And homes and hotels can't attempt that.

Try a few kinds and see what they mean to you. You have never known such soups.

VAN CAMP'S Soups—18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

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Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

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Baked for hours at high heat in steam ovens so they easily digest.

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A famous Italian recipe perfected in a scientific way.

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Made from two kinds of peanuts so blended as to attain the height of flavor

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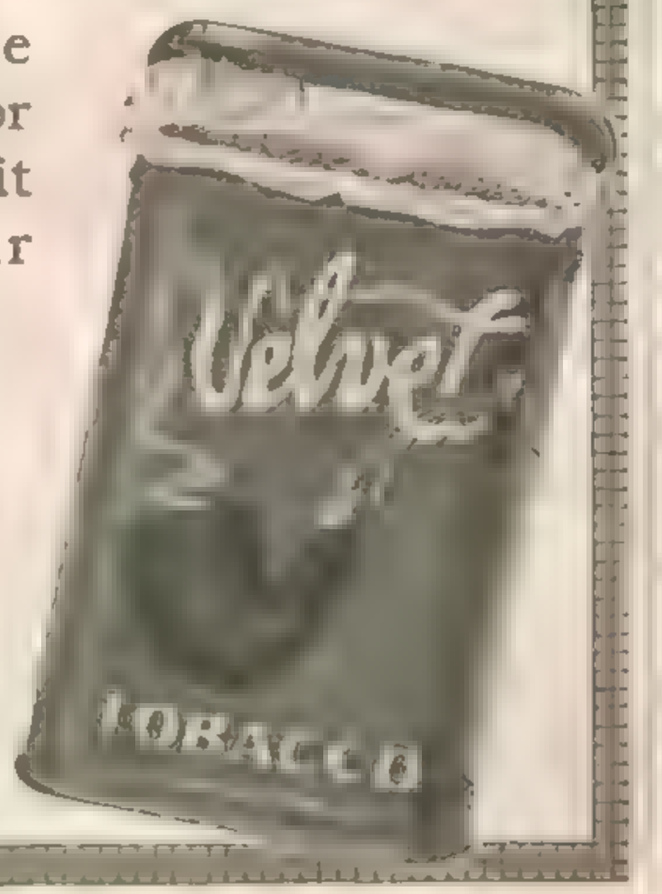
Velvet Joe

VELVET wins because it's *natural*. VELVET is mellow, cool and smooth, because it is naturally aged for two years in wooden hogsheads.

This long ageing makes VELVET as good as pipe tobacco can be made. It is expensive to us, but it is the *right* way.

Don't take our word for it—prove it out in your pipe.



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac. He will send it FREE.

the fire escape, stationed himself across the street and waited.

IV

AT THE corner of a dark alley on a narrow side street a viselike hand suddenly fell on Augustus Parlington's shoulder, yanked him into the alley, and shoved him against the wall with a bump. And the strange part of it was that there followed no outcry. Augustus Parlington only breathed hard; then he blinked his eyes and gasped:

"Why—why, it's you, Mr. Hubbard! What does this mean?"

"Tie a can to that innocent chatter or I'll bat your light out!" stated Bounce; and by way of warning he bumped his cringing victim so hard against the wall that the victim's teeth clicked. "Now listen to me, and listen to me well, Jerry Spickett, alias Jimmy Wax, alias Scrubby Davidson, alias Joe the Book Cook."

"My Gawd!" breathed the secretary of the Aëro-Wave Power Company; then he took refuge in a whine: "Can't you bulls let a poor broken-down cuss alone when he's goin' straight? Have you got to hound a poor devil that's turned honest? Ouch! Don't do that! Let go of my collar!"

"I'll croak you—that's what I'll do!" growled the bull, with hissing passion in his voice, as he rested from slamming Augustus Parlington against the wall. "If there's one thing I can't stand from you cheap hyps it's that sob stuff! You know if you was goin' straight I'd hand you a lift all along the line, and so would the other boys. But that joint of yours up there is a frame, and I want the inside of it—quick!"

"Why, Mr. Hubbard," protested the secretary, "the inside of it is outside—positootly! Let up, for Gawd's sake, can't you? I'm givin' it to you straight. It's a legitimate —— Ogullwll!"

That last was a gurgle in the throat of Mr. Parlington as the vigorous little Hubbard, whose fat was all bone-hard muscle, shook him and choked him at the same time.

"Now here's the dope, Jerry Spickett: I just got wised that your Pike party is Thousand Percent Ketcham, and"—a jerk in Augustus Parlington, followed by a limpness, told Bounce that he was handing out news—"and he's framing himself and all you cheap cappers for the long stretch. Get me? Well, I'll give you a quick choice: You can go in or stay out."

He hauled a whistle from his pocket and put it to his lips; and that simple action was enough to strike terror to the soul of Augustus Parlington, who had spent three terms in and preferred to be out.

"I'll talk!" he shrilled. "Put it up! Put it up or I can't say a word."

"Up she goes!" accommodated Hubbard, dropping the whistle into his pocket.

And Mr. Spickett, alias Parlington, while he straightened his collar and recovered his breath, wondered how he could ever have thought that hard face to be the face of a soft simp; those hard round eyes to be the eyes of an easy mark.

"I never thought I'd be a damn snitch," he mourned.

"Oh, all right!" scorned Hubbard patiently. "Sprinkle that stuff round if it'll relieve your mind any. But you turned state's evidence in the Greenfield Bank case, and you made an immunity squeal in Sing Sing; so as quick as you get through airing your principles you can spill what you know. I'm waiting."

A sudden change came over Mr. Parlington. He dropped his cringe and raised his head.

"What happens if I give up the info?"

Only a moment of hesitation on the part of Mr. Hubbard.

"Open up and you can do what a cook does to an egg—beat it. Now what's the trick up there?"

"They'll sell the bonus stock and their own old stock instead of the new treasury issue. If they sold the treasury stock they couldn't get that coin without criminal liability; but there's nothing in the charter or the law ——"

"Yes; I know about that," interrupted Bounce dryly. "The legislators are too busy on appropriation bills and curfew laws to protect a stockholder. What else?"

"That's all. They'll sell out this company and start another one. The airplane game is the flash fake just now; and so is Liberty Bond lifting."

Bounce nodded. They'd sell out this company and start another one. That probably was all.

"Next, how can I reach 'em?"

"You can't!" the bookkeeper quickly informed him. "They're safe! They're legal! They're ——"

A grip was on his collar—an easy grip; but it was tightening, and the plump thumb and forefinger of Mr. Hubbard's other hand were slipping into his vest pocket.

"I'll spill it! I'll spill it!" The bookkeeper twisted his neck energetically from side to side as the hand was released. "This last dividend—it's supposed to have been earned."

Then minutely he explained to Bounce Hubbard just how the fraud could be detected and exposed, and criminal action put through as soon as the company had actually taken money from their victims. He told it plainly over and over, with much circumstantial detail; and when he had completely finished Bounce blew his whistle.

"For Gawd's sake, what are you doin'?" half whimpered and half shrieked the pale Parlington. "You promised me I could beat it! You ain't gonna turn me up? For Gawd's sake, what are you doin'!"

"Oh, just a little old-style Russian stuff," returned the fat detective cheerfully. "I'm going to put you away where you can't see anybody or slip out a word till this trick's over. You don't suppose I'd let a double-crossing expert like you get word to that bunch of yeggs that I'm on?"

▼

UP BROADWAY, right in the heart of things, there is a hotel—we'll call it the Mackinack—which is a great convenience to the police as well as to the gentry who make the police necessary; for here, in lobby and bar and café, on steps and sidewalk and out to the curb, lounge the unemployed of the third class of society, which, from the police point of view, is divided into lambs, sheep dogs and wolves.

Here is the greatest collection of furtive eyes in all New York. Here are the failures in crime, innocuous for the most part; fellows who drink little and talk easy, but can be cast by director crooks for any part in the constantly moving human drama of the city, and for small pay. Here is the starting place, the center and the end of many of the crooked games that are pulled in the metropolis; and here X-Ray Jack, dropping in to "take a pike" for the missing Parly, came on a scene which made him pause and wonder.

The squash! He was buying drinks for a benevolent old man whose benevolence could have been speedily removed by any barber, and a dark-browed fellow with such bumps of surliness on the back of his head as kept his derby hat pushed down over his eyebrows. Bubbling with hilarity was the squash, and paying for the drinks out of a roll of bills so thick that envious glances shot from all over the barroom at old Pony Wicks and Western Union Tuttle, for the gay and good-natured little fat man was obviously a prize. He fairly oozed of the gravy.

Another round of drinks. Three fellows—four, five—quietly went out of the barroom, passing conspicuously by the trio, but most profoundly not glancing at them. And the experienced X-Ray Jack, noting this through the glass panel between bar and lobby, knew that a frame was ready—a big production, which required a mob scene; and by the presence of Pony Wicks and Western Union Tuttle it was a "first past the post" play. Curious—very curious to X-Ray Jack!

A young man with a high striped collar came in at the side door. Pony saw his reflection in the glass and nudged the squash. The squash nudged Western Union. All three turned. The flashy young man passed straight through the barroom, tilted his head almost imperceptibly sidewise, and went out the other door.

"It's ripe!" whispered Pony to the squash.

"Is that the signal?" whispered the innocent to Western Union?

"Yeh," grunted the surly one.

The squash was all in a quiver of excitement. He was so eager that his companions in the illicit project of not skinning an illicit pool room were even annoyed at his enthusiasm, as presently they went mysteriously out by the side door.

X-Ray Jack now came through and, at the approved distance for tailing, followed them up the street and across another and down another, to one of those many temporarily vacant houses, the spasmodic use of which so often breaks into the

(Continued on Page 113)

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For years $100 has been the standard price for fine typewriters. Up until the United States entered the war, the Oliver Model 9 had always been priced thus.

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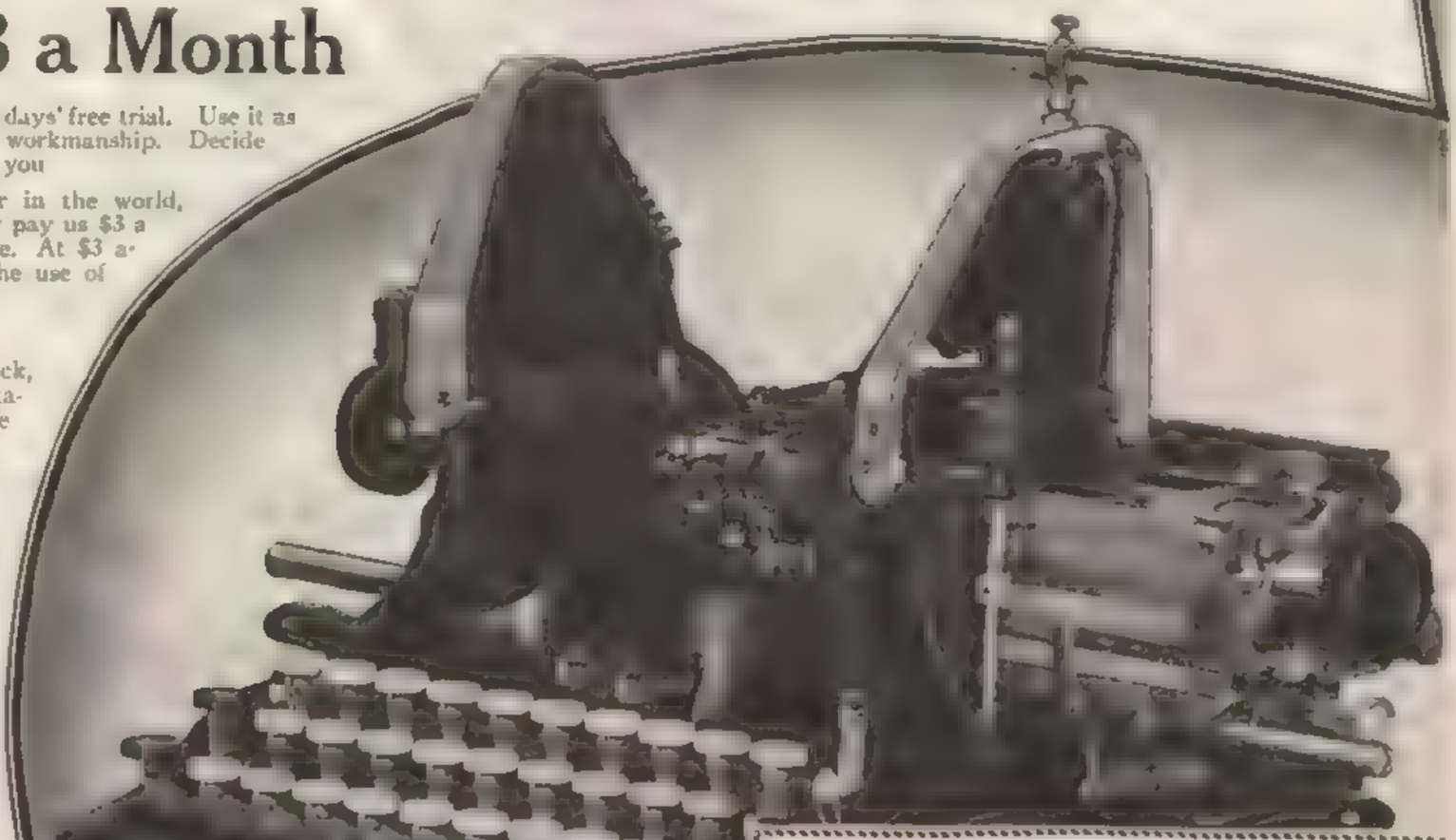

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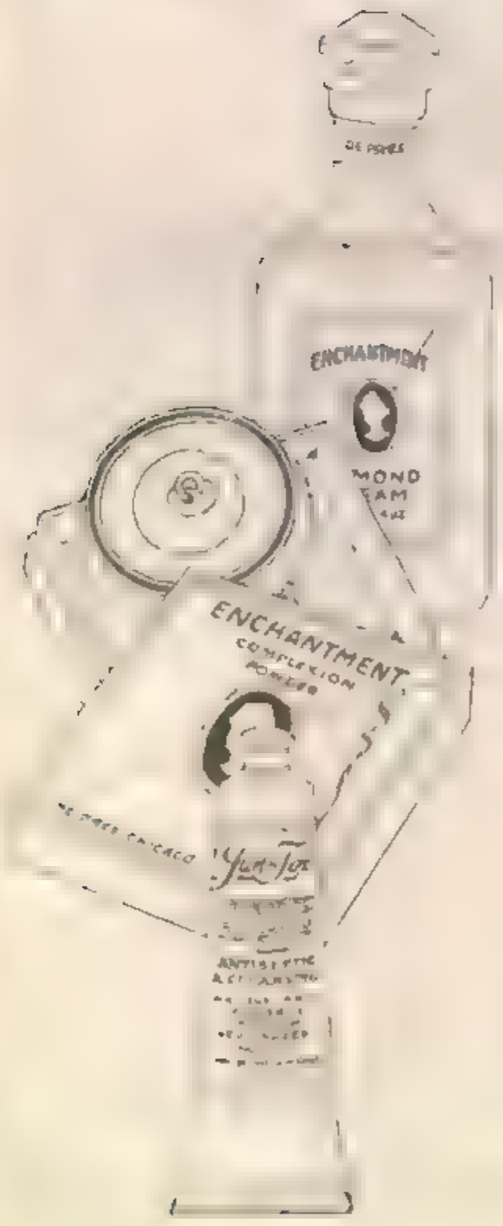

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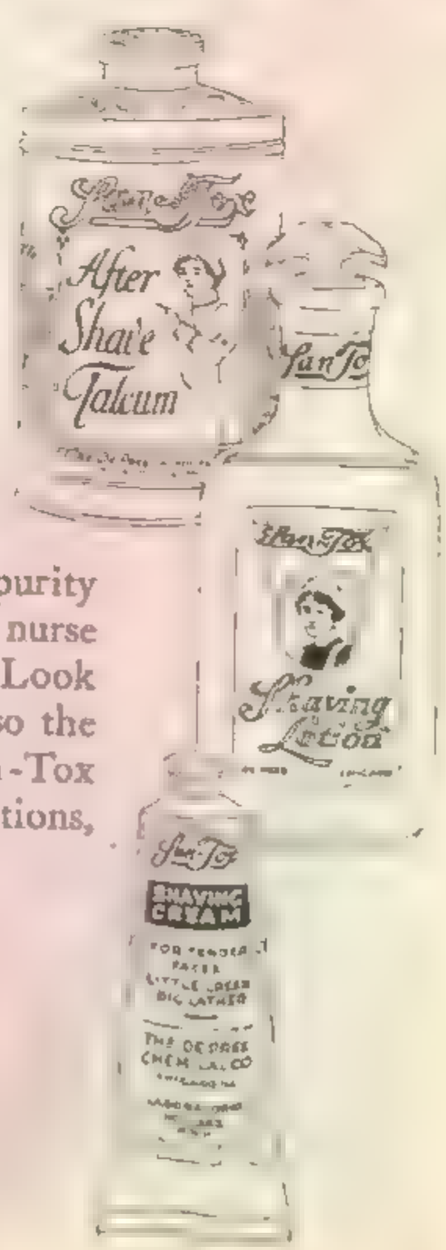

(Continued from Page 110)

newspapers; and here Jack waited. He had a bet with himself, and he won.

In the course of some ten or fifteen minutes three patrol wagons drew up, with no clanging of gong. One stopped in front and two went down the alley. A competent party of police clomped up the steps, with a sledge hammer, and, with no warning whatsoever, broke in the door and rushed the place.

Instantaneously bedlam tore loose; there were shouts and yells and sounds of breaking furniture and running feet; furtive-eyed men ran out of doorways and up from the cellar and jumped out of lower-story windows.

A crowd collected; some three or four of the actors in the mob scene got away; but for the most part they came down quietly and stepped into the wagons, dejected within but nonchalant without, as becomes brave men.

Ah! Here came the real riot—a big struggle in the front doorway, the little fat squash putting up a mighty battle with two stalwart policemen, him with his little round hat off and his collar torn, and three buttons off his vest in the rough handling he had from the stalwart cops—but not a mark on his face; not a mark on his face!

All the way down to the wagon the squash fought and struggled and shouted and cussed, his hair moist, his eyes blazing and his face purple; but not a mark on his countenance. And X-Ray Jack waited for no more. He ran to the corner, jumped a street car, hopped into the Subway, and hurried breathlessly into the office of the Aëro-Wave Power Company.

"It's off!" he gasped. "The squash is a bull!"

They were on their feet at once—Pike pale, Thomas green and Beans Burdock yellow. The sudden twitch at the corner of Pike's mustache was a distorting spasm.

"A bull!" The mere word had been enough to throw Pike in a panic; but he was still incredulous. "You sure you got that straight?"

"Straight as a string!" Jack sat in a swivel chair to pant. "He's a professional come-on. He just this minute blew a wire rig and pulled a big pinch. He got Pony Wicks and Western Union Tuttle and a whole bunch—thirty or forty—with the goods! He had himself pinched barney with the rest.

"And I'll bet if you go down to the station right now you'll see him come out the side door smoking a cigar with the flatty that pinched him—both headed here!"

Thousand Percent Ketcham sat limply on the window ledge, chewing and chewing on his cigar stub, so that it wabbled round and round in his mouth with a continuous, monotonous, circular motion. Beans already had his hat and was putting on his coat. T. Thomas stood with his fists jammed into his trousers pockets, glaring at Jack.

"It beats hell!" said Pike in deep dejection. "Come back here, Beans! Where you going?"

"Out!" stated Beans simply but decisively.

"If you start out of that door I'll go to the mat with you!" declared Pike, and a rising blackness surged up and took the place of the paleness. "Bull or no bull, he's the Grand Wolloh of that hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds; and we're going through!"

"Not me!" T. Thomas was gathering photographs and pink letters out of his desk. "I've kept my hair never shorter than an inch and a half all my life, and I'm not going to have it cut close. I'm deathly afraid of the flu."

"What's the matter with you poor hicks, anyhow!" Pike's mustache seemed to have become harder in these past few minutes. "You're in a legitimate game, aren't you? We have a regular charter and patents and everything; and our advertisements have brought us some real business inquiries. Stick!"

"All right for me, Harry." X-Ray's jaws were working; he set them. "I'm no quitter; but I want to warn you again that the squash is a hardshell. And I want to ask you this: Where's Parly?"

Something like a shudder went through the four of them as their imaginations sought Parly and located his probable whereabouts.

"Wherever he is it's a cinch he'll need his share out of what we can get," decided Pike; and he looked at his watch. "Step into the frame—quick! It's close to four-thirty. And listen to me a minute: Until that committee gets here I don't want a peep out of any of you. I got to think and think some!"

He did. When the committee arrived, headed by the eager Sacred Wolloh, who bore no signs of conflict, recent or ever, on his rotund and hook-inviting countenance, Mr. Pike was most regretful.

"Everything is ready for the investigation, brothers; but unfortunately our secretary seems to have mysteriously disappeared."

Bounce Hubbard controlled his periphery at the mention of the missing Parlington, and Thousand Percent Ketcham viewed with soul-sick longing the large thick bundle of those bonds the Sacred Wolloh carried.

"According to our constitution and by-laws," resumed the president, "our stock certificates must be signed by both the president and secretary; and it requires a written notification a week in advance before we can legally elect a substitute for Mr. Parlington."

He suppressed a grin as he saw the keen disappointment in the Brothers, and particularly in the squash. This was the only excuse for a week's delay that would not give Bounce Hubbard a tip; for Bounce knew it was his own fault. He alone knew where Parlington was and why, and the reason Augustus couldn't come back. And something inside his periphery thumped.

VI

"WELL, boys, here we are again with the bundle!" proclaimed the Sacred Wolloh, his round eyes shining with boyish eagerness as they gazed up at Pike. This was the next Friday morning, and it was a bright and sunny day. "Here are the bonds and where's your stock?"

"Here is the stock and where're your bonds?" returned T. Thomas, equally buoyant, though Pike held his cigar butt in his mouth without chewing and the creases in his brow were real.

The committee laughed at the sally of T. Thomas. Neither Mr. Pike nor Mr. Hubbard, with their divergent secret reasons for jubilation, were half so happy as the red-bearded financial secretary and the silver-haired doctor.

These latter were aglow with pleasure, and they looked round the office of the Aëro-Wave Power Company with keen proprietary interest. It was almost as if they planned to take some dividends away with them while they were here and save time.

"Well, suppose we go right to it," urged the Sacred Wolloh, leading the way into the inner office and dumping his bundle of bonds on the table, where he spread them out and began to sort them. "Bring your certificates, Pike, and we'll check them up from the list I gave you when we investigated. Here's a duplicate."

The financial secretary picked up a pretty bright-blue certificate, worth exactly what it had cost to print the thing, and plucked his beard.

"Hello! I notice these certificates are all made out to H. H. Pike."

"Oh, yes," returned Pike, quite carelessly indeed. "The entire issue is made out to me as selling agent and countersigned by our new secretary, T. Thomas. Here are the notices and minutes of his election."

"Perfectly correct, boys," put in the Sacred Wolloh hastily.

This was the stock he wanted, this original issue, and the bonus stock.

"Oh, yes; perfectly regular," echoed Pike; and the four officials of the company felt a weight lifted from their hearts, for this point was over.

Ah! At last! The Liberty Bonds were being counted out and handed across! A hundred thousand dollars, clean cash profit, and all the more joyous that the chief boob was a bull!

There came the fur-lined overcoat for X-Ray Jack, and his silk underwear, and a complete outfit of new linen, and three suits of clothes —— No; he thought he'd have four. And there came between three and four thousand beefsteaks with trimmings for Beans Burdock, and a season of lobster-palace supper dances for T. Thomas; there the shyster fund for poor Parlington whenever he should turn up.

And, with all expenses out, there'd be at least a fifty-thousand net clean-up for H. H. Pike; whereupon the next airplane enterprise would be of a caliber to make an army raincoat contract look like a losing venture.

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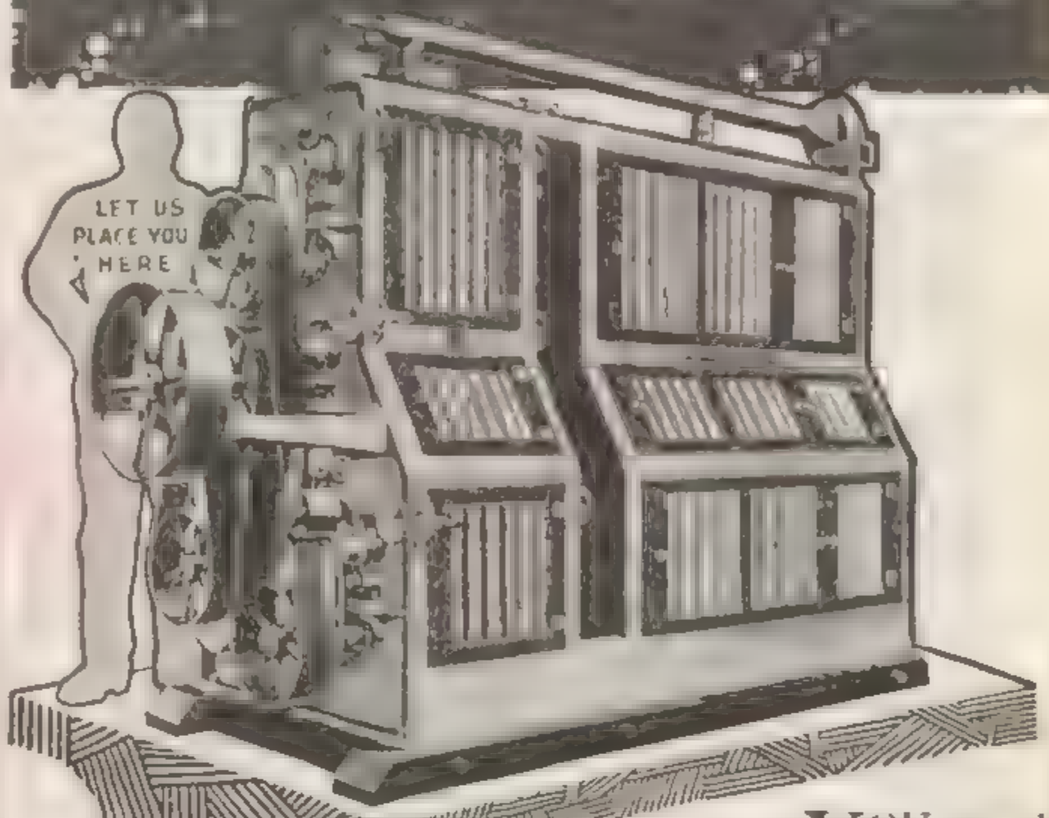

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"Well, gentlemen, that finishes it," said Pike pleasantly, gathering in the bonds and snapping thick rubber bands round them. "Allow me to congratulate you."

The red-bearded financial secretary winced involuntarily as the rubber bands slapped so significantly; and there came a waxy transparency into the usual white pallor of his face.

After all, he had a sort of affection for his twenty-five hundred dollars. It had taken his wife and himself eleven years of scraping and saving to gather that money into a little pile.

Suppose—it was foolish, of course—just suppose this investment shouldn't turn out exactly as expected. Things do happen. Suppose the money should be lost! And a sort of sick limpness seized him as he glanced at the silver-haired doctor.

The doctor's eyes, resting on the bonds that represented the savings of his hard-working lifetime and his honest patriotism, were deep with direful speculation, but Bounce Hubbard, gazing on his two worthy brothers, became suddenly quite pink.

"Will you just slip these certificates into the lodge safe, boys?" he requested. "I'll be down in a minute."

The boys obliged; but as they went out of the door four large plain ones came in, headed by Pat Cassidy. There was a slam and a click.

Pike had tossed that hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds into the little safe, had swung the door and had twirled the knob. Then he stood looking at his friend Hubbard with a hard cold light in his eye and a curl on his lip. He turned suddenly on the intruders:

"What do you fellows want in here?"

"Tut, tut!" soothed big Pat Cassidy, jingling a pair of handcuffs; whereat the round blue eyes of the supposed boob filled with boyish astonishment.

"I'm innocent, gentlemen," he immediately proclaimed.

"To hell with that yap bunk!" snarled Pike. "We're on to you, you cheap fly cop! You're a bull, and I want to tell you this: If you've got it in your crazy fat head that there's anything crooked about this plant, and you have us arrested, there'll be suits started for false imprisonment in just fifteen minutes!"

"Shall we take 'em now, Billy, or does the hot air come first?" inquired Pat.

"Just watch the doors, Cassidy," counseled Billy.

Something in his delicate intuitions and perceptions was whispering to him icily that all was not well.

X-Ray Jack was near the fire-escape window, but he made no move toward it. Huge Beans Burdock, notorious for rough work, had merely hung his elbows on the edge of the high desk and glowered at the plain-clothes police from under his yellow brows. T. Thomas was quite palpably nervous, but he sat calmly in his swivel chair; and H. H. Pike was actually grinning.

Bounce turned suddenly to the pile of books, which he had kept steadily in view, opened one of them and nodded.

"You haven't cooked that phony dividend, anyhow," he said, relieved. "It's all right, Pike; you'll say hello to the judge."

"What!" exclaimed H. H. "That last dividend? Oh, if that's it, take us along. Only hurry it up. I have to get back for an appointment at eleven-thirty. Why, say, you fat little Walla-Walla, that last dividend is the rightest thing you ever saw! We've owned a string of gasoline supply stations in Chicago ever since the company was incorporated. And they've sold gasoline to airplanes! I can prove it.

"Here's the full dope! Look it over." And he tossed a bundle of papers out of a pigeonhole in Thomas' desk. "I didn't think to show these reports to your investigating committee the other day because I didn't think you doubted us."

Quite ostentatiously T. Thomas produced a quill and picked his teeth, while Bounce Hubbard went over those reports and documents, the four officials of the Aëro-Wave Power Company grinning cheerfully meantime and the four plain ones staring expectantly at the suddenly silent Billy.

Thousand Percent Ketcham was the same old Smoothenheimer. By sheer luck he'd remembered that a former pal of his, now running more or less straight, owned that string of gas stations in Chicago, and would do anything for a friend -such as signing a phony bill of sale and dating it back, and all that—for a twenty-five per cent split out of the graft.

Easy picking, and great joy, too, as the face of the squash, now truly such, betrayed his falling barometer.

Slowly but surely the truth sank home in the breast of Bounce Hubbard. Turning it on the bulls had been Thousand Percent Ketcham's most infuriating specialty, and once again he had made a monkey of a bumptious fly cop. He'd covered—covered well; juggled the technicalities so that even in court, where technicalities alone count, his corporation was perfectly legitimate.

Even in court Pike could retain and could sell, as soon as he walked out, that hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds belonging to the frugal members of the Ancient Himalayan Order of Brotherly Security.

And the Sacred Wolloh had helped it along; pushed it! As a detective he felt that he was a punk financier—and vice versa.

"Get 'em, Pat!" suddenly shouted Bounce, the purple spreading to his little round bald spot; and he made a dive for the safe.

Pike stood just there; but he was spun away like a top. T. Thomas and Beans Burdock closed in with one leap; and, with bone-hard Bounce, they went on the big table. Then the police piled on. Pike and X-Ray plunged after them, and the table went to the floor with a crash, while strong arms and legs waved and wriggled, punched and jerked, rose and fell, and sturdy voices interjected.

For something like thirty seconds there were the makings of a fine scrap in the inner office of the Aëro-Wave Power Company. Then the four policemen emerged from the general mêlée with an officer of the Aëro Company apiece, and vicious little Bounce Hubbard, with a leg of the directors' table, broke the knob off the old-fashioned safe, turned the tumblers with a buttonhook, threw open the door and grabbed the bonds.

"You can't get away with that rough stuff!" shrieked Pike, flecks of foam on his lips as he made a vain lunge to free himself from big Pat. "This ain't a legitimate pull! You can't make it stick in any court! It's plain burglary!"

"Right!" admitted Bounce Hubbard, hunting his hat and putting it on. "But let me tell you this, you slippery slob: I got the bonds; and we don't ever intend to give 'em up again. I know the laws of my country, I guess. So long as you had 'em, we might go into court and fight you all the way up and never get 'em back; but now that we've got 'em, I'd like to see you crooks go into court and get 'em back from us. I dare you to bring suit!"

Flat silence; then a dry husk in the throat of X-Ray Jack, and the squash cast his hard eye down the line of crestfallen ex-officials of the defunct Aëro-Wave Power Company.

"Turn 'em loose!" he ordered, indicating Jack and T. Thomas and Beans Burdock. Then he wheeled savagely on Pike: "I'm going to send you over for a thousand years, Thousand Percent Ketcham!"

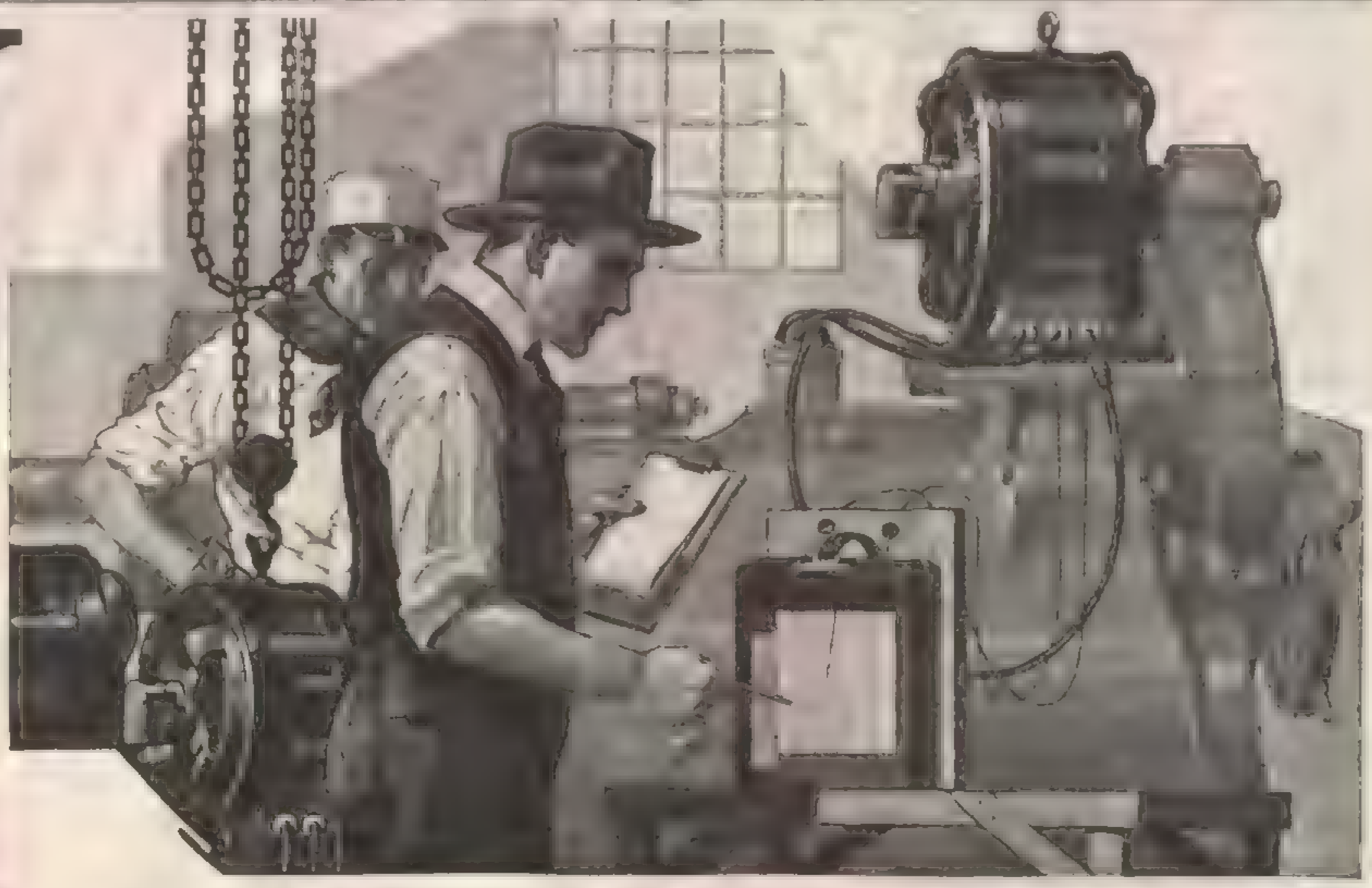
The face of the erstwhile Pike turned slowly gray at the mention of that name, which he thought he had lost, while the twitching of his mustache became suddenly incessant; and involuntarily he shrank from the clasp of big Pat Cassidy.

"Let go!" he sullenly demanded. "You got nothing on me."

"Slip 'em on him, Pat!" yelled Bounce. "I'm going to frame you on an old charge, Ketcham; bring a dozen perjured witnesses against you before a packed jury, and put you where you can't con Liberty Bonds away from poor dubs who don't know how to take care of the best investment in the world. And also this, you low hound: You'll be put where you can't tell the secrets of the A. H. O. B. S.!"

As the handcuffs clicked the irate Sacred Wolloh pushed his little round hat on the back of his head—far back—and strode out of there, with his fat bundle of Liberty Bonds safe under his fat arm.

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



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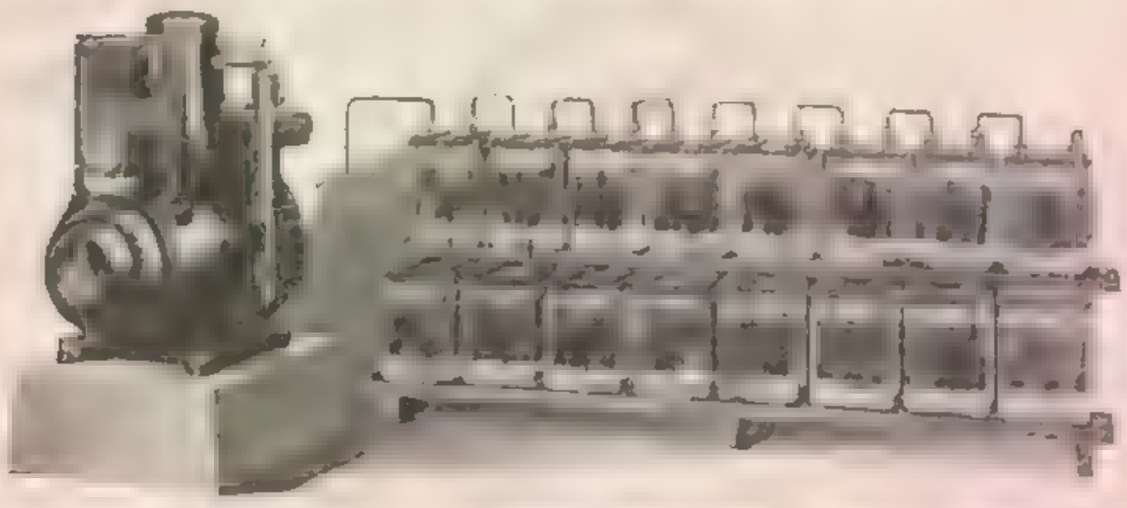

DELCO-LIGHT is increasing efficiency on more than 60,000 farms

The Rocky Mountain Goat

By ENOS A. MILLS

AS A FLOCK of wild goats wound in and out among the crevasses and crossed the slender ice bridges of a glacier on Mount Rainier they appeared for all the world like a party of skillful mountain climbers. Not until I studied them a few seconds through my field glasses did I realize that they were goats. There were twenty-seven of them, nannies, billies and kids, strung out in a crooked line, single file. Once safely across this glacier they lingered to look round. The kids played, the old goats had friendly bouts, and one or two couples scratched each other. After a delay of more than an hour they set off round the mountain and I followed.

While crossing another ice slope they were suddenly subjected to a severe bombardment. A number of large rock fragments crashed down the steep slope, bounding, hurtling and ripping the air with terrific speed. The goats were directly in the path of the flying stones, which for a number of seconds bounded by over them and struck among them. A small stone struck an old billy on the shoulder and knocked him sliding for some distance. When he regained his feet his shoulder appeared to be broken. Though making every effort to control himself, he continued to slide and presently tumbled into a crevass. He caught with his good fore foot on the ice and clung for a second, made one desperate attempt to push himself back and almost succeeded, and then fell into the crevass and disappeared.

A few of the flock watched him, but most of them stood with their heads up the slope facing the wildly bounding stones. None of them ran; there was no confusion, no panic. It was, perhaps, safer for the goats to stand still, thus presenting the smallest target for the flying stones, than to rush forward or to retreat in the midst of the bombardment, for the rocks were coming down both in front and behind them. At any rate, the goat is a wise fellow, and this flock probably had experienced rock fire before. When it was all over the bearded old leader started forward with the rest again following.

Until recently most goats lived in localities rarely visited either by Indians or by white hunters. As a result, when first shot at they were not excited and were slow to run away. This procrastination of the goat while under fire, together with his supremely crude outlines and slow, awkward actions, led most early hunters and trappers to call him a stupid animal. But he is not at all stupid. Evidence of his alertness and mental development is shown in his curiosity and in his ability to readjust himself promptly to new dangers.

Pluck and Intelligence

In localities where unacquainted with man the goat apparently made no effort to guard against enemies or to use sentinels. But promptly after the coming of hunters and long-range rifles he became extremely wary and sought look-out resting places of safety and had sentinels on duty. He is thoroughly wide-awake at all times. When surprised in close quarters he shows no confusion or panic, and retreats in a masterly manner. If one route of retreat is blocked he starts for another without losing his head. If finally cornered, he makes a stand.

Hunters and dogs cornered an old billy in the head of a glacial cirque near me once in what is now the Glacier National Park. The goat made his stand on a slide rock at the bottom of a precipitous wall. He watched his opportunity to escape, and made one or two himself. The dogs surged round him. He leaped at one, and with a remarkably quick move of head struck and impaled him on his sharp horns; with a twisting upward toss of the head he ripped and flung him to his death. In rapid succession he killed three dogs. The fourth dog was tossed entirely over a precipice. At this the other dogs drew off.

Finding himself free, the goat did a little desperate rock work to gain a ledge, along which he safely climbed. He stepped accurately, and though the ledge was narrow and covered with small stones there was no slipping and only a few stones fell. The goat defied and defeated this pack of dogs so coolly and easily that I could believe, as I had heard, that he is more than a match for a black bear

I have never heard of a goat showing any symptoms of fright or fear. Fear with them appears to be a lost trait. It is possible that such a trait may have been detrimental to life in the daily dangers of icy summits and was through evolution long ago eliminated. The goat is decidedly philosophical, makes every movement, meets every emergency with matter-of-fact composure. In all times of danger, even when dying, he retains mastership of his powers. A mother with a kid, retreating and heroically fighting off dogs while doing so, impressed me with goat spirit. At last cornered, she kept up the fight, remaining on her feet after she had been struck by several bullets.

The goat often does not die or surrender either for some time after receiving a number of eventually fatal wounds, but fights on with telling effectiveness. I imagine he will absorb as many or more bullets, and temporarily survive as long, as any animal in existence. He has the vitality of the grizzly bear. Mountain goats, as the cowboy said of the Western horse thieves, "take a lot of killing."

Wonderful Climbers

This same day I saw a number of goats abreast coming head foremost down a nearly vertical smooth wall; they had complete composure. They appeared to be putting on brakes with hoofs and dew claws. Loose stones which they occasionally started might have been serious or fatal for the one in the lead had they been descending single file. As soon as they reached a ledge at the bottom they stopped to look round, and one of them stood up on hind toes to eat moss from an overhanging rock. Two near-by goats of another flock were limping badly. Possibly they had been struck by flying stones, or they may have been injured by a fall. These accidents appear to be the two most likely to befall this or any other mountain climber.

The white Rocky Mountain goat really is the wild mountain climber. Of all the big animals or the small ones that I know, none can equal him in ascending smooth and extremely precipitous rock walls. That mountain climbing organization of the Pacific Coast which calls itself "Mazama," meaning mountain goat, has an excellent title and one peculiarly fitting for mountain climbers on the icy peaks of the Northwest.

Like all mountain climbers the goat is sure-footed and has feet that are fit. His stubby black hoofs have a dense, rubbery, resilient broad heel. The outer shell of the hoof is hard, but I think not so hard as the hoofs of most animals.

One season in Alaska I came close upon a party of seven mountain goats in the head of a little cañon. I supposed them cornered and, advancing slowly so as not to frighten them unduly, I thought to get close. They at once made off without any excitement. At a moderate pace they deliberately proceeded to climb what might be called a smooth, perpendicular wall. It leaned not more than ten or twelve degrees from the vertical. There were a few tiny root clusters on it and here and there a narrow ledge. After a short distance the goats turned to the right, evidently following a cleavage line, and climbed diagonally for two hundred feet. They went without a slip. Most of the time they were climbing two abreast; occasionally they were three abreast. Each, however, kept himself safely away from the others. As they approached the top they climbed single file, old billy leading.

This last climb proved to be the most ticklish part of the ascent. The one leading stood on hind toes with breast pressed close against the cliff and reached up as far as he could with fore feet. He felt of the rocks until he found a good foothold and clinging place, then putting his strength into fore legs literally drew up his body. His hind feet then secured holds and held all gained. Again and again he stood on his toes and reached upward, caught a foothold and pulled himself up. Just before going over the skyline he reached up with front feet, but apparently found no secure place. He edged along the wall a foot or two to the left and tried, but not satisfied with what he found, edged several feet to the right. Here, squatting slightly, he made a leap upward, caught with his fore hoofs, drew himself up and stood on the skyline. After two or three seconds he moved on, faced about and closely watched the others. Each goat in turn, daringly, slowly and successfully followed his precipitous course.

John Burroughs says that a fox is a pretty bit of natural history on legs. The mountain goat is just the reverse. I have never seen a big animal which, both in outline and in action, is so much the embodiment of stiffness and clumsiness, just block-headed, lumbering wood sections. The fox is alert, keen, quick, agile, slender, graceful and deft, and looks all these parts.

The goat is a trifle smaller than the mountain sheep. The weight of a full-grown male is about two hundred and fifty pounds. He has a heavy body, high shoulders and retiring hind quarters; he somewhat resembles a small buffalo. His odd head is attached to a short neck and is carried below the line of the shoulders. He has a long face and an almost grotesque beard, often many inches long. The horns are nearly black, smooth, slender, grow from the top of the head, curve slightly outward and backward for eight or ten inches, and end in a sharp point. The horns of both sexes are similarly developed and are used by both with equal skill. The goat's hair, tinged with yellow but almost white, is of shaggy length.

In running he is not speedy. His actions are those of an overfat, aged and rheumatic dog. He appears on the verge of a collapse. Every jump is a great effort and lands far short of the spot aimed at. Nearly all graceful movements were omitted in his training. Nearly all the actions of this woodeny fellow suggest that a few of his joints are too loose and that most of the others are too tight. He gets up and lies down as though not accustomed to working his own levers and hinges.

Specialists in Precipices

Many times I have seen a goat trying in an absurd, awkward manner, after lying down, to remove bumps or stones from beneath him. Holding out one or more legs at a stiff angle, he would claw away with one of the others at the undesired bump. Sometimes he would dig off a chunk of sod; other times a stone or two would be dislodged and pushed out. It seems to be a part of his ways and his habits not to rise to do this, or even to seek a better place. However, an acquaintance with his home territory gives one a friendly feeling for him. After seeing him composedly climbing a pinnacle, apparently accessible only to birds, one begins to appreciate a remarkable coördination of head and foot work.

Although the goat appears clumsy he is the animal least likely to slip, to stumble, to miss his footing or to fall. While the mountain sheep perhaps excels him in zigzag drop and skip-stop down precipitous places, nothing that I have seen equals the wild goat when it comes to going up slopes smooth and almost vertical. His rock and ice work are one hundred per cent efficient.

When it comes to what you may call durability the goat is in the front ranks. He can climb precipices and pinnacles all day long and in every kind of weather. When not otherwise engaged he plays both on roomy levels and unbanistered precipice fronts. He is ever fit, always prepared. From the viewpoint of many hunters the grizzly bear, the mountain sheep and the mountain goat are almost in a class by themselves. They exact a high standard of endurance and skill from the hunter who goes after them.

These wild white goats are found only in the mountains of Northwestern United States, Western Canada and Alaska, where

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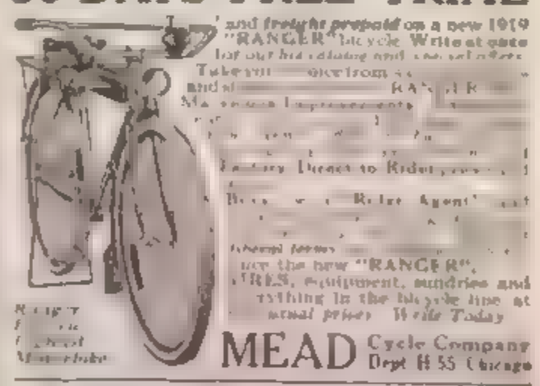

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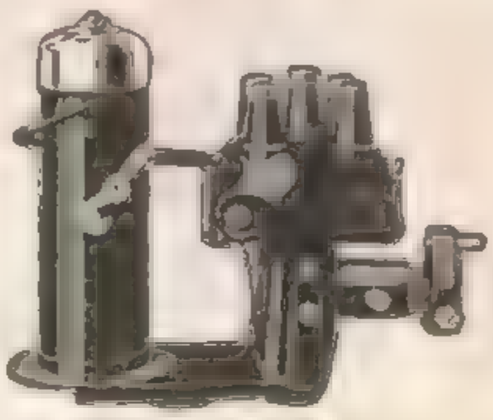

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the majority live on high mountain ranges above the timber line. The goat is a highlander. Excepting the few along the Northwest Coast which come down to near sea level, they live where a parachute would seem an essential part of their equipment.

Many high mountains are more storm-swept than the land of the Eskimo. Storms of severity may rage for days, making food getting impossible. But storms are a part of the goat's life; he has their transformed energy. He also has his full share of sunshine and calm. Though up where winter wind and storm roar wildest, he is where the warm chinook comes again and again and periods of sunshine hold sway. He is fond of sunshine and spends hours of every fit day lying in sunny, sheltered places.

During prolonged storms goats sometimes take refuge in cavelike places among rock ledges or among the thickly matted and clustered tree growths at timber line. But most of the time, even during the colder periods of winter, when the skyline is beaten and dashed with violent winds and stormed with snowy spray, the goat serenely lives on the broken heights in the sky. Warmly clad, with heavy fleece-lined coat of silky wool, and over this a thick, long and shaggy overcoat of hair, he appears utterly to ignore the severest cold.

The goat thus is at home on the exacting mountain horizon of the world. Glaciers are a part of his wild domain; cloud scenery a part of his landscape. He lives where romantic streams start on their adventurous journeys to mysterious and far-off seas; arctic flowers and old snow fields have place in the heights he ever surveys; he treads the crest of the continent and climbs where the soaring eagle rests. The majority of goats are born, live and die on peak or plateau above the limits of tree life.

Semiannual Migrations

The goat distinctly shows the response of an animal to its environment. Of course an animal that can live among cañons, ice and crags must be sure-footed, keen-eyed and eternally wide-awake. He must watch his step and watch every step. Again and again he travels along narrow ridges where dogs would slide off or be blown overboard; he lives in an environment where he is constantly in danger of stepping on nothing or sliding off the icescape. Certain habits and characteristics are exacted from the animal which succeeds on the mountain tops. The goat's rock and ice climbing skill, his rare endurance and his almost eternal alertness all indicate that he has lived in this environment for ages. His deadly horns and his extraordinary skill in using them show that at times he has to defend himself against animals as well as compete with the elements.

Commonly the Rocky Mountain goat lives in small flocks of a dozen or less, and their home territory does not appear to be a large one. Local goats of scattered territories make a short semiannual migratory journey and have different summer and winter ranges, but this appears to be exceptional. They feed upon the alpine plants, dwarfed willows, and shrubby growths of mountain slopes and summits. They may also eat grass freely.

Bighorn sheep also live above the timber line. In some localities they and the goat are found together. But sheep make an occasional lowland excursion, while goats stay close to the skyline crags and the eternal snows, rarely descending below the timber line except in crossing to an adjoining ridge or peak. Among the mountain-top neighbors of the goat are also ground squirrels, conies, weasels, foxes, grizzly bears, lions, ptarmigan, finches and eagles; but not all of these would be found together, except in a few localities.

The goat, in common with all the big, wide-awake animals that I know of, has a large bump of curiosity. Things that are unusual absorb his attention until he can make their acquaintance. A number of times after goats had retreated from my approach, and a few times before they had thought to move on, I discovered them watching me, peeping round the corner of a crag or over a bowlder. While thus intent they did not appear to be animals with a place in natural history.

A Cousin of the Chamois

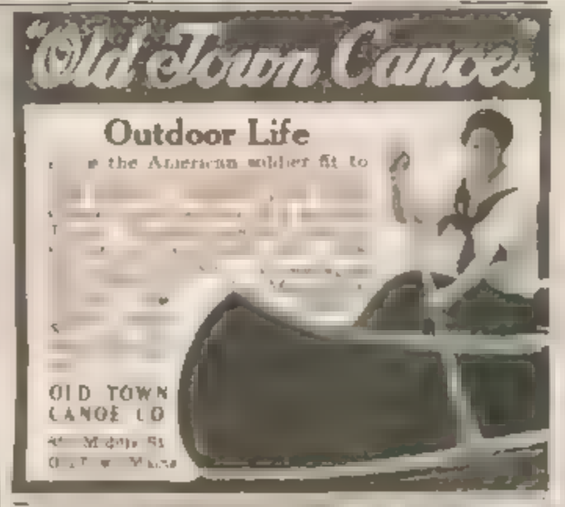
In crossing a stretch of icy slope on what is now called Fusillade Mountain, in Glacier National Park, I sat down on the smooth steep ice to control my descent and bring more bearing surface as a brake on the ice. I bitched along. Pausing on a projecting rock to look round, I discovered two goats watching me. They were within a stone's toss. Both were old and had long faces and longer whiskers, and both were sitting dog fashion. They made a droll, curious appearance as they watched me and my every move with absolute concentration.

I do not know how long the average goat lives. The few hunters who have been much in the goat's territory offer only guesses concerning his age. One told me that he had shot a patriarchal billy that had outlived all of his teeth and also his digestion. The old fellow had badly blunted hoofs and was but little more than a shaggy, skin-covered skeleton.

The goat is, I think, comparatively free from death by accidents or disease. Until recently, when man became a menace, he had few, no serious, enemies. Being alert and capable among the crags, and in defense of himself exceedingly skillful with his deadly sharp horns, he is rarely attacked by the lion, wolf or bear. True, the kids are sometimes captured by eagles. Although his home is a healthy one, the conditions are so exacting and the winter storms sometimes so long, severe and devitalizing, that the goat lives hardly longer than twelve or fifteen years.

There are a number of species of wild goats in the Old World—in Southern Europe, in many places in Asia and in Northern Africa. The Rocky Mountain white goat is the only representative of his species on our continent. He is related to the chamois. Some scientists say that this fellow is not a goat at all, but that he is a descendant of the Asiatic antelope, which came to America about half a million years ago. This classification, however, is not approved by a number of scientists. The Rocky Mountain goat, *Oreamnos montanus*, is in no way related to the American antelope, and it would take a post-mortem demonstration to show the resemblance to the African species.

By any other name he would still be unique. Dressed in shaggy, baggy knickerbockers, he is a living curiosity. I never see one standing still without thinking of his being made up of odds and ends, of a caricature, making a ludicrous pretense of being alive and looking solemn. And then I remember that this animal is the mountaineer of mountaineers.



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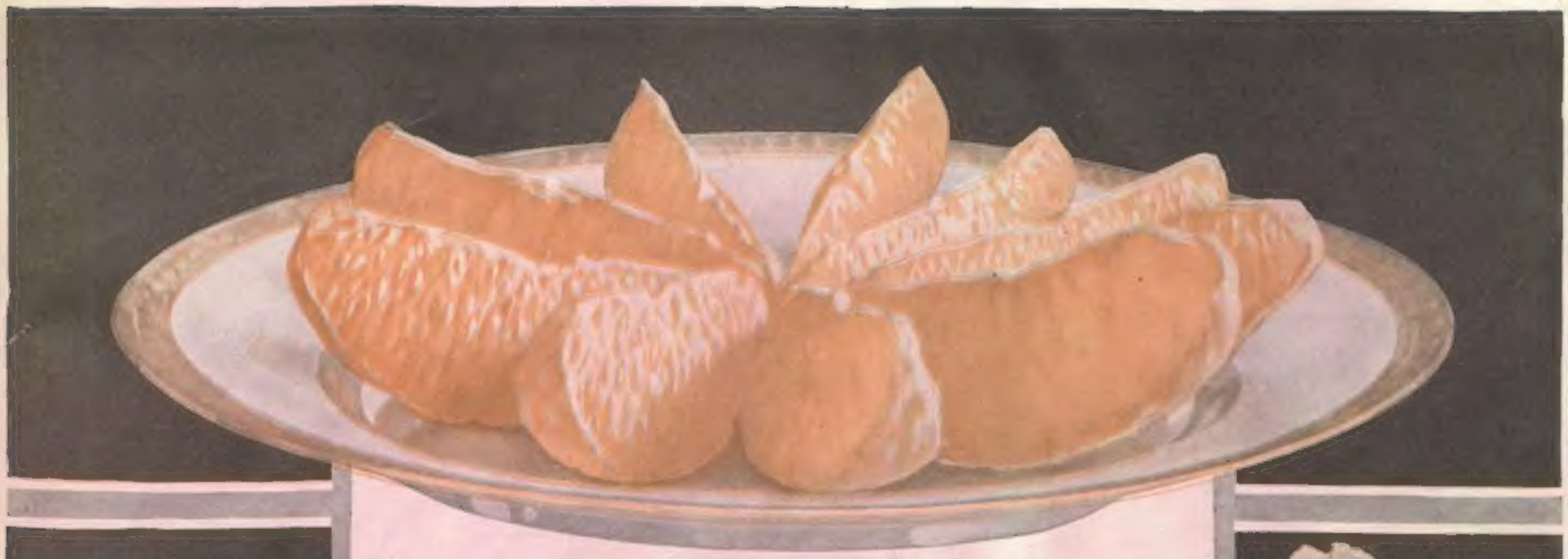

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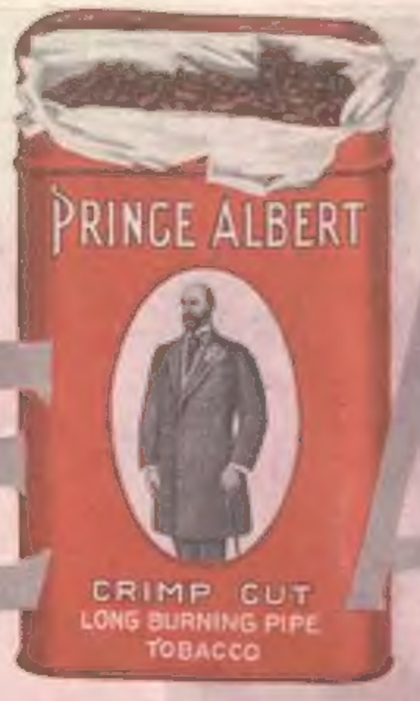

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